

Predestination

*abc* or A-Z ?

A Trainspotter's Guide to Eternity

by

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# Foreword

*The past [...] exists in just the same way as the present. While the situation is not entirely settled, it seems that the laws of nature preserve information entirely, so all the details [...] are immortal.*<sup>1</sup>

Imagine, if you will, a three-dimensional crossword that is simultaneously a jigsaw puzzle. It might depict a steam train, something else entirely, or both. There might be clues as to its solution on a nearby clock, or in everything you have ever seen, heard or read...

Dad's personal library comprised tens of thousands of books. How many of them influenced his writing is impossible to ascertain. This foreword is therefore akin to the departure board in a station, indicating ways to travel with the text within the wider intellectual landscape.

One of the titles Dad considered for this book included the expression *A Trainspotter's Journey*, reflecting the fact that its ontological enquiry builds on autobiography. Approached from this angle, the book offers, among other things, an everyman's account of his life in the second half of the twentieth century. A modest post-war childhood in industrial Lancashire, social ascent through education, a befitting career... Dad was very much of his time, and yet sought to transcend it. The allusions to films, books and current events that punctuate the text figure primarily as elements of a holistic reality he undertook to interpret, but indirectly portray a socio-cultural background spanning five decades.

On one level, the text is rooted in an ageless boyhood passion. As nostalgic as Dad seems, he was only eight years old when the withdrawal of steam traction began in the UK, and twenty-one when it was complete. Most of the locomotives mentioned in the text were contemporaneous with his father's childhood. Young trainspotters of Dad's generation were no doubt conscious that they were witness to a watershed; that seeing and documenting steam locomotives – arguably the most direct vestige of the Industrial Revolution that had defined Great Britain for more than a century – was a race against time. The poignancy was perhaps heightened by the fact that the use of anthropomorphic vocabulary to describe trains extended beyond fiction such as Thomas the Tank Engine. References to “dead” or “condemned” locomotives can be found in official British Rail paperwork of the day.<sup>2</sup>

Progressively, Dad came to focus the keen eye and encyclopedic memory of the trainspotter on more abstract questions. This book is his tribute to trains and their importance in his life, thought and writing.<sup>3</sup> They appear variously as a cognitive metaphor, a source of inspiration, and a component part of an ambitious metaphysical endeavour.

“The difference between physics and metaphysics”, writes Carl Sagan, “is that the metaphysicist has no laboratory.”<sup>4</sup> The stated goal of Dad's research over more than

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<sup>1</sup> Hossenfelder, S., 2022. *Existential Physics*, Penguin, p. 36.

<sup>2</sup> Hands, P., *What Happened to Steam* <https://www.whathappenedtosteam.com>

<sup>3</sup> Dad compiled this book as a selection of representative extracts, presented chronologically and linked thematically by trains. The articulation between chapters is therefore not one of strict continuity.

<sup>4</sup> Sagan, C., 1995. “Wonder and Skepticism”, *Skeptical Inquirer*, Vol. 19, No. 1 (Jan-Feb), p. 28.

thirty years was to demonstrate meaningful coincidence and spiritism as evidence of intelligent design and a basis for prophecy. Broadly speaking, he sought to establish causality in the type of coincidences Jung refers to as synchronicity. He did so primarily through a form of numerology, extrapolating meaning from recurrent sequences. His interpretations also drew on a polysemous approach to language reminiscent of the hermetic tradition of “the language of birds”<sup>5</sup>, a longstanding component of non-literal exegesis:

[...] symbolic value is what matters most, for it confers on [facts] a superior meaning, of a much profounder order than they can have in themselves. [...] All that is, in whatever mode it may be, necessarily participates in universal principles [...] which are the eternal and immutable essences contained in the permanent actuality of the divine Intellect; consequently, one can say that all things, however contingent they may be in themselves, express or represent these principles [...].<sup>6</sup>

It is in this manner that Dad’s scrupulously documented autobiographical narrative is intended to double as a philosophical demonstration. The title of the book thus offers the reader an introductory game of interpretation.

The spiritualist component of the work is beyond the scope of my expertise, but readers might seek contemporary perspective among the publications of the Society for Psychical Research.<sup>7</sup> It might also be noted that spiritism and faith have often been perceived as complementary; as Conan Doyle wrote, “A wise man recognizes that God may be approached from innumerable angles.”<sup>8</sup> The faith presented in the text is moreover syncretic, drawing on both Christian and ancient Egyptian theology.

Dad’s life became a conscious experiment in faith and rationality, an experiment of which his books are the documentation. He lived by codes constitutive of a constantly evolving theoretical object, and perceived all and allcomers within and through that matrix. Although some of his conclusions are perhaps surprising, the correlation of data from so many disparate sources is in itself impressive, and sometimes thought-provoking.

At one point in the text, “significant” character sequences are compared to computer variables, suggesting some common cognitive ground with Philip K. Dick’s simulation hypothesis:

There is internal evidence in at least one of my novels that another reality, an unchanging one, exactly as Parmenides and Plato suspected, underlies the visible phenomenal world of change, and somehow, in some way, perhaps to our surprise, we can cut through to it. Or rather, a mysterious Spirit can put us in touch with it [...].<sup>9</sup>

Dick used the metaphor of “God – the programmer”<sup>10</sup>, and indeed, Dad came to approach life rather as one plays a computer game, looking for clues and following signs taken to indicate a predetermined solution (a “treasure hunt” or “jigsaw”, as he puts it). A comparison with live-action role-playing would be as anachronistic as

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<sup>5</sup> See Fulcanelli, 1999. *The Dwellings of the Philosophers*, Archive Press & Communications, ch. VI. [1930. *Les Demeures Philosophales et le Symbolisme hermétique dans les rapports avec l’art sacré et l’ésotérisme du Grand-œuvre*, Paris, Jean Schemit.]

<sup>6</sup> Guénon, R., 2001. *Spiritual Authority and Temporal Power* (Fohr H.D., Trans.), Ghent, NY: Sophia Perennis, p. 12. [1929. *Autorité spirituelle et pouvoir temporelle*, Paris, J. Vrin.]

<sup>7</sup> See <https://www.spr.ac.uk/>

<sup>8</sup> Doyle, A. C., 1926. *The History of Spiritualism*, London, Cassell and Company, p. 28.

<sup>9</sup> Dick, P. K., 1978. “How to Build a Universe That Doesn’t Fall Apart Two Days Later”.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*, 1977. “If You Find This World Bad, You Should See Some of the Others”.

reductive, yet the concept of an ontological laboratory in which players are brought to perceive alternate realities through immersive storytelling<sup>11</sup> seems oddly resonant.

In literary terms, it might be suggested that Dad was his own model reader, and his work an attempt to know and express a complex self within space and time. Within the autobiographical framework, the register shifts between the chemist's technical analysis of air filters, the telegraphic, arcane sociolect of the railways, and the amateur painter's lyrical description of trains, which draws impressively on his published photography.

Such passages are a reminder of the historical link between railways and Romanticism, in both literature and visual art. Romanticism is indissociable from nostalgia, but there is perhaps a form of nostalgia specific to railways. Dad dismisses post-1960s liveries rather as the painter Edouard D  taille, commenting the Gare d'Orsay in 1900, "begs the space of the railway to display its industrial origin."<sup>12</sup>

Material for the audio-visual presentation *Cathedrals of Steam* and the CD-Rom alluded to in the text is sadly unavailable. However, an internet search affords access to most of the paintings, works of music and locomotives mentioned, and thus will usefully complement a work which reflects, and endeavours to render, a rich synesthetic experience.

DJC

December 2023

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<sup>11</sup> Kamm, B. O., Becker, J. 2016. "Live-Action Role-Play or the Performance of Realities" in Kaneda, T., Kanegae, H., Toyoda, Y., Rizzi, P. (eds) *Simulation and Gaming in the Network Society. Translational Systems Sciences*, vol 9. Springer, Singapore. [https://doi.org/10.1007/978-981-10-0575-6\\_4](https://doi.org/10.1007/978-981-10-0575-6_4)

<sup>12</sup> Curzons, R., 2014. "Remembering The Railway: Locating Nostalgia In Wordsworth's 'Suggested By The Proposed Kendal And Windermere Railway' And The Creation Of The Mus  e D'Orsay", *VIDES*, University of Oxford, Vol. 2, p. 189.

# Part I

## Background

# 1. ORIGINS

This book started life as a couple of chapters at the end of *Mary, Daughter of Elohim*. The events around 31<sup>st</sup> August – 1<sup>st</sup> September 2005 were further evidence of the truth of Mary's warnings. But then, over the next few days, came confirmation that Hurricane Katrina was indeed part of the End Time sequences, constituting further evidence for Mary's story being true.

As the days passed, chapter after chapter was added. As the first drafts were edited to make them clearer and more complete, they got longer. Once again Jenny became worried that they were starting to overwhelm Mary's story.

I pointed out to her that Mary's wasn't just a simple story; it was a story that would be fiercely attacked by man and that the events of September helped to prove that this was not a Dan Brown-style 'truth about Mary Magdalen'.

Finally, on 28<sup>th</sup> September, I saw a way to reconcile the problem. I was reading an article about the Intelligent Design/Evolution trial currently taking place in Pennsylvania. One witness from the evolution camp claimed that there was no evidence at all for intelligent design. I realised that the previous month had presented me with very hard evidence of intelligent design and synchronous interaction in real time. It was clear evidence of interactive communication from an external Source of Intelligence.

What is more, so much of it was heavily focussed on railways. I thought back over my life and realised how often railways had been a key element at important points in my life. Indeed, it was railways, really, that had led me into psychical research.

My railway knowledge had been vital in unravelling certain elements of the Alpha and Omega Codes. There was the first occasion in my life, at the age of thirteen when I was called a liar by everyone, merely for telling them what I had seen. I had seen it as something of a miracle, incredible luck. I could not deny the evidence of my own eyes. But it was impossible, as everyone knew, so I must be a liar. What I had claimed was 'impossible'. It was two months before the probability of my words being true was raised on the highest authority. But by then, who cared? The association had been made by them all. I could not be trusted.

No doubt the Designer knew what lay in store for me in my Psychical Research. What I discovered was disturbing, nothing like the infotainment of the professional psychics in the theatres. Very soon, there is a *Best of British* tour of New Zealand by two British psychics – Colin Fry and Tony Stockwell. The first show is now 'sold out'. It is all great fun 'linking to the dead'. It is not what Psychical Research should be about. Nor should it be about 'giving comfort to the bereaved', families with 'loved ones' who have passed over. That is all nothing more than a deceit, even if they are merely the unwitting agents. But it certainly is highly lucrative for them. People will pay handsomely to be reassured about the people they care about. But is it all what it claims to be?

Colin Fry and Tony Stockwell may indeed be genuine in their beliefs that they convey information from the spirits of the departed. But genuineness of belief does not make it true. Is communication with the dead really available to the highest bidder, on demand in an atmosphere more akin to a pop concert than one established to ascertain

the truth? They may indeed convey information from some source, but what exactly is that source?

People, mainly women, go to hear psychics and spiritualist mediums for one of two reasons only. They want to be comforted that dead friends or relatives are happy, to be given some simple connection, some trivial message that life goes on in the 'spirit world'. Or they hope to be told of their futures, naturally radiant, full of hope and promise. Of course, all will be told what they are seeking, that is why they are there, as though their wanting to know is some kind of virtuous quest.

But this Quest is, in reality, a lonely and disappointing one. It seems more of a curse than a blessing. More and more evidence accumulates. I am reminded of my 'Honiton' experience in 1991 when I found a book *Teach Yourself Psychical Research*. It was a couple of months later that my first paper was rejected by the world's supposed leading authority on Psychical Research, certainly its first. This is the London Society for Psychical Research. It did not suit the academics who rule that body. They prefer evidence that there is nothing, certainly outside the 'laboratory'.



## Part 2

### Jottings of a Trainspotter

## 2. 'DAFT AS A BRUSH'?

It was dark outside the caravan, and quiet. The only noise inside was that of the Calor lamp which hissed as the gas burned fiercely. The light from the window cast a rectangular box of yellowish light on the grass outside. Somewhere in the distance, an owl hooted. In the blackness a little way beyond the patch of light, the waves of Liverpool Bay broke gently on the sandy beach. Towering behind the caravan was the bleak windswept crag which was Penmaenmawr Mountain. Then came another sound. It became louder and louder, beginning as a growl and gradually rising to a roar. Then it was past. After the roar of the diesel locomotive came the obedient, whoosh of the coaches, their wheels making little noise on the continuously-welded rails.

The North Wales Coast main line separated the caravan park from the beach. The engine was almost certainly a Brush Type 4, but I hadn't been able to see it. All I had seen were the lighted windows of the coaches as they followed the roar. The locomotive was too far away in the black of the night even though at its closest, it had been little more than a hundred yards distant. The red tail light on the last coach receded into the darkness and the train was gone, on its way to Holyhead. The train would have been electric hauled from London Euston, with the 'Brush' taking over at Crewe, since the North Wales Coast line was not electrified.

Thinking of the Brush 4 for some reason brought back a conversation I had in May 1980 at Durham City sewage works, down beside the River Wear. Susan, the receptionist had looked up from her typewriter and given me a puzzled smile. "Listening to you, anyone would think you were mad." She was right. To any outsider it must have seemed a very strange thing to say. I was Eastern Area Manager for Sewage Treatment and I had been talking on the phone to the Divisional Manager, my boss and a fellow railway enthusiast.

The previous weekend I had been back to some of the places of my youth in the northwest of England. With my brother I had been chasing steam trains. Locomotives from all over the country were converging on Rainhill for the 150<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the opening of the world's first railway, that ran from Liverpool to Manchester over the notorious Chat Moss. We had ended up at Manchester Victoria to see the famous Midland Compound on a special train. I had never seen a compound in steam before. My memories of this class amounted to a sole example on a line of locos awaiting scrap somewhere south of Crewe in the summer of 1961. Manchester Victoria was where my train-spotting career had begun in earnest in that long, hot summer of 1959.

Our Saturday expedition in 1980 had begun with an attempt to photograph *Princess Elizabeth* near Wrexham, on its way to Chester. This was an alien line with a vengeance, being former Great Western metals. Yet in a way, it was not that far removed as it might seem, at least in spirit. *Princess Elizabeth* had been William Stanier's second express passenger engine in 1933, the year after he moved to the LMS from Swindon. The Princess Royal Pacifics were his answer to his former boss at Swindon. Charles Collett had been responsible for the Great Western King 4-6-0s which were the most powerful 4-6-0s ever built in the world. Whilst I was an LMS fan, my brother Graham was a Great Western fan. I could always annoy him by reminding him that the only

good thing ever to come out of the Great Western Railway Works at Swindon was Stanier!

The day had been a grave disappointment. We had chosen a bank with a clear view of the line, hoping to get some good photographs of the Princess working hard. But no, the PC powers-that-be had decreed there was too much of a fire risk from a steam engine. How on earth did Britain ever cope when there were 20,000 of the beasts? How was it that wildfires did not ravage the land from shore to shore? 1959 for instance had been the hottest and driest summer for a decade.

As ever, the heavy hand of safe bureaucracy ensured that the Princess would not set fire to England's green and pleasant land. The steam engine was only notionally at the head of its train. The true motive power was provided by the Brush Type 4 diesel electric coupled ahead of it. Hence my words which had so amused Susan - "The Princess was dead, towed by a Brush." I suppose it was a kind of code. I knew what it meant, and so did Dave. But Susan had some image of a woman with a diamond tiara being pulled along by a yard brush.

The sound of the train slowly diminished until it was lost in the night. I looked across to Jenny, now sleeping soundly. If I listened carefully, I could just hear her breathing. Was it really true? Could it really be what it seemed to be? Could the spirit of this woman really be who she appeared to be? It was so improbable. No one would ever believe it.

### 3. THE IRISH MAIL – THE ALPHA LINK

I found my mind straying back again to another time on this very same line, but a time long-gone, the summer of 1960. My family was on holiday at Rhyl, a little further east on the North Wales Coast main line. It was a busy line, as witnessed by the four tracks. Not many places in Britain had four tracks. The four-track section ended at Llandudno Junction, and only two tracks carried on over the River Conway to Holyhead to the ferries to Ireland. Just across that estuary towered the magnificent walls of Conway Castle, one of a string of castles built by King Edward I to subdue the troublesome Welsh.

He was the king noted for his elegant solution to the complaints of the Welsh nobles who wanted a Welsh Prince. When his son, also Edward, was born at Caernarfon Castle in 1284, he was reported to have said “Behold, I give you a prince who can speak no English!” He thus created the first Prince of Wales. His successors, the 20<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> in the line, were to figure prominently in our experiences in the years ahead. We did not realise that, but it seemed that Something else did!

Something must have woken me. I don’t know what. It was around 2.30 am. There was a distant rumble which was becoming louder and louder. I sat up with a jerk and looked out of the caravan window. The caravan shook as the locomotive thundered past at the head of the *Irish Mail*. It was almost like an earthquake with 160 tons of locomotive and 350 tons of train behind it. There was enough light for me to make out the outline of a Princess Royal. There was a momentary glow from the firebox as the great monster tore past. It was barely thirty feet away on the down fast line, heading for Chester and London Euston.

I cursed. I had no way of knowing which one it was. I always liked to know. What had woken me? I have no idea. Was it Something that wanted to link something in my past to something in my future?

## 4. THE IMPOSSIBLE PRINCESS

What had happened to me that day in April 1986 had seemed impossible. Yet I had seen what had happened with my own eyes. I had heard the words that Jenny spoke with my own ears. She had spoken slowly. There was no mistake. I looked back through my notebook. The words were unequivocal. The only problem was, they were not Jenny's words.

It was not the first time I had experienced 'the impossible'. And that experience of 'the impossible' also happened to revolve around a Princess Royal Pacific. But on that occasion, although the light was fading, there was no doubt as to its identity.

I remembered how I had been mercilessly mocked at school the year before over 'the Impossible Princess'. But I had been proved right. I was not a liar. I knew what I had seen with my own eyes. In those days, the majority of boys were interested in railways, even if transiently. There were so many trainspotters they came to be banned from stations. The erudite journalists of today, dismissing the no-hoper anoraked trainspotters, rather distort the reality of a time when life in Britain had far more to offer the schoolboy than it does today.

They had been banned from the platforms of Manchester Victoria. Formerly the headquarters of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, it was one of the busiest stations in the British Isles. There are few places now where you can watch the complex variety of train workings which made up the joint station of Manchester Victoria/Exchange, with its direct services to Blackpool, Southport, North Wales, Liverpool, York, Hull, Carlisle, Glasgow and Edinburgh. This particular night, we were perched on some steps above railings overlooking a steep flight of stairs down to Red Bank and the murky river. It was an insalubrious area, even then, with doubtful dirty old men hanging around.

One by one, my friends gave up and went home. Finally, I was left alone. I was determined to wait for the 'Glasgow'. This was a train – Glasgow/Edinburgh to Manchester – which had often thrown up surprises. Maybe it would be a rare Scottish Jubilee... perhaps? More likely, it would be a Clan or a Scottish Britannia. The train was late – very late. It must have been an hour or more after it was due when I heard a strident whistle from the far side of the Heavy Victorian overbridge which carried the main road into the city centre. Dashing down the first flight of steps, I clambered up on the two-part railings for a better view. Far below, the chemical laden Irwell, flowing over a weir, discharged its odours, but my attention was focused on the locomotive emerging from the shadows.

I watched in growing disbelief as it came out from under the bridge on the nearest track. I saw the smokebox – no windshields – and the hand rail close up by the pipe. It must be a 'Jubilee'! In the fading light, I failed to notice the steam pipe was not the straight pipe of a 'Jubilee'. It was the curiously bent design so characteristic of another class of engine. Then I saw the boiler emerge... It was red. But that was impossible! Only some of the 'Pacifics', the 'Princesses' and the 'Coronations' were red – and the Class Eight 'Pacifics' were all banned because of weight restrictions on the route from Preston to Manchester. I saw the name over the huge driving wheels. It certainly wasn't a 'Jubilee'. It had to be a 'Princess'! Then the cab emerged. The numbers were

so clear – 46204. I cheered and the driver waved to me. It was a ‘Princess’ I had never seen before, and was never to see again.

I leaped down from the railings and dashed back up to the top of the steps for a broader view as the maroon ‘Princess’ lifted her train of empty maroon carriages up to Red Bank carriage sidings in the failing light.

The driver opened the regulator a touch more. The ‘Lizzie’ responded immediately. He’d be glad to clock off at Newton Heath depot. It had been a long run from Carlisle. That young lad had been very pleased to see them, but the locomotive inspector standing behind him on the footplate seemed none too happy. The ‘Lizzie’ would certainly cause a bit of a stir at Newton Heath, he was sure of that.

I felt such an overwhelming thrill of excitement as I watched the last of the coaches of the long train disappear around the corner. It had been worth waiting for, after all. Pity the others had given up and gone home... Still, it was their loss.

But I was unprepared for the next day at school. When I told them all of what I had seen, everyone just called me a liar and told me it was impossible. No one at all believed me. I had the evidence of my own eyes. Yet they all denied it. None of them were there. They just said it was impossible. ‘Princesses’ were banned. I was making it up. Yet I knew I had told the truth.

Months later, a cursory note in ‘the Bible’ – *Trains Illustrated* – reported that trials had been carried out with a ‘Princess’ south of Preston on the Manchester line, with a view to using the redundant ‘Princesses’ on the difficult, heavily loaded Scottish expresses. But the ‘Pacific’ had damaged the trackwork and the trials had been discontinued. No date was given, no locomotive specified, but it was a vindication of my word.

But that was months later – and no one wanted to know. It was rather like the papers. The headlines scream the latest ‘exclusive’ – often only distantly related to the truth. That’s all most people remembered. The small correction hidden away on page nine weeks or months later counted for little. As far as everyone was concerned, I was a liar. But ‘the Bible’ had confirmed I had told the truth. 9.43.54 (006... to 944)

## 5. WORDS OF TRUTH

I am a scientist, a chemist by training. My first chemistry laboratory was in the new block at Bury Grammar School. I chose to sit at the far end of the lab when I took up Chemistry in October 1959. The window was less than a hundred yards from the Bury-Bolton railway line. Practicals were best. It was always easy to dash over to the window when a train was heard heading west, or a train spotted on the long open stretch of line approaching from the east.

The subject I enjoyed most of all at school was Chemistry. Doubtless it is one of the reasons I got a scholarship to Oxford in Chemistry. My first Chemistry teacher had been an exhibitioner at Queen's College, Oxford; my second Chemistry teacher later took over the running of the school railway society.

There is a strong thread of destiny in my life which runs through railways and chemistry, the greatest loves of my life in my formative years.

In 1964, I was awarded a scholarship to Worcester College, Oxford. It carried the appellation 'OPHV' – 'Open *pro hac vice* – on this occasion'. It was what was termed a 'preferred scholarship'. In other words, if there was a suitably qualified applicant who fitted the terms of a particular bequest, he would receive preference over an applicant like me who did not. My scholarship was preferred to Monkton Coombe School, Bath.

My Bath experience at the end of June 2005 features prominently in Part 2 of this book. A day or two before I flew back to New Zealand at the beginning of August, I again passed through Bath, en route from Salisbury to Birmingham. I caught sight of a road sign 'Monkton Coombe'. Perhaps after forty years, I should try to find out a little more about the school whose scholars were preferred.

I missed the next turn on the little side road and climbed up the hill on the other side of the valley. There was a T-junction. I turned left. A bus came towards me – 'W.... Water' caught my eye. Had I gone the wrong way? I pulled in at the first convenient place, a large entrance to some important undertaking. I smiled when I realised I had been led to the headquarters of Wessex Water. I was Area Manager at Washington, once Co. Durham, but then Tyne & Wear.

Had I not taken the right hand branch at the junction, I could have stayed on the main line. But what would have been my final destination? If had kept my mouth shut, hidden my ability, done as I was told, gone along with all the American business crap like all the others – an MBA would have helped, of course, I could have maybe got to the top table. The only problem was it would have all been against my own nature. I was right to go off at the junction.

By now I could have had a high-powered job in a major international company whose shares were traded on world markets. But I did not like much of what I saw of England in 2005.

The time I came to the junction was, without doubt, the most traumatic period of my life. And it was model railways which brought me to the junction. Perhaps it was my destiny all along. After all, it was the branch line starter signal that was pulled off, not the distant one on the down main! Had not Something else set the points already?

My British trip was almost over. I was due to fly out from Heathrow the next day. I carried on along the road a little further. Two cars with significant numbers passed me,

going in the opposite direction. Then I came to a school – the wrong school. I decided it was time to retrace my steps so I returned to the T-junction. Again there was a sign for Monkton Coomb. I must somehow have missed the turn. I groaned because I had seen an enormous queue of traffic at the foot of this hill when I had first turned up to follow the signs to Monkton Coombe. This time, three quarters of the way down the hill, I saw the half-hidden turn to Monkton Coombe.

Had I been meant to miss it on the way up to the top to remember the alternative choices I could have made, and where those choices would most probably have led me?

I followed the winding lane. It was more like Britain of the past, as was Monkton Coombe itself. Some of the school buildings were quite ancient in appearance, reminding me of some of the buildings at Worcester College.

The school was quiet as it was both late in the afternoon and the summer holidays. There were just a few teachers around. But it was the school motto which made the deepest impression on me: '*verbum tuum veritas* – *Your words [are] truth*'. It was a kind of confirmation that I had been right to follow the branch line. I did not like where the main line was headed.



## 6. THE SACRED KEY

It was a long way now from the Chemistry Lab. I had been back to Bury a week or so before. The Chemistry Lab is still there, but the railway line exists now only in my mind. A house has been built where the line once ran. It was the 'Development Office' for Bury Grammar School. "How strange," I thought, for it was the visit by the Director of Development and Alumni Relations from Worcester College, Oxford to Auckland in April 2005 that had set in train the events that had led to my trip 'home'.

Bury Grammar School now has a grand new entrance on Tenterden Street, with a huge copy of the school emblem – the swan/snake with a key in its mouth. "*Sanctus chabris fores aperit*". We were always told its meaning to be "The key that opens the sacred door of knowledge". Perhaps psychical research, allied with meaningful coincidence, is indeed that key. It is the sacred knowledge of what really lies beyond the veil of death for each and every one of us.

There are no short cuts to finding the truth. As the Voice said to me almost at the beginning of my journey, "**My way is not the shortest way; but it is the best way!**"

Strangely, again this involved railways but this time two stations on the London underground. No, it has been no short way. The last two decades have taken their toll on both Jenny and myself. But we have been ever guided. We have been led to the right place at the right time.

That night at Bury Grammar gave further evidence. As I stood by the Development Office to photograph the New (1958) Science Block from the railway line as it had been, I noticed that there were 557 images already on that 'film' card. I took out the little Olympus camera I used for such significant cross-connections. Then I realised there were 229 images on that roll. These were the most important of all the Alpha and Omega Codes. They had been brought together at the point where my education really began, at the point where railways and Chemistry met. The Alpha and Omega Codes were not a figment of my imagination!

I had bought the little Olympus camera in Birmingham at the start of my trip, specifically to record the significant roll numbers or JPG image numbers which seemed to occur at significant points. It had been the cheapest camera I could find which would do the extreme close-up shots I needed. The name had seemed so appropriate. It was an Olympus AZ-1. Is not A-Z the English equivalent of the Greek Α-Ω? Was not Mount Olympus the legendary abode of the Greek gods? But the final '1' indicated that gods are not many, but 'One'.

It seemed so appropriate that 557 should be crossed with 229 on the ghost of the Bolton-Bury railway line outside the Chemistry Lab. I am reminded of a school cricket match on the field below the dining hall/Chemistry lab block. The boredom for those of us who were not sport minded was relieved by an eastbound goods train with unusual motive power. It was a Jubilee, quite a change from the usual procession of Stanier 8Fs and War Department Dub Dees. Some boys got out their Ian Allan *abcs* to find out the name. At that distance, you could only make out the number. I just told them what the name was. One of them, I think it was Edwin Leigh, said "How do you know that?" "I just remember them." I hadn't tried. I just had that kind of mind.

I could remember dates in history the same way and the translation of Virgil's *Aeneid*, Book 1. It was a good job I had a photographic memory because Latin was the only subject I really hated. The early, poor quality teaching in that subject had not helped. And in the last two decades, these names and numbers have so often linked into the Alpha and Omega Codes.

That night, I slept in a lonely layby on the A58 in the Pennine Hills. The next morning, I searched out the East Lancashire Railway terminus at Ramsbottom before wending my way back into Bury. It was not a user-friendly place any more. The road outside the school that we had happily walked across is now a railed-off dual carriageway. No longer can you walk down to Bolton Street Station. But by a strange quirk of destiny, Bolton Street Station is preserved like a time warp, exactly as I knew it in the early 1960s.

All that is missing are the ancient, bone-shaking, electrical multiple units first built by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway in 1912. These had so impressed me that, when I was invited for interview at Bury Grammar School, in reply to the Headmaster's question of why I wanted to go to Bury Grammar rather than Manchester Grammar, an apparently more local school, I had said "I like to go on the train." I suppose it is the earliest memory I have of railway travel! Those ancient EMUs, with their fold back seats, lasted barely a year before they were replaced with the more modern British Rail EMUs of 1959 vintage. It is curious how my destiny seemed to link to that line. At the time, we lived in a rented house in Cheetham Hill, then a quiet, fairly respectable, if working class, area of North Manchester.

In time, my mother developed a keen desire to buy her own house. My father found the idea of a mortgage rather daunting. One day a school friend, Ian Sandler, turned up and offered to take my mother house hunting. Ian was very proud of his newly acquired car. I was in my first year at Oxford. That day they managed to find a house they could just about afford. Is there, after all, a destiny? The house was just below that same railway line, near Bowker Vale Station. It was even convenient for my father. He could get the train the other way to Manchester Victoria, cross the station to Platform 16, cross the road and be in Boddington's Brewery in a couple of minutes.

## 7. FOUNDER'S DAY

With some difficulty, I had negotiated my way round to Bury Bolton Street Station. I declined to pay the high parking fees in the nearby council car park and drove up to 'The Rock'. Seeing a parking space outside the parish church, I decided to stop. It was, after all, the Parish Church of St. Mary the Virgin. Every May 6<sup>th</sup> we had marched in solemn procession from the Grammar School to the Parish Church for a Founder's Day service.

I took some photos of the parish church but found that, unlike most of the churches I had visited in the south of England, this one was locked. Perhaps it was an indication of the real nature of Bury today. On wandering back down towards Bolton Street, I noticed the pub on the corner, *The Duke of Clarence*. It was another link back to the main purpose of my visit to England, my research on the Princes of Wales. Here was another heir apparent who never made even to Prince of Wales, meeting his Maker at an early stage in his life.

I had just photographed the pub when my attention was drawn to a car coming towards me. It carried my initials, BJC. Decades ago, in the 1970s, before it became fashionable, I had thought it would be nice to have a BJC plate. As well as trainspotting, we also spotted car numbers for a time at Bury Grammar School. We had a little booklet which listed all the registration districts for Britain. JC cars came from Carnarvon; EN cars were registered in Bury. We would joke about our Latin master's car HEN8, indicating its lack of horsepower.

But I never seriously did anything about it. I glanced occasionally at the lists of mopeds for sale in *The Sunday Times* when that was the only way to 'trade plates'.

## 8. RAILWAY INTERVIEWS

I had two reasons for going to Bury in July 2005. I wanted to see how Bury Grammar School had changed since my last visit in the summer of 1966. I remember the headmaster, J. T. Hansford, commenting that he had never seen anyone so changed by university. I suppose Oxford gave me a confidence which I had always lacked at school. Perhaps being the school's most ardent trainspotter, Secretary of the Railway Club, did me no good in the Prefect stakes. My being the first person in my year to be offered a place at Oxford, merely on A-level results, even before taking the Open Scholarship exam in early December 1965, in a way constituted a salvo to the school powers-that-be that they had under-estimated me.

They may have marked me down for my working class background and non-team attitudes – I was one of the less than 10% who didn't join the school CCF (Combined Cadet Force). Finally, there was my ridiculous enthusiasm for railways, steam engines at least.

Despite that, not only had I got a place at St. Catherine's College, I was to go on to be awarded a scholarship OPHV at Worcester College. My interview at Worcester took place on 14<sup>th</sup> December 1964. Again, railways were a feature. The smart-arse question from Danby drew an unexpected reply, but perfectly valid.

"So, you are interested in railways, are you? What is the difference between a petrol engine and a diesel engine?"

"They don't use petrol engines on railways!" Well, it was thinking outside the square! He proved how little he knew about railways and I cared little about internal combustion engines of either kind.

Anyway, something made them decide my application had merit. They awarded only one other scholarship in Chemistry that year.

Come to think of it, my first successful interview had involved a railway answer. I had been asked in my interview with the Headmaster of Bury Grammar, C. L. Hall, around May 1958, why I wanted to go to Bury Grammar School and not Manchester Grammar School. I told the truth: "I like going on the train." It was a new experience. I don't remember going on the train as a child. There are family photos of us all on beaches at Blackpool, New Brighton. But usually Uncle Jack was there as well. He was a builder and had his own van. Maybe we all piled into that. Maybe we went on the 'charra'.

The old, rattly L&Y electric sets were in the final year. They were now in faded green livery. The 1913 five-car sets had been refurbished in the past but they were now deemed life-expired.

During my first year at Bury, new 2-car sets, built by BR were introduced. I suppose they were more comfortable, but they marked the start of a disconnection with the past, a disconnection which was to accelerate over my time at Bury as the mass slaughter of steam locomotives on British railways took place. A school cap was a valuable accessory. We liked to put school caps on to get half fare on the train-spotting trips. "Half day return to York" with knees bent at the booking office window.

"They make bloody big 13 year olds nowadays," growled the ticket clerk at Manchester Victoria.

Legally, according to BR, I became an adult in 1961, but I did not have an 'adult' income so I was forced to be economical with the truth as to the year in which I entered this mortal coil. It was becoming a problem when I got to 16 and was approaching six foot in height. It was probably sometime in that period that the booking clerk made his perceptive comment.

So, 39 years had elapsed since I had last crossed Bridge Road and wandered across to the science labs. It was late on the Monday evening and in the school holidays. It was around 8 pm on 25<sup>th</sup> July. I had come across from Newcastle via Harrogate, in a way backtracking through my former life. It was a dull day. The school was deserted. I took a few photographs of the old school, now the girls' school. But when I started at BGS in 1965, it was all the school there was, apart from the new science block and a few prefab classrooms across the road. The school hall was shared between the boys' school and the girls' school. With the new hall in about 1964, we abandoned the old school to the girls. I remember, with a certain chagrin, thinking that I would not now feature on the Honours Boards. In schools such as those, academic ability had been recognised at least as much as sporting prowess. The Honours Boards in the corridor past the Headmaster's study carried the names of all those old boys who had been awarded scholarships to Oxford.

Now the Boards would be taken down. There would be no '1965' additions. Too late! Perhaps even then, I had an instinctive inner association with tradition.

But was it also a symbol of what was to come as women take over more and more in the name of 'equality'.

The sole occupant of the school grounds was an athletic character making circuits of the sports field. Wandering round past the sports field, which seemed to have shrunk – but perhaps that is more from the vantage point of an adult – I looked in vain for the Bury-Bolton railway line which had enlivened chemistry lessons and even the odd English class in the 'new buildings'.

Another strange irony springs to mind. Fourteen years earlier, in London, it would have brought terror. It was during a chemistry lesson. Mr. Nunwick, the new chemistry teacher, had taken over the running of the Railway Club from the music teacher, Mr. James, on the latter's retirement. As usual, I was seated next to the windows, half way to the back. Hearing the sound of an approaching train, I waited for the westbound train to appear. I was quite astonished to see such a foreign outline. I nudged my friend, Geoff, to draw his attention to the strange visitor to Lancashire.

"Cocksey! Concentrate on the chemistry, not the trains," came the voice from the front.

"But Sir, it's a V2!" These engines were common enough at York or Doncaster, but not here on the wrong side of the Pennines. My plea fell on deaf ears. Mr. Nunwick decided to hide his interest in the contemporary railway scene, and continued with his exposition on the mysteries of chemistry.

The railway bridge, which presumably gave Bridge Road its unique identity, still remained. Now it spanned the ghostly double six-foot way that was permanent no longer. Where the permanent way had been now stood an interloper, a house on the edge of the school site. The plaque on the door bore a strange connection to my Quest, and one of the two reasons I was in England that summer. The brass plaque carried the words 'Development Office'. This is the euphemism at my old Oxford College, Worcester, for the department of the college which, in true American tradition, seeks to

raise money from the supposed deep pockets of old members. Certainly the old members with deep pockets are of much more interest to the Development Office and the Provost than those with more intellectual or spiritual leanings.

## 9. THE MIRACLE THAT WASN'T

How could it be true? It seemed so incredible. Jenny had seemed to be talking – yet it was not Jenny who was talking. It was the spirit of a woman from the past, from the depths of antiquity.

How strange it was that railways, and in particular, model railways had led me to study Spiritualism, late in 1984. It was as though a new career had been mapped out. Someone had changed the points. I had a new destination.

How things had changed from the days when I was a conventional scientist, an upright member of society in a safe middle-management job. I suppose things had slowly changed over the intervening twelve years. I had started out as a naïve, enthusiastic and highly competent scientist. Gradually I had come to be disillusioned about the real nature of the world I discovered.

My career in the water industry appeared to be progressing apace. In 1973, I had joined the Tyneside Joint Sewerage Board as a laboratory assistant. I was told in no uncertain terms that the Board viewed my research qualifications as irrelevant and had no intention of paying for them. My Oxford tutor, in his reference, expressed his view very clearly. He had no doubts about my abilities. He was at a loss as to why I wanted to waste them in this kind of job. He was clearly from the same school as a Chester-le-Street councillor whom I met some years later. This latter gentleman explained to me why so many councils spend so little on sewage treatment, indeed less than the absolute minimum. “There’s no votes in shit, lad!” I have no doubt he spoke the truth, although ‘shit’ was to provide our bread and butter for eleven years, in a manner of speaking.

Shortly after being appointed as a laboratory assistant, I noticed a curious little phenomenon. I had been given the routine task of calibrating the air monitors. These had been set up to measure ambient levels of hydrogen sulphide in air on the Howdon site where a new sewage works was to be built. It would serve one million people in the Tyneside conurbation. At the time, sewage discharged, untreated, into the Tyne, as it had since the typhoid and cholera outbreaks of the 1850s. But at least, now the drinking water was clean. The stink of the Tyne in mid-summer had not offended the noses of England’s ruling classes, in contrast to the Thames. So the clean-up had been slower in coming.

But there was a snag with the sewage works. Although design work was progressing apace, the actual permission to build the works had been refused. An objection to the building of the sewage works at Howdon had been lodged by Associated Lead Manufacturers who produced lead pigments for paint. They contended that the hydrogen sulphide generated from the sewage works would destroy the manufacturing process for tri-basic lead sulphate slurry. This involved blowing large quantities of air through the product.

Some less than scientific modelling had been done, although at the time I was unaware of this. One day, early in my Howdon career, I noticed a tiny discrepancy in the monitors. It was really very trivial. The monitors were used to measure ambient levels of hydrogen sulphide to be found on the existing, heavily polluted River Tyne. They were also used to measure the efficiency of a gas scrubbing system that was being

evaluated. It seemed that the only way to overcome the objection from Associated Lead was to cover all the primary sedimentation tanks and exhaust the air through a scrubber.

After carrying out the weekly chemical calibration of the monitor, I put it back on stream to sample the air from the scrubber. As usual, it read almost zero, 0.0002 ppm in the exhaust air. Then I calibrated the second monitor. It took about half an hour as it was a wet chemistry reaction coil process, using a photometer. The equilibration time was 15-20 minutes. At that stage, I put the second monitor back on line and went over to the old factory to the laboratory to have a cup of tea. Later, when I went back to check the monitors, I noticed there was a tiny step in the baseline of the first monitor. It was now reading 0.0004 ppm. It was still way below the 'permitted' level of 0.002 ppm, but what was the cause of the step?

I realised that the step coincided with the second monitor being put on line. The second monitor showed only one step from the baseline, a larger one. Why should the second monitor change the concentrations of  $\text{H}_2\text{S}$  level in the scrubber gas?

It may have been later that night, or it may have been the next day, but I suddenly realised that the change in  $\text{H}_2\text{S}$  gas concentration in the scrubber air could mean only one thing. The monitors were not measuring the efficiency of the gas scrubbing in the scrubbing plant. They were measuring the efficiency of the gas scrubbing in the sample line.

There was a long PVC sample line which went to the top of the 30 foot scrubbing tower. The air was moist. Condensation in the tube meant that the sampled gas was exposed to an enormous area of absorbing water before it reached the monitors. No wonder the scrubbing performance of the tower had been little short of miraculous! Others before me had put higher and higher concentrations of hydrogen sulphide gas into the inlet fan – up to 50 ppm – and *mirabile dictum* had duly noted the exhaust gas at 0.0002 ppm and reported incredible scrubbing efficiency.

Now I understood the nature of this technological miracle. I was reminded of Haber's plan to pay Germany's war debts by recovering the gold he found in sea water, gold that had actually come from his reagents.

I informed the Chief Chemist of my findings. If I was correct, what could be done to rectify the problem? Now my 'useless' research experience was to prove anything but. I devised an alternative sampling line – a heavy wall glass tube with silicone rubber connects and a heating element wound around the glass from top to bottom, powered by a variable auto transfer. There would be no condensation at the much higher temperatures. I had not reckoned on the next step. I was told to install it. There were no fitters employed. Climbing up to the top of a thirty foot tower on a ladder was a trifle nightmarish, but I had managed. Some years later, pulling a heavy cable to the top of a 20 foot street light at Minworth sewage works in Birmingham was a lot worse. The street light kept 'juddering'. I remembered wondering how much it took to make them break!

The sampling line worked perfectly. The miracle was no more. The 99.999% efficiency fell to 1% at high  $\text{H}_2\text{S}$  levels. I solved that, too, by changing from scrubbing with water to scrubbing with an oxidising agent, sodium hypochlorite, monitoring the pH shift as the oxidant was gradually exhausted with hydrogen sulphide gas throughput.



I had established beyond doubt my capability in applying my theoretical knowledge of chemistry in the real world. I had noticed the tiny sign which has so often in the history of chemistry led to a major breakthrough.

After that, I had progressed rapidly to assistant chemist within a few months, then senior chemist a year later when the Water Authority Reorganisation of April 1974 established the ten water authorities in England and Wales. In June 1974, I was made Head Chemist for the western half of Wear Division. Political infighting had led to a desire for sewage works operations to have control of their own local laboratories rather than rely on a distant regional laboratory at Regional Headquarters in Newcastle. I had to design a laboratory building, equip it with modern equipment, far more modern than I was to find in New Zealand laboratories two decades later. Then I had to staff it, devise analytical methods and operate it.

Three years later, I moved over to sewage works operations, having experienced for the first time a fear and dislike for my competence by the people above me. A newly created divisional chemist post went to someone whose academic qualifications and scientific background were considerably poorer. But the new Director of Scientific Services knew he would pose no threat to his own job. Clearly he did not feel the same about me.

So, when an operations job came up, I moved out of science into middle management. The day I was due to begin that job was marked by a strange coincidence. It was 28<sup>th</sup> June 1977. I had to take the day off work. I had spent the previous day at the Princess Mary maternity hospital in Gateshead where my son David was born. The day was marked by the Fleet Review for the Queen's Silver Jubilee. I really felt quite touched she was celebrating my new job. What a strange irony that 28<sup>th</sup> June was to become 'Prophecy Day' when I finally began to understand the Alpha and Omega Codes. That Prophecy Day linked the 20<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> Princes of Wales in an uncanny way. Finally this year came further powerful proof on 28<sup>th</sup> June 2005 of the correctness of my theories of prophecy. That day linked the first and twenty-first Princes of Wales in the Alpha and Omega Codes.

## 10. THE ART CLASS

But in 1978 I knew none of that. I did my best to apply science and common sense to management. Gradually I ran out of things to do, as the years passed. I became disenchanted with the American spoof business-speak which became *de rigueur* regurgitated in the Authority newspaper and Management Development bulletins.

I was lecturing regularly at the National Water Council Training Division Headquarters near York as well as serving on a DoE standing committee of analysts.

I found myself drawn back to my first love, railways. I began to buy a few railway books and got others out from Gateshead Library. I felt a sadness for a world that was gone, dead and buried. As I looked at the black and white photographs, I decided I would try to learn to paint, to convey the life I had known in the railway scene in my youth. My foray into the local evening art class at Gateshead Central Library proved a disappointment. A still life, which everyone did, was followed by a 'free choice' topic. I chose a scene based on a photograph which spoke to me. Naturally, it was an LMS locomotive, but not one of the Stanier's. It was a Patriot on the long climb up to Shap Summit. It was an evening scene. The long shadows of the locomotive reached across onto the grass bank beyond the up lines. In the far distance was the wisp of steam from the banker at the rear of the goods train.

I made a slide of the painting and transferred the outline to a painted hardboard. The initial washes were easily applied, but when I came to ask for advice on painting landscapes, that was not forthcoming from the teacher. She enthused volubly about the unfathomable, abstract creation of the woman beside me, but it soon became clear to me that she had not the faintest idea how to paint a landscape. I persevered at home alone and gradually made the painting take shape. The boiler looked round. The shadow effect looked quite presentable, like the evening light on Shap bank.

But other things happened and I spent less and less time on the painting. Eventually I stopped. It is still unfinished today. Yet that painting was to be part of a strange link to precise prophecy in July 2005.

## 11. JAMES BURKE'S CONNECTIONS

I was doing a final edit of this chapter on Sunday, 12<sup>th</sup> June 2005 for the first draft edition of this book, resetting the format. I was nearing the end when Jenny coming up from the garden, popped in to say that lunch would be ready in about five minutes. Her eye caught sight of an envelope jutting out from under some papers next to the printer. "What is this?" she asked "Washington NE38 8LB..." I looked at it. It was an A5 envelope from January 1980, addressed to me when I was Eastern Area Operations Manager for Wear Division of Northumbrian Water Authority – at Washington sewage works in Tyne & Wear. It contained a strip of 16 mm film, from the New York World's Fair of 1939. The frames were of a red streamlined 'Coronation'. The locomotive purported to be 6220 *Coronation*. For that was what the painted number on the side of the locomotive indicated. It was the latest piece of LMS Railway technology and the London, Midland and Scottish Railway was the world's largest company. *Coronation* with its matching carriages had been shipped to the USA both for the World's Fair and for the Royal tour of America and Canada by King George VI and Queen Elizabeth.

But the painted numbers were a lie. For stamped on every steel piece of its running gear was the true identity of the locomotive – 6229. That would only be visible to the keen observer, perhaps the much maligned trainspotter. The locomotive 6229, *Duchess of Hamilton* had just emerged from a Crewe workshop overhaul. What is more, it carried the maroon and gold house colours of the LMS. The real locomotive 6220 *Coronation* was in less good mechanical condition and was in the namesake blue and silver livery for the special *Coronation Scot* express. It didn't really matter about the switch of identity of course. But was it a tiny pointer to what was to come? I had acquired this filmstrip through a strange coincidence, one of many strange connections from an earlier period in my life that I can now see clearly with the benefit of hindsight and understanding which came later.

One evening sometime in 1978, I had seen part of one of James Burke's *Connections* programmes on television. Suddenly on the screen came some old colour footage of a red streamlined LMS Coronation. I had never realised that any colour film existed of what had always been my favourite class of steam locomotives – William Stanier's 'Princess Coronation' Class of 1937. The streamlined casings were removed just after the war when colour photography was still in its infancy. I wrote to the BBC to ask for a copy of that particular film sequence, explaining my interest. I got a very helpful reply from James Burke, together with the film I had requested. I then copied some 35 mm slides from the 16 mm original. They were not brilliant quality – but they were unique. It was all there was. I offered them to *Colour Rail*. Ron White was quite intrigued and put them in his railway slide catalogue. Later he asked to borrow the original 16 mm strip. This A5, hardbacked envelope had been his returning the 16 mm strip to me.

In 1982 I had been delighted to get hold of some colour cine film taken apparently by a Lithuanian immigrant at the 1939 New York World's Fair. It had a few frames of *Coronation* and her train. The film came to me courtesy of James Burke and his *Connections* programme which had been shown on British television. By 'chance', I happened to be watching the programme when the New York World's Fair sequence

was broadcast. I did not at that time realise how important 'connections' would come to be in my life over the next two decades. But I have since come to realise that Something else must have done.

But 46229, as well as containing the key 229 code, is unique for another reason. It was one of only two LMS locomotives ever to visit the United States. It went in 1939 to the New York World's Fair, but it went in disguise as 6220 *Coronation*. And unlike most of the other Coronations, it survived the massacre of steam, ending up in the National Collection at York.

## 12. THE SWAN SONG

It was a little after sunset when I arrived at Bridgnorth on the Severn Valley Railway. A few vestiges of pink still illuminated the sky. It had been an interesting day in Ludlow, more evidence for my theories of valid connections between the two Princes of Wales who had married in St. Paul's Cathedral, Prince Arthur, in 1501 and Prince Charles Phillip Arthur George in 1981.

As I walked up the station approach, I remembered my first visit to Bridgnorth with Dave, my railway enthusiast friend from my Northumbrian Water days. That would have been over a quarter of a century earlier, sometime around 1979. I had cause to remember it. I had just started cine photography, mainly confined to the antics of my son David who was then three years old. I am not sure now what made me take up cine photography. It must have been David, really, because although there was the possibility to capture steam engines in motion, by now there were only preserved engines left. Steam engines in BR service had been history for some twelve years by now.

A train had been waiting in the platform and it was not long before we were off to Hampton Loade, Kidderminster. It was a little like time travelling. The coaches were in the Great Western livery of brown and cream and the loco was a GW tank engine. We both shot cine film. I had not long had my 'Standard 8' cine camera which took 16 mm cine film. You had to take the film out half way through, with one half of the film width exposed and run it back through the camera in reverse to expose the second half. The film was then sliced longitudinally when it was processed to give only length of Standard 8 film. But I messed up this first steam railway cine film by running the same side through twice

I also had cause to remember my last use of Standard 8 for steam railway cine. It was the Liverpool-Manchester 'Steam 150' celebrations at Rainhill between Manchester and Liverpool. I had gone with my brother and his wife on the Sunday (24<sup>th</sup>? May). A week before, Mt. St. Helens had erupted, destroying the beautiful early summer. It was all cloud for the weekend. I had taken a lot of still and cine shots of the parade on the Sunday. Much of it was like an audio-visual to run over the tannoy ("Thine be the glory" from *Judas Maccabaeus*). Replicas of *Rocket* and *Novelty* and *Sans Pareil* were running - the first locomotives used in 1830.

We got the train back into Manchester. As we passed the loco sheds, the cine camera stopped. I was really sad. It was the largest array of steam engines since the early 1960s and the camera had failed me.

I was due to drive back to Newcastle the next day - Bank Holiday Monday. I decided to get up early and drive back and find the 'engine sheds' by road. I'd sorted the camera problem fairly quickly in the dark under the bedclothes at my old home in Manchester. My old bedroom had looked up to the embankment which carried the old L&Y line from Manchester Victoria to Bury Bolton Station.

It was still early, around 6.45 am, when I arrived at the 'sheds'. What greeted me was the smell. It was a real steam shed, a smell I had long forgotten. All the locos simmered. Then, after some while, one loco came forward for some manoeuvre and retired again. I had the camera on maximum zoom as I was some way off. The

Coronation came out, my favourite class of loco. I took some footage of it. I thought it odd at the time that I was only there because of a chance mishap. It was as though the engine was brought out for me. If the camera hadn't failed, I would probably still be in bed, about to get up to drive back to Newcastle.

I stayed for over an hour. It felt very much like a time warp. It was a shed like I knew then – when relatively few were interested in railways. Not the great crowds who follow anything that moves of a Sunday afternoon.

Shortly after that, I bought a second hand Super 8 sound camera for 'real life' films of 'David the Magician', the delights of the playgroup and Christmas morning.

It is funny to think back now that I did such a lot with cine film that I have never bought a video camera, even though they are so cheap to run. Cine film was horrendously expensive – £5 for 3 minutes in 1982!

I used the Super 8 sound camera to capture the last days of the Deltics on the East Coast main line around Durham and Newcastle. They were almost honorary steam engines. They had a certain individuality. The roar of the Napier Deltic engines was quite unmistakeable. And when they accelerated from an idle, the unburnt paraffin exhaust looked just like steam. One sequence of a Deltic heading north from York is worthy of a Gresley or a Peppercorn Pacific.

I put the film together for my one and only public film show in October 1982 at the Stephenson Locomotive Society meeting in Newcastle. Dave showed his cine film of preserved steam and I showed my 'Last Days of the Deltics'. They had been demoted from the Toplink King's Cross-Edinburgh working gradually since 1976. They were rostered for the overnight sleepers to King's Cross. So my Water Authority trips to London for IWPC committee meetings or Standing Committee of Analysts meetings at the DoE were almost invariably behind a Deltic. But there were only night time still photos on my trusty Pentax KX. The only day Deltic trains were the midday Newcastle-Plymouth and return. The Deltic worked it to York and back.

Near the very end, one blue Deltic was restored to the attractive, original, two-tone green livery. One Sunday, I had noticed it on Gateshead shed. A request to photograph it close up on Gateshead resulted in a characteristically surly 'North East friendly' "No!" It was only weeks before the end of the Deltics – a lovely sunny evening.

The next morning, I had the idea it might be rostered for one other working which was occasionally a Deltic – 10 am through Durham. Unfortunately, we had an S/SD section meeting. At 9.45 I excused myself. I knew I would not be missed. My contribution was due later. The E/M section would be boring, making their excuses about non-availability of vehicles and grass cutters, or coding work and costs to secondary treatment at the drum-screening only sea outfall plant at Sunderland. It was only five minutes from the office to Leamside. But to my consternation, the ECML seemed to have been given over to a permanent way gang with all their orange vests and flags. Perhaps it was a waste of time coming.

Within a few seconds, I heard a warning horn. The men all moved to the side of the track. Then slowly round the bend came the green Deltic. In and out of the shadow of the trees as it came towards me, it was resplendent in its two-tone livery. There it was – away and gone.

My 'inspiration' had proved correct. I went to film the last day of the Deltics in Newcastle. I should have gone to see the last Deltic South about 5 pm. It was dark,

December 1982. We lived only a mile from the line. My parents were visiting us that weekend from Manchester. I stood in the street to hear it go. The sound was so familiar. I regretted afterwards not trying cine. Even a few lights would have been better than nothing. At the least, the sound would have been there.

I felt a strange emptiness in the New Year. There was nothing at all to photograph. Now the HSTs were supreme. Anything not HST was a ubiquitous '47'; they had originally been D1500s and never made any impression on me. On a Saturday, if you were lucky, you might see a named one from the Southern Region!

It was 1968 all over again. I had stood in Snow Hill Station in 1965 and felt death. There was no life left in the railways. Only the ghosts of the Kings, the Castles and the Stars remained. It is curious how railways were to lead me to the ghosts of the real kings of England and the Prince of Wales who was a 'Star'. British Railways, with its regional colours, station masters in top hats, Gill Sans lettering, and all of its long traditions was swept away in the monotone corporate identity of the new British Rail, a soulless organisation, if ever there was one. The upper and lower case station names in black and white symbolised the new, lifeless reality of the railways.

For a short while, the last days of the Deltics had rekindled my interest in the British Rail scene. Perhaps it was because they were a lost link to my youth. I had stood in Doncaster Station and watched the first D200s roar through and the first Deltics with their maroon coaches. That was when they were all new! That was the beginning of the Deltics. Now something had drawn me to record their end. It was kind of Alpha and Omega then, I see now with the benefit of hindsight.

Now there were just the HSTs – High Speed Trains – 125 mph but utterly soulless. There were only 22 Deltics, named after racehorses and regiments – not an LNER tradition at all, but an LMS one, like the *Royal Scots*. A couple of 12s had regiment names, I suppose.

Then someone came up with a flash of inspiration – Why not name the HST power cars in set? Someone suggested 'Anthony and Cleopatra'. This brought the suggestion from another writer that the King's Cross-Leeds service could be run by 'Fish' as one power car, with 'Chips' the other. Then it was pointed out that there were problems when the leading and trailing power cars were not monogamous. As failures occurred, they were replaced on an *ad hoc* basis. How would 'Cleopatra' be suited to 'Chips'?

Eventually, power cars were named, but the choice of names was more 'PC' than 'ringing'. To me, they were just bloody trams, especially when a northbound one wrecked a shot of the Royal Train heading south through Low Fell. I think that is probably why I turned to model railways early in 1982.

## 13. CATHEDRALS OF STEAM

My 1982 audio-visual productions setting 35mm railway colour slides to orchestral music, a railway sound track and Purcell's *Trumpet Tune* on the organ. You could feel the power of the steam engines. And it was an early link to the 'voice of God'.



## 14. A NEW MEDIUM – MODEL RAILWAYS

It was about 1982 that my interest in railways was reawakened. Perhaps it was, in part, because a friend at work had a model railway and would go off to visit preserved railway lines at weekends. He would pass on to me railway magazines. There was someone I could have a pint with and talk about what had once been a great love in my life, a time when I had been really happy. It had been the first thing I had been really good at. Without trying, I had learned all the names of classes upon classes of engines. My ability to remember names and numbers seemed to surprise many of my friends. At a glance, even in the distance, I could tell the type of an engine. Then I became good at chemistry, then later at applying chemistry to sewage treatment. Finally I became good at managing sewage works.

I gradually found myself collecting model railway engines and rolling stock. I wanted to recreate, perhaps, in miniature form, elements of a lost world whose passing I regretted. I bought railway books and went to Railway Society meetings. I had developed audio-visual slide shows for training sewage works operators. These were effective. So I then made some railway ones. The last one I made was entitled *Cathedrals of Steam*. This consisted of slides of steam engines and stations, many at night, set to organ music. It was highly effective. You could almost feel the power of the steam engines as Purcell's *Trumpet Tune* thundered out. Again, that now seems to be curiously prophetic, considering that it was steam engines that led to my research into what I consider to be an aspect of religious experience!

One day in perusing the Newcastle Evening News for model railway items for sale, I came upon an advertisement placed by a man who lived beside the River Tyne in Dunston. His name was Norman. He had some model railway engines for sale that he acquired from various sources, maybe running them for a short while, then selling them on. I would call and see him every few weeks to see what he found. Occasionally, he managed to unearth some interesting old items from the 1950s or 1960s. Sometimes I would buy engines from him and then part-exchange them for other ones I particularly wanted from shops in different parts of the country. I had to go to various places for meetings in connection with my job as Sewage Works Area Manager or the various National Committee meetings in London.

## 15. INSPIRATION ON THE ECML

It would have been one evening in late February or early March 1983. I was on an intercity 125 HST on the East Coast Main Line, heading back to Newcastle upon Tyne. I had enjoyed dinner in what passed for the restaurant car on these successors to *The Silver Jubilee* or *The Coronation*. The steak was always a good choice. I had returned to my 'airline' seat in Coach A. I had discovered that this tended to keep a good distance from the lager louts who tended to cluster in close proximity to the source of beer purchases in the buffet car. Even then, Britain was in decline!

It must have been after Doncaster that I found myself thinking of sewage works manning levels. I had proved competent and efficient in my move from scientist to manager. On this particular train journey, I suddenly had an idea for empirically estimating the manpower required on sewage works of different sizes and complexities. Quickly, I applied it to my own area, the Eastern Half of Wear Division, based at Washington. Then I applied it to Western Half, based on Tony Blair's constituency of Spennymoor. Over the next days, I got data for the other two divisions of the Northumbrian Water Authority.

Then I wrote a paper for the second IWPC symposium which I had organised at the Regional Headquarters at Gosforth. I suppose it was the zenith of my water authority career. Frank Ridley, Director of Operations, opened the 'Training Day' as we called it. He even quoted from one of my papers. I had suggested that a good thing to ask in making a decision was "Would I do it if it was my money?" The paper I presented on manning levels caused quite a stir. I had been a prime mover in identifying areas of cost-cutting and overtime elimination as early as 1979. Then from 1981, we started to get broad brush demands to cut by X%. It is easy for a fat man to shed pounds, not a slim man. My inspired correlation from the ECML threw up one interesting fact. Wear Division fitted fairly well with my empirical correlations, as did the northern division of the Authority, Northumberland and Tyne Division. But the southern division, Tees Division, did not. The correlation model suggested significant over-manning. This resulted in memos going back and forth as to whether my model was valid or Tees Division merely an anomaly. I had few doubts about the validity of my empirical correlation.

Not long afterwards, my career in Northumbrian Water began to move downhill rapidly. The power cartel in Management Services was heavily into the latest American Business School management crap. Job rotation was the order of the day. The divisional managers from Tyne, Wear and Tees all played musical chairs with their jobs. George Robinson, with whom I had always had a good relationship, at times almost fatherly, was sent to the wilds of Tees Division. By coincidence, George had begun his working life with railways at Consett, before moving to Durham County Water Board where he was to spend the rest of his working life. DCWB was absorbed into Northumbrian Water in 1974.

The new Divisional Operations Manager for Wear Division was Brian Dobson, fresh from Tees Division. To say that he had been less than enamoured of my paper on manning levels would be an understatement. From there it was downhill all the way. I had never found favour with the Divisional General Manager, being too free with

telling the truth to people who matter, like the NWA Chief Executive on his very rare visits to my area. Now I began to be offered a succession of non-jobs as part of the musical jobs charade.

I was offered a job as regional coordinator for S&SD. It sounded good, but I knew too much about the person who was already in the job and who would be moved into an area controller job, probably mine. He spent his time trying to convince people he had something to say. In contrast, I had spent my time analysing difficult areas of divisional S&SD operations for six years – treatment processes, trade effluent, bonus schemes. When I had identified courses of action, I was able to quickly get senior management approval to instigate changes. It was a far cry from the role I was being offered of a desk job with a ‘regional over-view’.

I was offered a job as HQ Personnel Officer – a strange job offer to make to a scientist. I don’t particularly like people. I do not go for the charming small talk or the particular smile that characterises Personnel Managers – of course, they are ‘Human Resource Managers’ now. The Director of Engineering assured me it was only ‘common sense’. Doubtless it was – but my job as Area Controller needed more than common sense; it needed real knowledge of facts, science, engineering and real people. It was rather ironic that, despite my inability to relate to the men in suits at HQ, a lot of the plant operators and tanker drivers actually trusted me. They knew I was fair and nobody’s fool or front man.

My final conclusion of my paper on manpower costs was that the greatest saving to S&SD would be to cut the size of the Headquarters function. However much we cut operational S&SD manpower, the HQ on-cost did not fall. It was now over 100% and rising with every cut we made. My last slide caused a laugh. I put up an idealised target divisional S&SD manning level from the Management Services viewpoint. It showed one man and a dog.

So, to say that my heart was no longer in my job was something of an understatement. But was it all part of my destiny? I had been shown graphically the way of the New World Order. I didn’t like what I saw even then. Perhaps for a time I stuck my head in the sand, trying to recreate a world that was long gone, but a world that had once meant something to me. My present world meant ever less.

I spent a lot of time with my young son, David, and much of the remainder on model railways. At one point, I even combined the two, making a very large, two-foot long model of Thomas the Tank Engine, with acid-etched brass nameplates. That was before Thomas became fashionable with the TV series. In a curious way, model railways were to become my salvation, in more ways than one. 3/1/06

## PART 3

### A New Life

## 16. ANOTHER MEDIUM THROUGH MODEL RAILWAYS

I have been a scientist for a very long time. That is how I have kept body and soul together for nearly thirty years. I began to study science in my first year at grammar school in Bury, Lancashire. In the second year, General Science was replaced by the separate sciences of physics and chemistry.

It was the latter which really won my affection, it being second only to my fascination with steam engines, the start of which I can roughly trace to some four months earlier, in May 1959. I suppose I was fortunate in my chosen school because the new science block had extended the school across Bridge Road from the old grammar school buildings and the chemistry laboratory enjoyed the second floor position at the far end of the building, directly looking out onto the Bury to Bolton railway line. So, chemistry practicals were particularly good, allowing me to enjoy my two great loves at the same time!

I won a scholarship to Worcester College, Oxford in chemistry in December 1964 and spent the next four years acquiring a good knowledge of chemistry" to quote all that the University syllabus at the time specified. I was exposed to physical, organic and inorganic chemistry in great depth, but it was the latter that really inspired me. Over the course of my second and third years, I became familiar with all the elements of Mendeleev's periodic table.

I remember feeling a tremendous sense of satisfaction shortly before I took "Schools" - the Oxford final examinations, as I began to realise that it was possible to predict much of the chemistry of an element almost from basic chemical thermodynamics. I had this tremendous feeling of the interconnectedness of all the different chemical elements. There was the gradual transition from metallic to non-metallic character across any group and an increasing metallic nature down any one period.

At first at school there was a tendency to learn about the chemistry of each element individually, then later on, as a member of a group in the periodic table. But it was only at University, understanding the patterns of behaviour in depth, that the full coherence of all the chemical elements could be appreciated. I suppose I began at times to feel a similar exhilaration as on the rare occasions now about my research in the psychic field. There is a level of interconnectedness of phenomena which few others seem to appreciate. But I digress... That particular experience was to be over twenty years in the future.

My interest in steam engines had waned in my final years at school. Steam engines and, indeed, the whole British railway system were subjected to the wholesale butchery of the good Dr. Beeching. Steam engines had been identified as the evil which lay at the root of the unprofitability of British Railways and a crash programme of dieselisation was embarked upon. A pilot scheme of gradual dieselisation had been in operation since the mid-1950s but a sudden decision in 1964 to end steam on British Railways within four years marked a watershed.

Whole classes of steam locomotives, most with many years of useful life ahead of them, were consigned to the cutter's torch. Some were barely ten years old. When I had become interested in steam engines in 1959, there were quite a few locomotives still surviving from the 1890s. Even many of the coaches were twenty to thirty years old at this time. But the 1960s saw a time of change on the railways which had never been seen before and it was not something I relished. It was my first experience of corporate madness. There was so little logic in it and, as I now see, behind the scenes many vested interests.

The five regions with their individual colourful station signs and badges were eliminated and incorporated into the new one dimensional world of British Rail. The regions were considered "divisive" by the new corporate advisers. The signs all became white with black lettering in a totally different style. The colourless signs matched the whole character of the new railways for me. The years 1964-8 were ones of rapid decline as the steam engines were rapidly massacred, perhaps 10,000 in six years.

By 1968 the railways for me were dead. Something that was living had been extinguished. Many will no doubt dismiss this as sentimental nonsense, steam engines are just machines, like any other, but perhaps they were more individual than the soulless diesels that replaced them. They were on a more human scale. The diesels were the first step on the road to efficiency but also an important step on the road to the dehumanisation of the railway world. Steam engines had to be driven by men with particular skills, acquired over a long period. Diesels and electrics do not. There is far less scope for the individual and that is an element which has appeared in so many walks of life as this century has progressed.

Steam engines are just an element in a broader picture. No doubt, in like manner, the pilots of the 1950s, with their propeller-driven aircraft, had to have much more of a feeling for their machines than the pilots of today who can rely on computers for 95% or more of the control of the aircraft. More and more, one machine is controlled by another "more intelligent" one and gradually the role and scope for man is eliminated. It is easier, it is probably safer, but is it not much less satisfying? Is there not much less of a sense of achievement? The job is very well paid, but...

This was how changes in the 1960s impinged on my world. My interest in steam engines naturally had sharply declined with their demise. I had concentrated on science, chemistry in particular. I had built a fairly successful career in the water industry, first using my chemistry and then latterly, by applying science to general management. But now, when my career had just about ground to a halt, I was confronted with something that my science could not explain.

On that Friday morning, if anything, I had felt worse. It was a nondescript grey day. About mid-morning, I rang Norman for something to do to try and take my mind off matters, but it seemed that there was very little activity on the model railway front either. Then Norman picked something up, maybe from the tone of my voice.

"You are not feeling very bright."

"No," I answered, volunteering no more information.

"You'll feel better this afternoon."

"We'll see," I replied, thinking to myself "I very much doubt it."

Just before lunch, I rang my boss and asked for the afternoon off. I felt I could not concentrate on work, and there was little work I had to do anyway. To occupy myself, I

went to cut the hedge at a relative's house. As I was doing this, I suddenly felt more cheerful, as though a cloud had lifted and the sun had come out. Yet nothing at all had changed. It was the same grey October afternoon. How could Norman have predicted that change of mood? Puzzled, I got into my car and drove down to Dunston to see Norman. It was late in the afternoon when I knocked on his door and he invited me in. As I stood in the hall, he abruptly told me something very personal about myself. I did not wish to discuss the matter as it was, but I was puzzled. Norman seemed to have knowledge that was impossible. How could this be? I am a scientist. I needed to understand. It soon transpired that Norman was a spiritualist medium. I was being faced with a seemingly impossible reality in the context of the most traumatic event of my life to date.

Now the scientist was confronted by the spiritualist. It was an encounter that was to change the course of my life. Was it my destiny? This was the first I had ever heard of Spiritualism. Yet, I was being shown at first hand that there was a phenomenon here that I, as a conventional, rational scientist, could not explain. I was presented with stark facts. He told me things that there was no way he could have known and there was just no way he could have found out.

Over the next few months, I had other examples of Norman's psychic ability. It was a great relief to have someone to talk to.

That night, I telephoned my parents in Manchester and invited them to come and stay with me. They decided to travel to Newcastle the very next day, 4<sup>th</sup> December. Once again, railways, coincidence and "outside knowledge" were to come together on this particular day.

My mother and father had planned to take the 2 pm train from Manchester to Newcastle. I called to see Norman about 5 pm on my way to Newcastle Central Station to pick them up. He told me that there had been a train crash at Manchester that morning involving an earlier Newcastle train. Someone had been killed. Trains were delayed. I telephoned the station and the lady on Enquiries told me that because of the accident trains had been cancelled and that my parents would have had to change to a train from Kings Cross. The earliest they could arrive would be 6.30 pm. Norman looked thoughtful when I told him. "There is a train she doesn't know about. I would go to the station now" were his words.

A few minutes after I arrived at the Central Station a train arrived and my parents were on it. Their train had originally been the 1 pm to Scarborough. It had been delayed by the accident and did not leave Manchester until 2 pm, the time their Newcastle train should have left. In Manchester, they had been told they would have to change at York. Then, at York, they were told the train was being re-routed to Newcastle. How could Norman know what the BR train enquiries girl did not?

Again, this was, for me, further evidence of a source of Intelligence beyond conventional science. Odd, too, that this evidence should involve my first love – railways.

The death at Manchester Victoria that morning was almost an omen. My father had spent the last twenty years of his working life commuting to Manchester Victoria Station. There was a connection here, which was not to become apparent for two years and which I did not see for another six and a half years. I began to write *Belshazzar's Feast* on 22<sup>nd</sup> May 1993, sitting on the balcony of the Etap Hotel in Luxor, looking across to the Windsor Hotel. It seemed an appropriate link. A little over a week later, on the

30<sup>th</sup>, I was back in England and continuing to write when I first noticed the significance of the date December 4<sup>th</sup>.

It was two years after this Manchester Victoria train crash,<sup>13</sup> two years since my mother and father came to Newcastle, since Norman had given me further evidence of a source of knowledge that appears to transcend space and time, two years to the very day that my father died – on 4<sup>th</sup> December 1986.

That experience with Norman set me on a new road. I began to investigate Spiritualism and then related phenomena and this work has culminated in this series of books.

A few weeks later my boss advised that my level was to disappear, despite being the only level of technical management in the structure. I was offered the chance of a non-job at divisional headquarters or another non-job in Computer Services at Headquarters. It was not much of a choice. I moved to Headquarters on 4<sup>th</sup> February 1985. At the time, I had thought it an odd coincidence. It was the exactly equivalent day to my starting with the Tyneside Joint Sewerage Board at Howden in 1973. Now, twelve years later, I was being moved out of sewage treatment into Computer Services. I was given a project to evaluate electronic mail, rather ironic given the use of e-mail today. But I hated the new job from the start, and was offered a new job in a rather different management field in London. It would have me leaving science completely. I applied for voluntary severance and my final day was set by Northumbrian Water for my birthday, Sunday, May 12<sup>th</sup>.<sup>14</sup>

When I look at the nature of the privatised water industry today, it has never been a decision I have had cause to regret.

There my conventional career ended. I had spent 12 years as a conscientious, practising scientist, either working directly in science or applying science to management. I had been concerned solely with the material world. I was to spend the next 16 years as an unconventional, some might say heretical scientist, involved in research into psychic experiences and meaningful coincidence. Along the way I have become involved in ancient Egypt, comparative religion, British history, and disasters on the world scene. Always, I seem to have been led by something that seems to guide. Others may feel more comfortable by calling it 'chance'. Can chance ever have exhibited such an array of coherence in the past, I wonder? Many enigmatic things have happened to me over that time.

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<sup>13</sup> 4<sup>th</sup> December is also a significant date for it marked the anniversary of one of Britain's worst train crashes – at Lewisham in 1957. The accident has key links to a nuclear power accident yet to come. It features in the 1980 novel by John Howlett. I just selected a copy from the five on our library shelf. It just happened to be the most significant. I had found it on 10<sup>th</sup> June 1993 in the Banstead ICRF charity shop. In 1999 that date was to be linked to The Gates of Hell. Only the previous afternoon I had been in central London at Cannon Street Station. The lead car of one Southern Region EMU set was 77557. The Express involved in the Lewisham disaster had left Cannon Street in thick fog at 6.08pm on December 1957, behind Bulleid Pacific 34066 *Spitfire*.

<sup>14</sup> It was a year to the day since my father-in-law had had his first heart attack. It had been an incredibly eventful year, one of the most significant of my entire life. Another curious coincidence? Perhaps.



## 17. RAVENSCOURT PARK

At the time, I was General Manager for a group of law and accounting colleges in London. It was one day in June 1985. I had arranged a meeting with a computer supplier and had rushed out of the office to get the tube over to west London.

From the office window, up at the top of the building, there was a clear view of the figure of Justice atop the Central Criminal Courts of the Old Bailey. This vision remained with me and caused me to remark to a solicitor a year or so later that the balance should be replaced with a loaded roulette wheel. In the intervening period, my experience of the British justice system had not been good. There is much truth in the adage that British Justice is open to all, just the like the Ritz Hotel.

There were many facets to the job I was expected to do, including some long-standing problems to resolve. I was very busy. So, I had dashed down to the Underground at Embankment finally arriving at Ravenscourt Park Station. My destination, Applitek, was only a few minutes from the station. I had been given directions but I must have left them at the office. However, I knew the address.

I was about to look at the map in the station foyer when I was aware of words coming into my mind:

*Do not look at the map. I will guide you. Turn...*

Then I was told which direction to go. I was told various things. Although worried I was now getting very late for my meeting, I could see a purpose in what seemed to be happening to me. I could have looked at the map. That would have been quicker.

But then the words came again:

*Yes, but there are no maps of the future!*

I was taken past a church. I knew that Applitek's office was a lot closer to the station than this. I had been there once before with someone else. This was a very long way round. Then more words came:

*My way is not the quickest way, but My way is the best way.*

I carried on walking. Suddenly I realised I had reached another tube station, Stamford Brook. Then the words came again:

*Go back to Ravenscourt Park and I will take you directly to Applitek.*

I did as I was instructed. Within two minutes of leaving the station this time, I was at Applitek, apologising profusely for being late.

After the meeting, the Voice told me not to go back on the tube but to get the first bus that came. My Quest had begun in earnest. I had been shown in a concrete way that I could trust the Voice. Sometimes I am told to do things for what I think is the reason. Then something else happens and I discover a totally different purpose for my journey or my problem. Perhaps I meet someone en route or things change. Always, I am in the right place at the right time.

It was only years later that I was to discover that the woman to whom I would be led by God, Fate or Destiny, depending on your belief system, had once lived in a flat near Stamford Brook tube station. On her arrival from New Zealand in 1968, Jenny had

lived for six months at Hampton Court until a work colleague offered a more convenient flat closer to the city. The friend was moving out of a flat that was relatively cheap for London and it just happened to be at Stamford Brook.

That had been in 1969. But what had brought Jenny back to Hampton Court to set up her gallery of Egyptian paintings in 1984? And it was to that gallery, on 17<sup>th</sup> February 1985, that I went to try to buy some paintings of Akhenaten. Looking back with hindsight, the interconnectedness of all this is quite incredible. After all, Hampton Court was Henry VIII's palace, after he commandeered it on Wolsey's death. And of course, much of the drama of Henry's divorces and the subsequent founding of the Church of England were played out at Hampton Court. And the significance of all this will become apparent in due course.

## 18. PREDICTION

I had met Jenny through an advertisement in a psychic magazine – *Prediction*. It was a special 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary edition to mark the first *Prediction* ever in February 1936. A friend had found the advertisement in a newsagent's in Bournemouth. And even in that, there had not only been an Egyptian element, but also a connection to Christ.

That story had begun one night in Chelsea. I had moved into my new flat in Chelsea Manor Street, barely a block from the river, only a fortnight before. I was reading a book I had just found. It was Peter Clayton's book, full of intriguing old paintings of Egypt through the eyes of the first travellers and artists.

One picture in particular had caught my attention. It was a large illustration, spread across two pages – *The Two Holy Mothers* by Edwin Long. The setting was Egypt, but in the foreground were Mary, Joseph and the infant Jesus. In the middle distance was a procession in honour of the goddess Isis. The statue of the goddess was prominent at the head of the procession and her infant son Horus. In the distance were temples and pyramids. It was an attempt to juxtapose two distinct religious traditions, – Christianity, the 'modern' one, and the one which it supplanted. But had it really supplanted it, or had it merely conjoined it?

The picture fascinated me. I flicked to the back of the book to the list of picture credits. Who owned it? Perhaps I could go and see it... It turned out to be quite a feasible proposition. The painting was in the Russell-Cotes Museum in Bournemouth. The last time I had been in Bournemouth had been for a sewage treatment conference in May 1979. I had come up to London on the 6.30 am train to continue my genealogical research into the Cocksey line. Others had flocked to Downing Street that day to welcome the new Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher. In retrospect, given the changes that were soon to take place in Britain, it was a momentous day.

Then a thought crossed my mind. What about a weekend in Bournemouth? I found a 'Special Offer' rail-hotel weekend package, so Saturday morning found me and a friend at Waterloo Station waiting for departure time on a Bournemouth express.

As the driver waited for the off signal, I found my mind wandering back to my first visit to Waterloo in December 1964. So much passed through it in a flash. I had come up to London for an interview at King's College in the University of London. Dad and Graham had come with me and we had stayed at the YMCA. It was cheap – relatively. London was a more easy-going place then. We had gone to 10 Downing Street – just one policeman at the door and no bomb-proof gates. They came with the Iron Lady and the new 'gentler' side of Britain ushered in by Britain's first woman prime minister.

I had spent a couple of afternoons on Waterloo Station watching and photographing Southern 'Pacifics' for the first time. The end of steam on British Railways was fast approaching – the new soulless world of British Rail had arrived. The dull days, merging seamlessly into the gloom of the early December evening, seemed to match the occasion. Some of the once proud engines had lost their nameplates. All were filthy. Nobody cared anymore.

I had been quite inspired by the remnants of Bulleid's 'Pacifics'. I had gone home to Manchester and, in the cellar workshop of our turn of the century terrace house, I had made a 4 mm scale model in copper sheet. It was scaled from the photographs I had

taken at Waterloo. My father was a fitter and I seemed to have inherited his ability and love of working in metal. I spent hours marking out, cutting and soldering up all the individual components. The final body was quite passable, even to my critical eye. As the engine I had photographed was called *Honiton*, I had written to Honiton Council for an illustration of the Council coat-of-arms. They had been very helpful and sent me a large photograph.

But the locomotive never got beyond the copper body shell. Other things had intervened in my last six months at Bury Grammar School. It never did get finished. Yet, in a strange way, Honiton was to figure significantly in my psychical research in September 1991.<sup>15</sup> The Bulleid 'Pacifics' had survived until early 1967, with the full electrification of the main line to Bournemouth. But now they were consigned to the pages of history, every bit as much as were the Pharaohs.

My thoughts had returned to the present. That Saturday afternoon, we explored the East Cliff and found the Russell Cotes art gallery. It was an old Victorian mansion, left to the city in a bequest, a treasure trove of Victoriana – from shells to paintings. We quickly found *The Two Holy Mothers*, together with quite a few other paintings by Edwin Long. I looked at the painting for quite a long time. There was something about it...

Then wandering back up into the town, we had stopped in a newsagent for a paper. My friend had picked up a magazine – *Prediction* – and flicked through it. There was an advertisement for Nile Egyptian Papyrus Paintings and she brought it over to me. "These look quite attractive," she said. It was a large, beautifully executed painting of Nefertari and Horus. I had bought the magazine<sup>16</sup> and, three days later, in following up the advertisement, I had been led to Jenny, for it had been her advertisement.

Prediction... Destiny? Maybe there is really a knowledge of the future. Perhaps everything is not random chance, unknown, and inherently unknowable. Perhaps, on occasion, the various techniques of divination do throw up a genuine knowledge of the future. That certainly had seemed to be the case over Lockerbie.

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<sup>15</sup> There was so much evidence of orchestration. One day, 27<sup>th</sup> February 1991, on my way down to the Plymouth office of Howard Humphreys Consulting Engineers, I had found a singularly relevant book in a Honiton bookshop. It was one in the extensive *Teach Yourself* series. This particular one was *Teach Yourself Psychical Research*. It was what I had done for nearly seven years already, and am still doing fifteen years later. Perhaps it was also intended to be a signal, for a couple of months later, a rejection came from the Society for Psychical Research of a paper I had submitted for their annual conference. I realised my mistake when a friend told me his paper had been accepted. Mine was not sufficiently abstruse nor filled with psychologists' jargon.

<sup>16</sup> Only years later did it register with me that that copy was the 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary issue of *Prediction Magazine* – 1936 to 1986. 1936 was, of course, the year of the brief reign of King Edward VIII, culminating with his abdication in December 1936. Indeed, one of the articles "A Century of Royals" in the 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary issue specifically refers to this important event. It was not to be until 1989 that I was to see the first involvement in our experiences of the Duke of Windsor, as he became after his abdication. The gradual cross-linking of the themes in the Web of Destiny is at times astonishing. It is as though we are being shown systematically elements of a complex inter-connected whole.

## 19. ANOTHER IMPOSSIBILITY

We had been in the caravan for a few days. One day we climbed up Penmaenmawr mountain. The view across the waters of Liverpool Bay was spectacular but Jenny seemed strangely distant.

Jenny seemed at times to be deep in thought. Jenny was sitting on the long seat below the left hand side front window. I became aware of her quietly sobbing. "I knew they'd take him..." she kept repeating it. "I knew they'd take him..." The words were quite clear. I was puzzled. I got my notebook and wrote down what she said. I began to realise it was not Jenny who was talking; it was a woman from the distant past somehow using Jenny's mind and voice to communicate her experiences. Jenny was in a trance. Some other spirit was activating the motor control mechanisms of Jenny's brain and speaking words that were not Jenny's.

Gradually over the next few days and then weeks, the context became clear. The hills were not the rugged hills of North Wales, but the wild hills of Palestine and the lake was not the Irish Sea but the Sea of Galilee. The story she told was the story of a man who is well known throughout the world today and yet, rather contradictorily, not known at all. This woman from ancient times never gives this man a name at any point in the story. For weeks I wrote down her words. Her picture of his friends, the disciples, is less than flattering, nor was his message what anyone then wanted to hear – nor, I suspect, is it now. However, what this woman does say casts an interesting light on the Bible.

Why, for instance, are there two words for God in the Pentateuch, the so-called first five Books of Moses? Reasons conventionally given are that Elohim is not a name and that it merely means God, whereas Jehovah (variously YHVH or JHVH) is a proper name which the Jews would not speak. But it would seem that the reason goes far deeper. Elohim and Jehovah are not two names for the same God. They are two names for two different gods, and understanding this split has helped to me to understand the confusion in the Old Testament between the demands for sacrifices by Jehovah and the contempt for sacrifices which is more characteristic of Elohim. The nature of God as described in the Old Testament has too many conflicts for me to accept it has a true account of the nature of God. There are too many contradictions – both within the stories and in terms of the fairness and morality apparently exhibited by this Old Testament god. It has often bothered me that the God of the Old Testament is often biased, unjust and, at times, downright immoral. Stories relating to two gods, based on conflicting motives of various priests or scribes over the centuries, appear to have resulted in the Old Testament we have today.

But this was only one element. I puzzled why we should be given the story of Mary Magdalen, because it could be no one else. Mary would come to Jenny most days, and this carried on for about a month. She talked of different things. I wrote down all of her words. She spoke of their life together, effectively man and wife, although not formally married. She talked of what he was trying to do and how little success he had. Place after place, it was always the same. Each time they would go to a new town, they hoped it might be different from the others – but it never was. Almost no one listened. His message was not what the people in power wanted to hear. Every so often, Mary

would lapse into a reverie. "I knew they would kill him..." Clearly the experience was seared deep in her soul. But for a long time she would never bring herself to describe how exactly they killed him.

At one point in her life she had been a prostitute. It was the only way she had been able to keep body and soul together. After she had been raped by the Jewish soldiers, it didn't really seem to matter anyway. As I write this, I think of the parallels. We were in North Wales through having been terrified by the civil authority raid on our home at 4 am in Chelsea, by the Metropolitan Police 'doing their job'. Was it the terror that this experience had evoked in Jenny's mind that had been some kind of trigger that could allow Mary's spirit to link in directly to her mind? Now I could understand the very closely parallel terror that Mary had experienced at the hands of the men who represented the civil authority of her own time. She, too, had been defenceless at the hands of men in authority who had misused their power against her. In Jenny's case, she had never had cause to fear the police before, but since that time in Chelsea, she could never really trust them again. Was this shared experience the basis of an essential link in the communication process?

One can never be absolutely certain of these things. There are parallels, connections and there are coincidences. The links are strangely coherent, some might say 'spooky'. Are they meant to link to make us think? What is it that allows the spirit of a person from the distant past to link to someone alive today? Can minds link across 2,000 years and as many miles? What do we really know for certain of time?

You may say this communication with the dead happens every week at every Spiritualist church in so many countries of the world – but does it? This is what Spiritualists claim. But have you ever listened to the trite, empty and pointless messages given out as supposed evidence of communication from the dead? There was a book published in London in 1985 entitled *Hearing the Dead Speak*. It often struck me as a good description of a medium for they often seem like the walking dead. All too often, they lack life. They lack emotion.

This experience with Jenny behaving as a trance medium was very different. The emotion was so powerful. It was a real person talking. It was not some 'being from the higher realms who wishes to remain anonymous' or some 'guide' who wants to put us in touch with our 'loved ones'.

It is, however, interesting to note that this business of 'loved ones' has the same hypocrisy as funeral services. To listen to funeral orations, only wonderful people ever die. The bad must live forever. Never a critical word is said of anything or anybody. So it is with spiritualist mediums. In any case, why is it such a prevalent belief amongst Spiritualist mediums that we should want to contact our relatives or so-called loved ones or, vice versa, that they should want to contact us? Often the truth is that, in so many instances with relatives, one could not even stand them in life, so why on earth should one want any contact with them after their death?

There are virtually no communications even over 100 years, let alone 2,000. At best, the spirits who are said to be waiting in the wings for the curtain to rise at the appointed time in the spiritualist service go back only one generation or two, rarely even three generations. The messages given by the mediums could hardly be said to be either coherent or of very great value. Most people can accept "You are having some problems at present..." or "There is a sadness around you..." or "There is an anniversary in May..." or "This lady whom I feel is a grandmother vibration wants to bring you

some carnations..." or "Spirit is working to help you overcome your difficulties..." This is the level of communication in so-called demonstrations of survival.

So, if the so-called spirit world is as full of lies and hypocrisy as this one, precisely what purpose does this kind of revelation serve? Where is the so-called progress in the 'higher realms'?

However, one very important difference between a Spiritualist service or demonstration and our experience is that the former occurs at a pre-set time and place, whereas our experiences are completely spontaneous. The Spiritualist demonstration takes place because the audience 'wants to know', or wants yet more confirmation of so-called 'survival'. If that is what it purports to be, there is little evidence of survival to be found with 95% of mediums today.

On very rare occasions in Spiritualist services where there is an uncharacteristically competent medium – and they are few and far between – there does seem to be a genuine communication from the spirit of some person who has died, and this is intended for some specific member of the audience. But, this is the exception rather than the rule. Most Spiritualist services have the ambience of a social club, and sincerity or any real questioning of phenomena are more noted for their absence. Theories, indeed definitive claims, of the spirits' wants/desires/intentions abound. No one is rude enough to ask where the evidence is that the medium is genuine, or that the messages do indeed come from where they purport to. I have attended very many Spiritualist services. Almost invariably, I have been disappointed. On five occasions in the last sixteen years, I would say that a medium has been sharp enough to make me admit the possibility that their ability was genuine and that the message was what it purported to be. The hundred other occasions serve only to strengthen the rationalistic belief that the whole movement is either fraudulent or duped. However, the fact that there were five of these, at particular times, was of importance for it does mean that such phenomena cannot rationally be ignored, inconvenient though this is for rationalists and scientists. Louis K. Anspacher had clearly come to very similar conclusions from his observations of mediums. In his book *Challenge of the Unknown* he makes the following reference on page 74:

It might be stated as a proposition that mediums tend to become fraudulent as soon as they regularly undertake to exhibit and sell their gifts. The best of them have only a thin and uncertain tenure on their psychic faculty. In that respect, mediumship is very like the poetic gift. A man may have written many poems; but, if someone were to put a pistol to his head and demand of him: "You're a poet; now write me a great poem!" the poet would be obliged to say: "Shoot; because I cannot do it now."

And yet, every Sunday, that is essentially what happens in thousands of Spiritualist churches around the world. 'Perform now' is the edict when the demonstration time comes round. 99% of the time, they fail. Herein lies a critical difference between the Spiritualist medium and our experience. Ours is entirely spontaneous. There is no 'perform now'. Nor is there any financial motive to please the sitter.

If Spiritualism, as practised in the churches, is what it claims to be, why is there so little convincing evidence of survival? Why should this be? Why are most mediums so very, very poor? Why are the Spiritualist congregations so accepting of utter mediocrity in the 'platform workers', as the mediums are called, if not intentional deception?

There is a real phenomenon here, but it is a mistake to try to turn it into a stand-alone religion. At best, on very rare occasions, Spiritualist phenomena provide a

certain amount of evidence for the conventional religions of Christianity, Islam and Judaism. Ironically, all three of these prefer to ignore such evidence.

So, this experience of Jenny speaking Mary's words in a trance was, even then in 1986, of a different order of magnitude from anything I had witnessed in dozens of Spiritualist demonstrations in London and Newcastle-upon-Tyne – totally, totally different. Such trance communication is not unknown in the history of psychical research, but it is very much the exception rather than the rule. The instances may number in dozens, perhaps, over 150 years. Most so-called trance communication takes the form of spirit guides talking knowledgeably about 'the earth plane' or life in the 'higher realms', that is, after death. The instances of identifiable people speaking are very, very rare indeed. In all too many cases, information on the lives of spirits seems to be 'translated' or filtered by so-called 'guides'.

But, as I wrote down her words, I puzzled as to why she was coming to tell me this story in the wild hills of North Wales.

The experience carried on for several weeks in this isolated caravan. There were very few people around as it was out of the holiday season. Most of the time, there were just the two of us, Jenny and me, the hills, the sea and the odd train. Gradually, Mary's recollections built. Soon I had a book. The form is blank verse. The sentences are often not really complete in grammatical terms but that format seems the most appropriate. It slows down the reading and makes the reader think more about the words. Mary covered many aspects of their life together, from their youth to his death and then, shortly afterward, her own.

Her story casts a different light on the Gospel stories. There are no miracles here – just a man trying to follow what God seemed to be asking him to do. Here was a man struggling to give a message about a God the Establishment did not like. He dared to question their authority, and their sources of revenue, their sacrifices, indeed, their whole way of life. Mary spoke bitterly about what the churches have done, supposedly in his name.

For me, her words had a ring of truth. I had never been very comfortable with the supposed miracles of the New Testament. Why should God set the planets in their courses, subject to the laws of space and time, and then do a few cheap magician's tricks to say this man has the power of God? Why was it supposedly so important to convince men in first century Judea? There would seem to be more need than ever to convince mankind that there is a God today, considering the ever-increasing evils evident in our godless world of today. So, if God performed miracles then, why not now? Water into wine? What exactly was that meant to prove? Just because they had run out of wine at the marriage feast – was that a good reason for a cheap magician's trick? The miracles reek of the hand of man, men who no doubt genuinely believed that Christ was somehow different, especially after his death, and therefore must have had special abilities. Knowing nothing of science and probably believing that some magicians had these powers, was it not natural to claim the same for Christ?



Below is an example of Mary, speaking of the role of women:

*And they tried to be cheerful  
You see them robed  
Going about all the tasks of life  
Bright colours – lazily, talking  
Bearing life's burdens – but sad  
All the time sad underneath  
Because they are no one  
They don't count for anybody  
Except as a possession  
Somebody's wife, somebody's mother  
As soon as they are old enough  
To be married off by their father  
Just chattels*

*And yet there is no choice  
Do they accept it?  
Those that thought about it were disillusioned  
There was nothing they could do  
So mostly they got on with it  
And bowed under another burden  
And carried another child  
Bowed lower and lower with another burden  
Until they died  
And it was always a struggle  
To keep their children fit, in clean clothes  
To keep them clean*

*And their husbands didn't notice  
They brought in the money – sometimes  
More often than not they didn't  
And the women tried to lead a good life  
Many had to sell themselves  
Or their daughters  
It was wrong what they did  
But there was no choice*

*But men had their important work  
And bought other people's wives and daughters  
While their own wife and daughter starved  
And bowed under the burdens*

*But he was different I thought  
Yes he was different  
But still he was a man  
And he couldn't show he really cared  
Because that would have shown a weakness  
To lose face*

*So he pushed me aside  
It hurt – it hurt so much*

*I tried so hard to please him  
He wasn't easy because he kept changing  
I never knew what he wanted  
He seemed different everyday  
It depended where he was  
What he was doing  
I couldn't really keep up with him  
But I did try*

*And his friends didn't want me round either  
I was a woman  
But not only a woman  
For they knew who I was  
And they didn't like it  
They despised me  
I wasn't even fit to wash his feet – they thought*

*But I loved him  
I wanted to wash his feet  
I wanted to care for him  
I wanted to wash his feet  
In spite of everything I tried*

*If he thought they would mock him over me  
He was sometimes harsh with me  
He was masterful  
But he had to show that he was masterful with me  
And not being taken in by a woman  
Not giving in to a woman's weakness  
And that hurt me*

There is no direct proof that what Mary said is true, yet it has a ring of truth because I see the same reactions today when I try to say things to people that they do not want to hear. The truth today is unpalatable. It makes people uncomfortable. They are told that the purpose of life is to enjoy yourself and consume. It is a false message for a civilisation that has based its entire being on falsehood.

The evidence that what Mary said is true gradually came through strange coincidences over the next fourteen years. These coincidences suggested a Guiding Hand, a very intricate purpose behind the story of Mary and the man whom many people today know as Christ. These coincidences constitute circumstantial evidence for the veracity of Mary's story. Part of this evidence lies in the power of prophecy, evidence that there is Something that knows the future. That evidence first became clear nearly two years later, in December 1988.

## 20. THE REAL IMPOSSIBLE PRINCESS

As I have explained earlier, it was in 1984 that for the first time I began to encounter evidence of something that I, as a rational scientist, could not explain in any conventional scientific way. Norman, the medium, had told me things that it was impossible for him to know. I had thought that I alone knew about these things. Yet, he seemed to have some source of knowledge that could tell him things about me.

I had been offered a job as a general manager with an organisation with family connections that ran Law and Accountancy courses. So, I moved to London in May 1985. The job did not last long as I had never been a 'yes man'. There was the inevitable clash with the Managing Director and, on 2<sup>nd</sup> September, I received a letter terminating my employment. "We are going to have to let you go" was the euphemism employed. It was all for the best in the end.

But in the short term, it was an incredibly difficult time, perhaps the hardest of my life. Because of the family connection with the businesses, my parents were unhelpful and I found myself totally, utterly and completely alone. In a little over a year I had lost everything. I did not even have anywhere to live as I was in the process of selling the former family home in Gateshead, and the flat in London was owned by the Managing Director of the company that had sacked me.

For a little while, I felt absolutely devastated. Yet, curiously, it only lasted for perhaps a day or two. After the break with my parents, I began to feel I was not entirely alone. I was alone in the physical, material world, yet I began to be aware of 'others'. I wrote a lot at this time, making lots of notes of what was happening. Then I found myself writing words that were not 'mine'. I appeared to be 'told' things in the way Norman had been.

I continued my investigations into Spiritualism. I was ideally placed to do this in central London. I applied the methods of science, as far as I could, to the study of psychic phenomena. I found myself repeatedly being drawn through curious coincidences to Ancient Egypt, in particular to the pharaohs Akhenaten and Tutankhamun...

One day I went to a Spiritualist church service in Lansdowne Road, West London. The medium had never met me before nor even seen me. When she began her demonstration, she said she had someone by the name of Bill present. He was a spirit who wanted to communicate with someone in the church. I wondered about my Uncle Bill. He had died in 1983. However, I said nothing. A woman put her hand up at the front. In contrast, I was seated almost at the very back of the church. The medium continued. "He wants to be remembered to Evie... or Ivy...? Do you understand that?" The woman shook her head. But I did understand – my mother's name was Ivy. She was Bill's sister. I raised my hand.

The medium then came to me.

"I felt I should have come to you in the first place. You have a link to the time of Tutankhamun", she told me.

"Do I?" I replied. What more could I say? I was not entirely sure precisely what she meant by this at the time... However, from what I now understand of Spiritualist mediums, nor I suspect did she. But, rather curiously, Akhenaten was the father-in-law

of Tutankhamun. So, perhaps I did have a link. Was it his spirit somehow linking to my mind?

A few months later, it came to me that I had to go to New York. I suppose it was the Voice telling me to do something rather more challenging than getting on the next bus. I had been taught to trust at Ravenscourt Park. Now I had to trust on a much grander scale. I had to go to the Metropolitan Museum of Art to see the Akhenaten collection. So, the next day I booked my ticket, and the day afterwards saw me on my first ever international flight – on Maiden Voyager, then the only Virgin Atlantic Jumbo jet. The following morning found me standing in Central Park which during the night had had a light dusting of snow. I was looking at the Egyptian obelisk, waiting for the museum to open. It was 21<sup>st</sup> December 1985. Three years later, to the day, Pan Am 103 crashed at Lockerbie, en route to New York. Is it chance, pure coincidence? Or is it destiny, illuminated by coincidence? 21<sup>st</sup> December had no significance for me then – but did Something else know what a fateful date that was to be or what a key element the Lockerbie plane crash would play in my life in the future?

### **What's in a Name?**

On 17<sup>th</sup> February Jenny was setting up an exhibition at Wembley Conference Centre, so the following day I made my way to Wembley to see her. I ended up helping her with the exhibition, framing a life-size painting of one of the coffins of Tutankhamun. She had a lot of paintings showing scenes from the life of Tutankhamun but all the labels merely said 'Tutankhamun and his wife hunting ostriches' or 'Tutankhamun's wife pouring him a drink'.

"Why don't you use her name?" I asked.

"I don't know her name," replied Jenny. I went round replacing all the labels with 'Tutankhamun and Ankhesenamun'.

A little while later, while sitting having a drink, Jenny looking thoughtful said "I feel I'd like to write her story..."

"You'll have a problem," I replied. "There is virtually nothing known about her."

It is rather strange, also, that on 18<sup>th</sup> February, the same date as I had first met Jenny, was the exact anniversary of the official opening of Tutankhamun's tomb in 1923, in the presence of the Queen of the Belgians, the British High Commissioner, Lord Allenby, members of the Department of Antiquities, and other VIPs. Was it really just chance that Jenny and I first met 63 years to the day after this official opening? Is it not yet another indication that Ankhsoun's story is true?

The next day, 19<sup>th</sup> February, Jenny was at Wembley with some more papyrus paintings which had arrived from Egypt only the day before. The strange thing was that, included with her actual order, were four copies of a painting she had not ordered. They were not particularly well-painted ones but the original artwork for the screen print was quite good. These contrasted with the rest of those Jenny had ordered, which were very carefully painted, although even there occasional errors in the printed screen were obvious, for instance the names in the cartouches.

However, the subject of the 'extra' paintings was unmistakable. It was Akhenaten and the royal family under the rays of the Aten. The name 'Akhenaten' is in the middle cartouche on both the left- and right-hand columns of the shrine. The upper two cartouches give the other throne name of Akhenaten but the hieroglyphs are rendered incorrectly. The lowest pair of cartouches give Nefertiti's name, also referring to her as

'the most beautiful of the beauties of Aten'. The left and right columns are in fact mirror images of each other and all the animal or bird hieroglyphs face into the picture proper. Such symmetrical arrangements are common in Egyptian art and rather attractive.

So why had these paintings which arrived unordered been added to the order? Was the shipper inspired to include these? Had he been short of something she did order? Or was it because Something knew I had gone to see Jenny to get a picture of Akhenaten?

### **A Princess Speaks**

Four months later, I was to get precisely that picture of Akhenaten. But, instead of an inaccurate, stylised image, I was to get a flesh and blood portrait! One night in my Chelsea flat, Jenny seemed to doze off in an armchair. After a little while, she started speaking, but it did not seem to be Jenny talking! It very soon became clear who it was. It was this very same woman from the pictures, the woman whose name I had been at such pains to put on the captions of the pictures at the Wembley exhibition. It was Ankhesen-amun, as the Egyptologists call her, the wife of Tutankhamun, the daughter of Akhenaten. Somehow it seemed that her spirit must have survived death and was able, in some inexplicable way, to link to Jenny's mind. I realised Jenny must be in a trance. I had heard of spiritualist talk of trances. I had seen some 'platform' speakers talk with funny voices, but I had never been convinced of their authenticity. This was different. The tone of the voice was different from Jenny's. The voice seemed younger.

Over the next three weeks, at all times of day and night, Ankhsoun, as she preferred to be known, came and talked of her father, her husband, her son and the terrors she had known in the temple of Amun.

Ankhsoun first spoke to me on 8<sup>th</sup> June 1986, but three days later, I was in central London and visited various second-hand bookshops near the British Museum when, in a very short space of time, my attention was drawn to the Louvre Museum in Paris three times. Back at the Chelsea flat, Jenny and I talked about this. I felt we were being told, through the coincidences, to go to Paris, but the problem was that we could not afford the train fare. Suddenly I remembered that one of the bookshops had posters of Egyptian paintings on display. The idea of possibly being able to sell some of our papyrus paintings to them. So, Jenny packed a bag while I sorted out a few paintings and we returned to Great Russell Street. It worked brilliantly. The owner of that bookshop shop bought the paintings, enabling us to pay the £50 cost of our tickets to Paris and so the next afternoon, we caught the 2.30 pm boat train to Dover.

### **A Special Rainbow – A Sign in the Sky?**

The Channel crossing was uneventful and that evening at around 9 pm found us on another train speeding through northern France towards Paris. There was no rain but the sky was dark with what looked like dark storm clouds. Suddenly my attention was drawn to a rainbow above the train. As I watched, it grew upwards to the zenith. I looked across to the other side of the train and the rainbow was there too. It increased in intensity and formed a full arch and then a secondary, outer, paler full arch with the colours reversed in this outer bow. Rainbows are usually transient, often gone in a minute or two. This one was different. I wrote in my notebook 'Rainbow still there after 5 minutes.' It was as though the train was going through an arch. The line was

straight, heading ESE. Still the rainbow persisted. The sky was so dark, yet the sun so bright as it picked out the landscape at such a low angle. It was still there at 9.20 pm. Even though the train was sparsely populated, a few other passengers commented on it. At 9.21 pm we pulled into Amiens station. As we left Amiens at 9.23 pm I noted 'Rainbow has faded'. Very soon, the sun would set rather north of west.

Neither Jenny nor I had ever seen a rainbow like it. I don't remember even noticing a secondary rainbow before and I certainly could never remember a full arch. Usually one end of a rainbow is visible in England, sometimes both ends. This was different, a memorable experience indeed, very much one of the beauties of God's creation. But it was to prove to have much more significance than we could ever have imagined.

The train arrived in Paris at 10.30 and we found a small hotel fairly quickly. It was very hot that night. We opened the windows of the hotel room high above the Paris street, but Jenny seemed restless and became more and more disturbed. She began to writhe around the bed and there seemed to be a look of terror in her eyes. Then I realised it must be Anksoun again. She spoke with difficulty. Suddenly she stopped writhing and then her face relaxed into a smile...

*After the pain and the terror, suddenly, she was free...*

*It is all bathed in a golden light  
Oh... It is so beautiful...  
I come to join my father  
And my son...  
And most of all, my Maker.*

*He only is the Lord  
The one most high  
The keeper of heaven and earth.  
All is bathed in His glory.*

*There is an archway of many colours.  
It is shining, deep and beautiful  
And is golden round about it.  
They are there, underneath the archway  
Waiting for me.*

*Oh Ra, Oh Ra,  
I have left behind the pain,  
The terrible pain  
The terrors that I lived with...  
All that has gone now.  
I have Thee  
I am with Thee.*

Anksoun spoke for a considerable while, over an hour, before Jenny lapsed into a deep sleep. Jenny woke the next morning and began to describe a terrible nightmare where she had been lying on a slab in a temple and had been sacrificed by the priests in a terrible ceremony. Suddenly, she had been at peace...

After she had told me her dream, I read her Ankhsoun's words. Jenny had seen the images in her dream. Ankhsoun's spirit had given the words the night before and now Jenny was describing graphically for me the scene of what Ankhsoun must have experienced.

It was only as I read the words that it struck me with the force of a hammer blow that Ankhsoun was describing a rainbow. This was what she had seen just after death. So, was this the purpose of the dramatic rainbow just before sunset the night before?

Was it meant to be circumstantial evidence that Ankhsoun's story was true? I felt it was too much for chance, too much like design. What else could it possibly mean? What other power can put signs in the heavens? The rainbow was the sign of God's covenant with Noah in the Bible. It seemed so far-fetched to think that God could be giving us a sign. Why us? The rainbow was so prominent for so long, the most dramatic I had even seen in my life. And Ankhsoun's story that night was so terrible. Could it be a sign in the heavens because Ankhsoun and her father really did link somehow to the same God? Was the purpose of the rainbow really to say she spoke the truth... that she was who she claimed to be? If so, it could only mean that Akhenaten had been inspired by God. This was the real reason he was a man with ideas way outside of his time – the first contemporaneously recorded man in the history of mankind to state unequivocally that there is only one God.

Or was it just chance that put all the elements together – the bits were just there but not really connected together at all? Yet there was a coherent picture, rather like those done by the French Impressionists such as Monet. The coincidences in London, the idea for raising the money for the fare, the rainbow from the train, later Ankhsoun talking of her sacrifice and death, and then her coming to see her father and her son under the rainbow... these elements made a coherent picture out of the individual 'dots'. But 'rationalists' and most modern scientists would have us believe it is just separate, unconnected dots, that there is nothing real at all... Are they right though? Or is it really like a Monet painting – like *Impression, Sunrise at Le Havre*? Close up, all you can see are lots of dots – but as you go further away, the sun emerges over the harbour. Is it like that with the coincidences? When you look at all the elements from further away, you can see the coherence.

Chance seems a pathetic explanation but will no doubt satisfy many. How could it have been known that Ankhsoun would, within a few hours, be talking of her death and describing such a rainbow in heaven?

Some may claim that Jenny has a vivid imagination and that her 'subconscious' fabricated a story to fit the rainbow. But how could it be so coherent? When I came to check the times of the rainbow in my notebook from that evening, I found the words written at around 9.05 pm 'Arc de ciel – Gateway to Heaven – archway to heaven – a rainbow of paradise'. These successive phrases had somehow come into my mind. Jenny had not even read my notebook to make this connection. Somehow, though, that very same night, Ankhsoun was to describe her experience on death, in a way, as an arch of colours at the entrance to heaven, a gateway to heaven, perhaps. Even though I looked down the notes that night, I did not make the connection so it cannot be telepathy. I only made the link to the rainbow the following morning and I only saw the reference to 'Gateway to Heaven' when I went back to the original notes to write this chapter as accurately as possible in relation to the times of the rainbow.

### **Book Extract from *Ankhsoun, Daughter of Ra***

I give below a further extract from Ankhsoun's story. It is an account of one of the saddest moments in her life, when she had to carry out her father's instruction and bury him in a secret tomb, far from his city.

We know nothing of the death of Akhenaten from the history books. There is doubt that he was even buried in the Royal Tomb which was prepared for him and fully excavated in the 1970s. This doubt is confirmed by Ankhsoun's own words.

*After a long time  
We came to another night  
And bore him swift into the rock  
I left him in the small chamber  
He is laid upon the slab  
I embalmed him according to my knowledge*

*And we took there very little  
He needs nothing for the afterlife  
Save his soul  
He had placed there in secret some time before  
All that he needed  
There is nothing but a shrine to Thee, Ra  
All in gold  
He has pictured the Artenn  
With Love and Life coming from His Hands*

*And that is all  
Save some precious oils  
With which I anointed him  
To speed his soul to Thee  
I looked upon him for the last time  
And it was done and sealed  
And none knew of us  
I was dressed as were the poor*

*It was a sad return  
And the next night I told my mother  
"Your husband, the King, is dead"*

*We took a sarcophagus  
Across the river by night  
It was sealed  
And placed it in a secret tomb*

*My mother cared not  
But she had accompanied me  
And they knew...  
Or they thought they knew...  
Where he was*



*But only God knew  
The next night  
God showed his wrath for this land  
For the peoples of this land*

*A mighty, mighty storm came in from the West  
Smashed the boats on the river  
And washed away the houses  
There was thunder  
There was rain*

*It is usually a cause for rejoicing  
To find rain  
But this time the people were sore afraid  
They knew now that my father was dead  
They looked to their hearts  
And they knew they had taken no notice  
When he spake God's Words  
And they saw that God was angry*

*The earth shook  
And the mountains fell down  
And they covered the place where my father was  
And the place where my father was not  
And then God rested...  
And my father was at peace  
Glory be to Thee, Oh God!*

## **Verification**

You may say – just another ‘channelled’ past life story. Whatever that process involves, whatever intelligence it conveys and from whence, it is a very different experience from ours. There are two key points of difference, these being spontaneity and external cross-verification. This account differs from ‘channelled past lives’ because there are so many curious elements of external meaningful coincidence which serve to validate the story which Ankhsoun tells. If you look at ‘channelled’ communications, ask yourself what external evidence is there, of any form, to authenticate those communications? It may well be that the ‘channeler’ is genuine, but is the message also genuine? What is its source? Why do so many so-called ‘channelers’ prefer to remain ‘anonymous’ as being ‘too high a vibration’? They always give phoney names. Are they really what they claim to be, or are they a deceit, something that tricks the mediums who channel them?

One day, when she was speaking, she suddenly spoke her name

*Ankhsoun, Ankhsoun...  
He made me change my name  
It did not matter much  
Because I did not use the last bit of my name after that.*

*But I was angered*

*They could put his name with mine  
His name!*

*They took me to the temple for the ceremony to change it  
And wrote upon the stone my new name  
Which I will not speak because I despise it...*

This is a fascinating corroboration of her story. She loathed the name 'Amun'. The priests of Amun had for a long time made the claim that Amun, the 'hidden one' was one and the same with the sun god Ra. Hence the contradictory state god Amun-Ra was born. Akhenaten denied that Amun and Ra were one and the same, closing the temples of Amun and removing Amun from his own name, which had originally been Amunhotep. He considered Amun to be evil. He had very early in his reign changed his name to Akhenaten, which means 'Spirit of Aten Ra'. High up in the temple of Luxor today, it is still possible to see his father's name of Amunhotep with the hieroglyphs for Amun obliterated.

It is therefore easy to understand the fury and contempt which Ankhsoun felt when her name was changed. Her words add a dimension which no one has ever before appreciated. It all adds to the credibility of her story. It is an element I had never previously considered before Ankhsoun spoke them. But, there was very much I did not understand; but nor did any of the Egyptologists. Now I feel I understand a little more.

But there is more. She was recorded in hieroglyphics as Great Royal Wife, Lady of the Two Lands, Ankhsoun pa Aten, chosen one of Ra, given life forever.

Great Royal Wife was a title equivalent to Queen. The two lands had been the traditional name for the whole of the land of Egypt, i.e. upper and lower Egypt, for over one thousand years even by the time of Ankhsoun. The pharaoh was always given the title Lord of the Two Lands.

It is easy to see how the Egyptologists came to transliterate her name erroneously. They render the name as Ankhesen because according to their stylised convention an 'e' is placed between any pair of consonants to allow pronunciation of the words. Hieroglyphics do not record vowels and in general, the vowels are unknown. Skilled linguists such as Champollion in the 1820s attempted to derive some of the vowels from Coptic, which is the only surviving relative of hieroglyphics. But that proved too difficult and instead, the synthetic convention of the universal 'e' is adopted. The resulting spoken words bear little resemblance to the language Ankhsoun would have spoken.

A good example is that of her name. No 'e' is required between the ankh and the 's' to allow pronunciation. The vowel which follows before the 'n' is better rendered 'ou' than by a 'default e'. So Ankhsoun pa aten is therefore the most accurate version of one of the versions of her name commonly in use today, which is Ankhesen pa aten. This was her original name from during her father's reign. Later when the weak Tutankhaten became Pharaoh, he changed his name to Tutankhamun and she was forced to change her name to Ankhesenamun, sometimes rendered Ankhesenamen. It was a name she absolutely loathed and detested. She refused to speak it. As she asked so angrily, "How could they put my name with his?"

Her name is sometimes transliterated as Ankhesenpaaton, or even Anchesenpaaton, Anchesenpaaten, or Anchesenamun, or Anchesenamen. The lack of written vowels certainly allows for very many variations in the spelling of her name.

### **Evidence and Reincarnation**

There seem to be many women on the internet nowadays who believe that they are reincarnations of Ankhsenpaaten. Some seem to prefer her later name of Ankhesenamun. The Amarna discussion groups have at least 14 correspondents who use that name with their identifying numeral following, viz. Ankhesenamen<sup>14</sup>. It is worth noting that they all appear to be happy with the Egyptologists' mistransliteration of a name that the real Ankhsoun absolutely detested. Is that not food for thought?

Reincarnation is actually an Eastern doctrine, to be found in Hinduism and Buddhism. It is not an Ancient Egyptian concept at all. The Egyptians believed that on death you went to the Hall of Judgement, where your heart was weighed against the feather of Truth. The result of the weighing of the heart determined the destination for your soul, in essence, Heaven or Hell. There were no halfway houses, no second chances. And there was certainly no question of choosing to come back. That is a New Age concept.

But the parallels go beyond Amun and Ra. Amun is always shown as a man, usually with a wicker headdress, and his symbol is the ram. Ra was depicted as a falcon-headed man with a sun disc and was the oldest god in Egypt. Akhenaten retained the symbol for Ra in his name for God – Aten-Ra. It is as though he was trying to take things back to an earlier time, before the corruption by the priests of Amun. The wheel goes full circle.

Now most Christians accept the doctrine that Christ was God, although there are several very clear references in the Gospels where Christ clearly identifies his separateness from God (*Luke 18:19* and *Mark 13:32*). Indeed, the doctrine of the triune God, the Trinity, is not one to be found in the Gospels. It is an invention of the church. So, have the Christian priests merely repeated the work of the priests of Amun in trying to turn a man into a god?

Why did the spirit of Ankhsoun choose to come now? Did she choose at all? Was she sent – like some kind of angel? If so, by whom? Was I meant to be the person to whom she was meant to tell? The odd thing is that my mother was born on 22<sup>nd</sup> November 1922. She always used to comment on the symmetry of her date of birth, 22.11.22, but was there more than this simple symmetry in this? That very day, Howard Carter was impatiently awaiting the arrival of his patron, Lord Carnarvon, from England. Carter's men had discovered the steps to the tomb on 4<sup>th</sup> November, and Carter had sent a telegram to Lord Carnarvon suggesting he come to Egypt as soon as possible. Carnarvon arrived in Alexandria on 23<sup>rd</sup> November.

Three days later, Carnarvon<sup>17</sup> arrived in Luxor and together they made a hole through the sealed door at the foot of the steps. Carter held a candle to the hold. As he gazed at the flickering images in the light of his candle, Howard Carter was the first man to set eyes on the possessions of Tutankhamun and his wife, Ankhsoun-pa-Aten, for over three and a half thousand years. To quote Carter's words "All I could see

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<sup>17</sup> *Caernarvon* – Patriot Class 45515 – The only number I can remember being pulled by Preston-Blackpool c. 1962.

everywhere was the glint of gold.” And where had Carter started his Egyptological career? He had begun it just 31 years earlier working for Professor Flinders Petrie on the first ever expedition to Akhenaten’s city at Tell el-Amarna.

We made an attempt to publicise the existence of the book in November 1987 at Dundee in Scotland. This particular event was marked by several strange coincidences.

Another ‘coincidence’ in the physical world which gives circumstantial support to the genuineness of Ankhsoun’s story is the following. In September 1987, we were living in Scotland on a farm near Eyemouth in the Scottish Borders. One day, we got the idea of trying to put on an exhibition of our Egyptian paintings in a theatre foyer. The nearest city was Edinburgh, so we began by making enquiries at a couple of Edinburgh theatres then, drawing a blank, we drove on to Stirling and then on to Perth. It seemed to become more and more hopeless. Although the theatre people liked the paintings, all the venues were booked solid for at least eighteen months. By the time we were rejected at Perth, we were feeling really dispirited. Then an idea came. The word ‘Dundee’ came into my mind. I asked the manager if there was a theatre in Dundee. “Yes,” he said. “But the Rep will certainly be booked up,” was his reply. We went anyway.

We found the theatre in Tay Street easily enough but there was no performance on that night at Dundee Rep. Fortunately, though, there was a theatre club meeting. We explained our exhibition proposals to the Front of House Manager. She was absolutely thrilled. “That’s wonderful,” she exclaimed, quite excitedly. “Could you please come in November? We’ve just had a cancellation and the play we are doing is *Death on the Nile* by Agatha Christie. We like to try to tie our exhibitions to our productions if we possibly can. Do come and have some coffee.” We were so excited. Our coffees went cold as we talked!

### **Curse of the Pharaohs?**

Having secured our first ever Egyptian art exhibition, we drove back south through the Scottish lowlands in the early hours of the morning. The 6<sup>th</sup> Earl of Carnarvon was the son of the man who had paid for Howard Carter’s expeditions which had culminated in the discovery of the tomb of Tutankhamun. On that very night, as we drove home, Lord Carnarvon died in his bed at the family seat at Highclere Castle. It was 22<sup>nd</sup> September 1987. We came to associate the number 229 with the Curse of the Pharaohs, but later came to relate it not only the past, but also to the future, a theme that has gradually become more and more central in our work, that is the theme of the End of the World.

That exhibition in November in Dundee was to be the first one at which we had made public any of Ankhsoun’s story. Was it just chance that Lord Carnarvon’s death should occur on the night we were given an exhibition to coincide with Agatha Christie’s play *Death on the Nile*? His father, the Fifth Earl, had sponsored and financed Howard Carter’s discovery of Tutankhamun’s tomb, a tomb that had so many painful personal associations for Ankhsoun and which contained so many images of her for posterity. And, of course, Lord Carnarvon had indeed been a very notable example of death on the Nile, his death being one of the most quoted examples of the ‘Curse of the Pharaohs’. Incidentally, Agatha Christie knew Howard Carter and she, too, became fascinated by Akhenaten. The same year in which she wrote *Death on the Nile*, she wrote another, little-known play entitled *Akhenaten*!

Was this coincidence of the death of the 6<sup>th</sup> Earl intended to give a real link in the physical world of space and time to the tomb itself, as though it was the independent authentication of Ankhsoun's story? We only discovered this particular coincidence from a series of articles about Tutankhamun in *The Times* in March 1988 during an exhibition in Edinburgh called *Gold of the Pharaohs*. At the time, we had a shop in Waverley Market, selling our Egyptian papyrus paintings. Up until that time, we had not even been aware that the 6<sup>th</sup> Earl had died.

As a result of publicity surrounding the exhibition, I was asked to do a radio interview about the book on Radio Scotland, just before the exhibition opened.

The day we opened our second exhibition of Egyptian art was 21<sup>st</sup> December 1988. A central focus of the exhibition was Akhenaten and his vision of one God, whom he knew as Ra. We had put up parts of Ankhsoun's story too. Just over an hour after we closed the exhibition on that very first day, Pan Am 103 crashed to earth barely 40 miles away at Lockerbie. We had sold only one painting that day 'The Eye of Ra' - at 12.21 pm. As will become clear in Chapter 4, Pan Am 103 was to be another key element in the Web of Destiny.

On various subsequent visits to Egypt, so many curious coincidences occurred to further authenticate Ankhsoun's story. Some of these are described in the book *Ankhsoun, Daughter of Ra*.

So, had Akhenaten been right about God? What other power can put signs in the heavens to relate to events to come on the earth? Or was it just chance that put all the elements together - the coincidences in London, the idea for raising the money for the fare, the rainbow which was so prominent from just before Amiens from the train, Ankhsoun later talking of her sacrifice and death at the hands of the priests, and then her coming to see her father and her son under the rainbow...? Why did I get the idea to go to Dundee? Why was there a cancellation during a play which was so very appropriate? And then for the one remaining man who linked closely to Tutankhamun's tomb to die that very night...!

Logically, as a rational scientist, it makes more sense to me to come down on the side of the coherence of all these elements being real. This whole interlinking web of events, stretching as it does across time and space, suggests to me the active and very precise hand of some external source of intelligence - hardly the act of a 'blind watchmaker'. There appears to be evidence of the existence of an active Being coordinating all these elements.

But you must decide for yourself. If you prefer to vote for chance, ask yourself "Why do you prefer that?" Is it really logic that causes you to make that choice, or is it fear of the alternative, or fear of the unknown? Is it because it makes you feel safer, comfortable perhaps, to believe there is nothing else, nothing beyond space and time, nothing that science cannot explain? Is it because the decisions you make in your life might be different if you really believed there was a God and, what is more important, that in the end you were answerable to Him for ALL your actions?

### **Postscript - Ankhsoun, and the Enigma**

It was on 27<sup>th</sup> March this year (2000) that various ideas came to us about this particular book. It had started out as an attempt to write a summary of various aspects of our research for a web site. I had reworked some of the text in January 2000, however after a while it became clear that the summaries were too long to put up on a

web site and still needed a certain amount of expansion for proper clarity. I wondered about a summary book to try and give an overview of the different facets of the work. One problem, though, was a title. 'Enigma' seemed a good choice for part of the title but that clashed with another book. Jenny suggested 'The Enigma Variations' might be good because all the themes interlink repeatedly, either directly or through coincidences, time and time again as the years progress.

On 2<sup>nd</sup> April 2000, TV Teletext here in New Zealand reported the theft of the only Enigma machine from the Bletchley Park museum in England. The Enigma machines were the basis of the elaborate coding system used by the German army, navy and air force during World War II. The codes were almost impossible to break. It was essential to know how the sending machines had been set up in order to set the decoding machine to decipher them. I had for a long time been interested in Enigma machines because my research, in many ways, parallels an Enigma machine. You have to know the code which is being used to understand the message in the numbers of the coincidences. Sometimes codes change in a subtle way. My attention had been specifically drawn to Enigma machines during my series of lectures at Auckland University in March 1999. These were entitled *The Significance of Coincidence*.

However, I had already had a closer personal involvement with Enigma in 1992, without realising it. I had a short-term job operating and appraising the sewage works at RAF Chicksands in Bedfordshire. Chicksands was actually a giant American spy station set in the heart of the British countryside. There was one RAF liaison officer, 3000 Americans and a few dozen British MoD staff. RAF Chicksands was a pure euphemism. It sounds better than Chicksands Air Force Base, the nomenclature used by the USAF throughout Europe. RAF Chicksands gave the illusion that it was a British base, there for the protection of Britain. Its real purpose was the protection and promotion purely of American military and commercial interests.

I ended up on an Agency job working for the MoD. Chicksands Priory had been one of the key listening posts during World War II which had fed information to Bletchley Park. More details of the many curious coincidences from my time at Chicksands will be found in *The Jupiter Theme*.

One again, though, it was as though the source of Intelligence was having a little joke at the expense of the self-important powers-that-be in this world. Chicksands was set up to give America warning of hostile threats which might become apparent in any form of communication. Yet, for all the frequencies its myriad computers could scan, it was not sensitive to the one that really matters, the one that appears to link directly into the human mind. Because, whilst I was at Chicksands, all I saw were warnings about what was to come for America.

The reason I have explained about the 'Enigma' element at this point is to enable the reader to understand the significance of the following coincidence. On 4<sup>th</sup> April 2000, the *New Zealand Herald* reported the theft of the Enigma machine as a very small item in its "World News" section B3. Strangely, directly below it was an item from Cairo entitled "Queen's 4000-year-old pyramid discovered". On reading the article, I discovered that the queen in question was the wife of Pharaoh Pepi I at Sakkara. He was a Pharaoh of the Old Kingdom, dating from about 1300 years before Akhenaten and his daughter Ankhsoun. The name of Pepi's wife was none other than Ankh-sen-Pepi, i.e. Ankhsoun-Pepi. I had never ever seen that name anywhere in any other Egyptian book or monument. And here it was juxtaposed with the Enigma machine! I

rang my sister in England to ask her to try and find out more for me about both items. "There's stacks on the Enigma machine," she said. "But I've seen nothing on Egypt." Only here in the *New Zealand Herald* are the two items juxtaposed.

It is as though it is confirmation for me, it seems, that I am meant to be writing these books here and now in New Zealand, and Ankhsoun is one of the clues to the enigmas of space and time, life after death, God and destiny. Of course, it could just be chance!

## 21. THE HERALD OF FREE ENTERPRISE

It was a Friday evening, 6<sup>th</sup> March 1987. Jenny and I were about to drive down to Newcastle from our home just over the Scottish border, near Eyemouth in Berwickshire. We were on our way to pick up my nine-year-old son David, for an access weekend.

As we set off, I noticed the mileage on the speedometer of our car, a 1984 Austin Maestro. The number was 35006. That particular sequence of digits had a meaning for me. It was a kind of code. I didn't think of it at the time in that way, but that is what I have come to see that it was. I used to be a member of that much-maligned and ridiculed band, a train spotter. Why journalists take such delight in mocking railway enthusiasts is a mystery to me. Why was it really so ridiculous to go to places and write down the numbers of railway engines, note their names and take an interest in the trains they pulled? At least it was a healthier pursuit than that of many of today's youngsters who are more likely to try and throw a brick through a driver's cab window or even derail the train with a heavy object on the line – and that was before the days of the ubiquitous terrorists.

And why is a keen interest in railways so much to be ridiculed when an ability to knock a one inch ball a quarter of a mile into a hole you can hardly see is considered a socially desirable skill and a way to get on with 'people who matter'? As things have turned out, being a railway enthusiast has been infinitely more useful, as train numbers have been key indicators in my Codes of Destiny. It is as though the Ian Allan *abc* was a kind of 'Code Book'. I discuss more of how this came about in *The Enigma Variations*.

35006 was the number of an engine which ran on the Southern Region of British Railways. This area stretched from Kent to Weymouth, and also included the route west through Salisbury to Exeter and on to North Cornwall. That was the route of the famous Atlantic Coast Express. When I saw the number, I immediately had an image of a big, dark green Bulleid Pacific with its strange 'box pox' driving wheels. These engines had been built during the Second World War, in direct contravention of the austerity regulations which forbade new express locomotives. They had many novel features and air-smoothed casings. Some of the features were less than successful and they were rebuilt from 1958 onwards as more conventional Pacifics. It was in that latter form at the very end of BR steam in the mid 1960s that I had known them. As I had lived in Manchester, on the London Midland region, I never became familiar with the names of the Southern classes, so I just registered on that afternoon in 1987 that it was a 'Merchant Navy Class' of locomotive and made a mental note to look it up when we got home.

We picked up David on Tyneside and stopped for a meal on the way home. He was always keen to see us and chattered away twenty to the dozen. A little while after arriving home, we put on the 9 o'clock news to find that there had been a major shipping accident. A Channel ferry had sunk in Zeebrugge Harbour. It was the Townsend Thoresen *Herald of Free Enterprise*. It was feared that hundreds of people might have drowned, yet the ship had hardly left the harbour! Townsend Thoresen was a division of P&O Lines, we were told. When I heard the name P&O Lines, a bell rang somewhere in my head. "The 'Merchant Navies' – what number was P&O Lines? And what was 35006, the number I had noticed on my speedometer that afternoon? "



I went to find one of my trusty old Ian Allan *abcs*. 35006 had carried the name Peninsula and Orient Steam Navigation Company, the original company which was to become P&O Lines.

It was an odd coincidence. There could be no earthly connection between the number on the speedometer of my car at about 3 pm on 6<sup>th</sup> March 1987 and a ferry sinking in Zeebrugge Harbour at about 7 pm. Yet it was a very striking coincidence. Even the name of the ferry was most significant. It was the *Herald of Free Enterprise*. I saw it as an omen, that 'free enterprise' brings instability, disaster and death.

Britain was then in its third year of Margaret Thatcher's new way, her privatisation of state controlled enterprises, selling off initially the most attractive parts of the state's commercial operations. One of the most successful privatisations had been one of the earliest, British Telecom, in 1984. With enormous profits and no competition, it was a clear winner with business. British Gas followed soon after. Thatcher's purported aim was to make share-owning widespread in Britain, as council house sales had widened home ownership. The thinking was that this would create more 'conservative voters' since council tenants voted Labour.

But what Thatcher has done is to destroy the mixed British economy and replace it with the free market rule, all-American model. I had spent my working life in a quasi-local government industry, the water industry – working in sewage treatment. The more I saw of Thatcher's privatisations, the less I liked it. Many came to call it, quite rightly, the Gospel of Greed. It became ever more apparent as privatisations continued, with the water industry in 1989 and British Rail in 1995. Over the last decade, the drive for privatisation has enveloped the globe, with rich pickings for large companies, especially in third world countries.

Rather curiously, it was some while later that I was shown that my interpretation of the 'omen' aspect of the *Herald of Free Enterprise* disaster was almost certainly correct, again from my trusty train numbers. I came across a photograph one day of an ex-Great Central 4-4-0 called *Zeebrugge* – its number was 62666, a key number for the End Times, according to the Book of Revelation (Rev. 13.6). 666 was to recur several times as I came to understand the Enigma Codes of Destiny. The downfall of the High Priestess herself carried the number very clearly.

## 22. THE GHOST OF MELROSE STATION

557 is a number which, since December 1988, has continually cross-linked our research. Through railways, it even links to New Zealand where we have lived now for thirteen years. In the weeks leading up to Easter 2004, it was a vital element in the strong final confirmation of the authenticity of Mary's story and hence of the validity of her warnings of the future for each and every one of us, both in this world and the next.

It all began with a phone call one December morning in 1988. This was to set in motion a remarkable train of events. Of itself, the call was nothing out of the ordinary. A month or so earlier, whilst paying for petrol at a Scottish Borders garage at St. Boswells, I had casually enquired whether there were any used low-mileage Montego estate cars for sale as he was the British Leyland agent. There were none, but the manager made a note of my name and telephone number. It was as a result of that enquiry that our telephone rang on Friday, 2<sup>nd</sup> December. The manager was now able to offer me a low-mileage Montego estate. In fact, I had a choice of two.

I went across to look at the car on 3<sup>rd</sup> December with a friend. Jenny felt the whole business was rather a waste of time as we couldn't afford to buy a car anyway. But something had made me ask about a car. So, on Saturday, 10<sup>th</sup> December, Jenny and I drove across the ten miles or so to St. Boswells to look at the car. I lifted the bonnet to see the engine layout, etc. Jenny asked me why it had the number 557 chalked on the top of the engine. It was on the end of the rocker cover. I told her that it was probably to tell the assemblers which chassis the engine was destined for. Sure enough, the chassis number ended with 557. Jenny commented that this was a curious coincidence since she happened to notice our trip mileage indicator was 55.7 when we arrived.

Over the past four years, we had come to understand a lot about meaningful coincidences in the course of our research. Coincidence seemed to link into both psychic and religious experience. So, we both felt that, for some reason, the number 557 was being drawn to our attention. Nor was it the first time that apparent 'code numbers' had come up. But the number itself meant nothing to either of us. It had no 'railway' meaning, unlike 35006. In any case, most named railway engines were either four or five digit numbers.

We took the car for a test drive and went into nearby Melrose. As we drove along the bypass, Jenny noticed the old railway station had signs outside. The new bypass had been built on the track-bed of the old North British Railway Waverley route from Carlisle to Edinburgh, and so the station platform now fronted the bypass. She suggested we drive round to have a look at it. So, here we were, once again back with railways!

The station seemed to have been restored. We went into the restaurant and ordered two coffees. As we waited, I wandered around looking at the pictures of the station restoration on the walls. There was a picture of a Thompson B1 thundering through Melrose Station. Then I noticed the picture above our table, taken three years or so earlier, had a blue Mini parked close up in the foreground. Its registration number was TSG 557V. It was this very same number.

So, we go to look at a car of the precise type I had specified. It arrives with the number 557 chalked on its engine. We stop at a railway station to find an old

photograph with the same number displayed. Was Something trying to tell us something? The question was – What? We really had no idea what the number could possibly mean.

Did it link to model railways? One of the old station waiting rooms now housed a large model railway exhibition. The other, larger room was empty. It was now an art gallery. Over a few days, Jenny and I tossed around ideas. Should we try to repeat one of our Egyptian Art exhibitions in the empty station art gallery?

The following week, we again visited Melrose Station and arranged to mount an exhibition of our high-quality Egyptian papyrus paintings. In that, there was a strong thread of coincidence. Melrose Station is on the old 'Waverley' route to Edinburgh. The last time our paintings had been on exhibition had been during the *Gold of the Pharaohs* exhibition in Edinburgh. We had had a temporary shop in Waverley market, and our telephone number had been on the 557 exchange (to use pre-BT terminology) 031-557-2667.

But 557 was to link not only to our Egyptian art exhibitions, it was to link even more strongly to an event, only weeks away, which would echo round the world for years. Still, today even, twenty years later, the wrangling continues.

On 21<sup>st</sup> December, we opened our exhibition of Egyptian art. Our paintings covered a very wide range. There were pictures of Akhenaten and Nefertiti, Ankh-sun-pa-Aten and Tutankhamun, scenes from artefacts in Tutankhamun's tomb, paintings from the Tombs of the Nobles and scenes from the Books of the Dead. But visitors were few in this relatively isolated location and we sold very little. In fact, we sold only one thing.

I had to travel over to Berwick that afternoon and left Jenny to look after the exhibition. I returned about 5.15 pm and we closed the exhibition, intending to drive directly home. For some reason, I took a wrong turning, which was unusual for I knew the roads well. Jenny suggested we might as well carry on and do the Christmas supermarket shopping in Kelso, our local town, as that was the road we were then on.

Having arrived in the supermarket car park, I switched off the lights. Suddenly I realised that all I could see in the darkness was the clock which had become much brighter as I switched off the lights. All you could see in the darkness were three bright green numbers on the clock – 5:57. What on earth did this number mean?

When we arrived home, high up in the Cheviot hills, a little over an hour later, it was wild – wilder than we had ever known. Jenny could hardly open the car door because of the fierceness of the wind.

## 23. TRAIN OF EVENTS

To understand what happened next on that stormy December night, it is necessary to go back in time almost two weeks.

We had travelled down to Brighton overnight. Other aspects of this journey are discussed in other volumes where they fit more coherently, such as *Belshazzar's Feast*. However, at this point, suffice it to say that the numbers 41 and 44 had been emphasised repeatedly on that journey from Kelso to Brighton and during our time in Brighton. On the morning of our second day in Brighton, we found that the newspapers carried banner headlines with news of a large earthquake in Armenia which had occurred on the previous day, 7<sup>th</sup> December. About 25,000 people had been killed.

On the Saturday evening, after we arrived home, I decided to go and look at a map of the earthquake area. For some reason, I wondered about the exact location of it. The epicentre was bounded by the three towns of Leninakan, Yerevan and Kirovakan. I looked up Leninakan 41 0N, 42 50E, then Yerevan which is at 40 10N, 44 20E. Then I looked up Kirovakan 41 00N, 44 00E. A curious feeling passed through me as I saw this.

It certainly seemed curious that the numbers 41 and 44 had been brought to our attention only days before a major earthquake occurred which had the reference coordinates 41N 44E. Was something indicating to us it knew of that event several days in advance? Was it chance? Or was it more?

What we were to discover over the mystery number 557 on that wild December night was to force us to conclude that it had not been chance.

I later discovered an error in this 1985 *Philips World Atlas* index. Leninakan cannot possibly be 42 50E. It should read 43 50E. There was, however, a rather more significant error, but I did not realise this until July 1994. Other atlases give slightly different values. For instance, Leninakan is given as 40 47N, 43 49E *Daily Telegraph World Atlas* (Collins) or 40 45N, 43 50E, Yerevan 40 10N, 44 31E or 40 15N, 44 30E, and Kirovakan 40 49N, 44 30E or 40 52N, 44 35E. One rather curious fact emerges. Generally speaking, the *Philips World Atlas* coordinates are sometimes rounded to the nearest 10° of latitude or longitude, but sometimes given to the nearest 1°. In the case of Kirovakan above, the values have been rounded up from 40 49N or 40 52N to 41 00N, whereas it would be expected that 40 50N be given. Even more odd is the fact that 44 30N or 44 35E has been rounded down a whole 30° to be listed as 44 00E.

At the book production stage, was someone caused to make this error for this reason? There is very strong evidence, which I will describe in connection with the *Daily Telegraph* edition numbers leading up to the Gulf War, that this can occur. Did the Source of Intelligence cause this error to be made so that this clue could be understood? At the time of the plane crash, this was, in fact, the only atlas we had which listed latitudes and longitudes. I had bought it new in October 1985, just because I felt I needed an atlas. At that time, I had no specific need to refer to coordinates. It seems it was the right atlas to have bought.

However, if the supposition is correct that the 41,44 numbers over those few days in December 1988 were indeed pointers to the epicentre of the Armenian earthquake and the rounding error in the position for Kirovakan was inspired to enable me to make that link, then this implies that the Source of Intelligence knew, when the book plates were set, that 41 00N, 44 00E had to be given for the coordinates. The book was first published in 1979 but my edition was the 5<sup>th</sup> one, published in 1985. This means that the rounding error was made, at the latest, in 1984/5 when the book was set for printing. It may even have been set as early as 1979. This would indicate that the Source of Intelligence knew the precise location of the earthquake at least three years, and possibly eight years, before its occurrence.

In the past, man was less sophisticated, less technologically successful – some would say backward and unenlightened, but that is very arguable. However, at least in those times, a real belief in God was much more widespread than it is today, and earthquakes were considered to be warnings from God. Perhaps the old ideas have more elements of truth in them than modern man in his intellectual arrogance would care to consider to be the case.

Geophysicists and seismologists can tell us why earthquakes occur. But, despite the billions of dollars which have been spent in California on earthquake monitoring, scientists are no nearer to being able to predict an earthquake in advance than they ever were. It would seem that something knows precisely where an earthquake is to occur. What is more, the Source would appear to know this between three and eight years before it occurs.

So, perhaps, as is so often the case, old ideas are closer to the absolute truth than the latest modern thinking. Science gives us a simple reason why earthquakes occur. The tectonic plates slide. But it is only a partial answer, because scientists cannot tell us in advance when or where this will occur.

Our research suggests that the old idea that God was responsible for earthquakes would appear to have some basis, since some Intelligence appeared to be able to give us these pointers, in advance. Even if God is not directly responsible, He would seem to have the knowledge which scientists do not possess to be able to predict exactly when and where earthquakes will occur, years before they do, even if He may choose to reveal it only days before.

To us, a forewarning of the earthquake coordinates was the most rational explanation for the numbers 41 and 44 being drawn so clearly to our attention over the few days prior to the Armenian earthquake.

Perhaps man is not the most intelligent life form which can affect life on earth, after all!

That December night, in 1988, when I went to show Jenny what I had found, we noticed, from the map as we looked at it, that the site was close to Mt. Ararat, just across the border into Turkey. It is about 88 miles from the intersection of those coordinates 41N, 44E. Tradition has it that the Ark rested there as the flood subsided after God's last destruction of mankind. Could this then be part of a warning that God was about to carry on where He had left off from the previous time when mankind had over-reached himself?

It could be argued that, if it were the Hand of God, it could have been more precise as Ararat is not even in the same country. As will be clear later, this earthquake had to be in a notionally Christian area, and Armenia has a very long Christian tradition.

## 24. MELROSE – THE CODES REVEALED

As noted previously in “Train of Events”, on 21<sup>st</sup> December we had opened our exhibition of paintings. We had intended to drive directly home afterwards, but I took a wrong turn, and Jenny suggested we carry on and do the shopping in our local town. Having arrived in the supermarket car park, I switched off the lights. All I could see in the darkness was the clock. It registered 5.57 pm. When we arrived home a little over an hour later, the wind was wilder than we had ever known.

Shortly after 8 pm, I felt I should put on the TV Teletext to look at the news index. An item had just flashed up about a plane crash in Scotland. We immediately thought it to be just another low-flying military aircraft that had gone too low. We suffered a lot in the hills there from being used as mock targets. As we watched, the item changed and it became apparent that it was an airliner that had crashed. As a result of our experiences over the Armenian earthquake, Jenny went to get the atlas to look where Lockerbie was. It was 55 7N, 3 2W!

Now we understood why the number 557 had been brought to our attention. In fact, on a large scale map, 55 7N goes directly through Sherwood Crescent where the main part of the plane came down. The most powerful computer in the world today could not have calculated with that level of precision where PA 103 would have come down, even if the data for fluctuating wind speed and direction had been known, and the breakup pattern of the aircraft calculable. Wreckage of the aircraft was scattered virtually from the Solway Firth to the North Sea.

PA 103 had hit the ground just as we arrived home and experienced the strength of that wind. The nearby earthquake monitoring station at Eskdalemuir had registered the impact at 7.03 pm.

On 22<sup>nd</sup> December, we eventually discovered from watching television news items that the aircraft involved was *Clipper Maid of the Seas*. Its fleet number was N739PA. Even that was contained in the same 557 chassis number that had been drawn to our attention – 7AM396557.

It was not until July 1989 that we understood that even the reason for the Lockerbie disaster was also encoded in the same number. Around the time of the anniversary of the shooting down of the Iran Air A300 Airbus by the USS *Vincennes*, I read an article that referred to Flight Iran Air 655 which was destroyed by the US Navy on 3<sup>rd</sup> July 1988. Is it just coincidence that in American dating, 3<sup>rd</sup> July would be written 7.03, and PA 103 hit the ground at 7.03 pm?

The number 655 also occurs in the same chassis plate. 655 reversed gives 556 and adding 1 gives 557. There appears to be a logic in it, and a justice, and also a warning that there is a power which has knowledge of the future, and a precision which man could not hope to approach. So, this same chassis number to which we were somehow led through a series of ‘coincidences’ had on it the number 6557. Later, I discovered that the original name, even, of N739PA is in the chassis code – 7AM or daybreak. Before being called *Clipper Maid of the Seas*, it was called *Clipper Morning Light*. Finally, could the ‘AM’ be PAN AM?

What is even more remarkable and is very hard to explain is that the significant chassis number should come not just on any car at random. The coming together of all

those numbers relating to the Lockerbie disaster in one chassis number is remarkable enough. What increases the likelihood that it was not random chance is that it should have been brought to my attention ten days before the crash and on a not particularly common vehicle. I had specified not only the make, Austin Montego, common enough, but also an estate version, less common, and a 2 litre engine, less common again. The only thing I had not specified was the colour, which turned out to be pale blue, and this colour was the colour of the only car I had ever badly damaged in a crash. That was a very similar car too, a Cavalier estate. So, even the colour of the vehicle and its type had an association with a crash.

Since the disaster happened just before Christmas, is it not cause to ponder on the existence of God? Should we not wonder about these coincidences? Could they not possibly be a warning that science does not have all the answers? Is mankind really the most precise and powerful force upon the earth?

After all, Christmas is a time when the British, in a nominally Christian country, supposedly celebrate the birth of the Son of God, who was sent to help men understand about God, or to save mankind, as the Church would have it. In the remote Scottish Borders, there are very few towns, yet PA 103 came down on one. Does the little town of Lockerbie parody the little town of Bethlehem and the Christmas myths? Was it just statistical bad luck it should happen there at Christmas? This particular view was expressed by no less a person than a principal member of the royal house of Windsor – Prince Andrew.

Not only did the main fuselage of *Clipper Maid of the Seas* come down on the town, but the cockpit came down almost in a churchyard. The cockpit was pointing to the little country church at Tundergarth, barely 100 yards away, as though indicating that the event had some Divine connection. Is it not the pilot who controls where the aircraft will go? Is there an intended irony here? The pilot was facing the church, having piloted his charges to God's final judgement. He was overtaken by a disaster far greater than man could control, and yet he could be considered to be giving, even in death, a pointer.

Was it intended to emphasise the unlikely nature of finding such a significant chassis number? By random chance, in December 1989 Jenny was offered a temporary job at a local garage setting up a servicing database for the VW agent. Despite putting in between two and three thousand entries over three weeks, each relating to a different local car, she never came across even a single one with a significant sequence. There were certainly none with any reference to any world event we were made aware of at that time, or to the Lockerbie event. None contained the sequence 557 at all. Jenny was of course looking out for such a number at that time. However, one day she looked up from her computer to discover that a car with a 557 registration number was parked outside her window.

On one visit David had to London, we went over to Heathrow for a day. To make it more interesting, I bought an Ian Allan *abc* of aircraft registrations. So, having found the name of the crashed aircraft, I was able to look up its registration number.

What struck me next seemed even more incredible. The chassis number of the '557' car began with these same three numbers – 739. But they were not in a continuous string, to use computer terminology. They were separated by two letters: AM. Yet AM is the second name of the airline. So the first five figures of the car chassis number –



7AM39 – are the fleet number of the aircraft destroyed at Lockerbie 55 7N and the name of the airline which owned it.

So, in the whole chassis number code – 7AM396557, there was only one digit, the 6, which was not part of the disaster. It seemed uncanny – spooky, as some people have called it.

It was not until July 1989 that we realised that there were no superfluous digits at all in the chassis code. Even the '6' had a meaning. It was around American Independence Day that I read an article referring to the first anniversary of the American warship USS *Vincennes* shooting down an Iranian civil airliner. The Iran Air airbus was Flight IA655 and it had been shot down on 3<sup>rd</sup> July 1988.

So, now I could see that 7AM396557 had also 655 in it. Not only did it have the coordinates of which aircraft and airline would crash at Lockerbie, but also the reason why. But, as the TV sales people proclaim with such excitement in their voices, there's more. The USS *Vincennes* shot down IA655 on 3<sup>rd</sup> July 1988. In standard US dating, that would be written 7.03.88. Pan Am 103 hit the ground at 7.03 pm. Incidentally, the liveries of the two aircraft have a striking similarity, differing only in the tail logo – globe or bird, and of course the American flag.

Later, I discovered that *Clipper Maid of the Seas* had started life as *Clipper Morning Light* – 7AM?

It has to be chance. The great problem is that the religious belief system precludes any other explanation. No mathematical theories can produce equations to explain something which lies beyond. But the limitations of conventional science should not prevent man using his mind and his logic in seeking to learn what lies beyond the reach of conventional science.

I did not realise in 1989 what an absolute disgrace was the behaviour of the Americans over the shooting down of IA655. I only discovered this when I chanced upon a copy of *Newsweek* magazine in July 1992. Where was I working at the time? In the heart of the American empire, of course. I had been employed to run the sewage works for the Ministry of Defence at RAF Chicksands. There was one RAF officer and 3,000 Americans. Chicksands Air Force Base would be telling the British too much of the truth as to who really pulls the strings in Britain. But maybe with the Iraq war for freedom, more people may wonder.

The *Newsweek* article was in the airbase bookstore. You have to pay for everything in US dollars, of course. You would never imagine you were in Britain. It was a long article to mark the 3<sup>rd</sup> anniversary of the shooting down of Iran Air 655 by the *Vincennes*. The cover story was entitled "Sea of Lies", a reference to the dishonesty shown by both the Pentagon and the White House after the catastrophic act of incompetence by the crew of the *Vincennes*.

To use a related metaphor, the investigation into the loss of Pan Am 103 would be best described as an 'Ocean of Lies'. So many things have happened over the years, so many strange 'coincidences', that indicate to us that, despite whatever so-called 'evidence' was produced at the Scottish inquest and the Netherlands trial, there was no bomb. The two accused Libyans were completely innocent. Their crime was to be Libyans. But the British and American governments have been determined that their version of the 'truth' shall prevail. Now the one convicted will rot in a Scottish prison for a crime he did not commit.

N739PA was a geriatric plane that had been modified by the Pentagon for use in the Strategic Reserve. It merely suffered from massive structural failure. The blame for the disaster can be placed entirely on American shoulders – the Pentagon and Pan Am. But there is a natural justice in the fall of Pan Am 103 – hence the references in the chassis number Prophecy Code.

It fell because of American incompetence – as did Iran Air 655.

It was a couple of months later, over the weekend of 11<sup>th</sup> September to 14<sup>th</sup> September 1992 (9-11-92 to 9-14-92) that the ‘coincidence codes’ gave me ‘Lockerbie comes to America!’ And this was in the centre of RAF Chicksands, the spy base whose mission was to warn America of all threats to its security. Nine years later, to the day, the crater of Sherwood Crescent had been transplanted to Manhattan, just as the Codes had warned.

So, this is the genesis of 557. It was far away the most powerful set of interlinked Codes we had ever encountered. It gave a new dimension to our research. Prior to this, our attention had been drawn to Ancient Egypt and to the question of life after death. Now there was clear evidence of prophecy in the orchestration of coincidences.

Incidentally, the one item we sold at the exhibition on the 21<sup>st</sup> December was sold at 12.21 pm. There is an entry in my notebook. And what was that one item that we sold? It was a screen-printed tile with the ‘Eye of Ra’. Ra, or Aten-Ra, was Akhenaten’s name for God. Was it indeed the Lockerbie air disaster that the Eye of Ra had seen so clearly through the mists which we call time?

## 25. MANY WEIRD COINCIDENCES

Around the time of the Lockerbie plane crash, there were many other 'coincidences' reported by various newspapers, with varying degrees of comment as to the uncanny nature of it all. Were these coincidences intended to make us all wonder whether there was more to this disaster than is at first apparent?

1. The Leninakan nuclear reactor had been closed for at least two years for repairs following the earthquake on 7/12/88.
2. An exercise by the Emergency Services was held in Galashiels in October 1988 to deal with a mock air disaster. "At that time it was said such a thing couldn't happen here. It's amazing this should happen so soon after our simulation." (*Southern Reporter* 12/29/88).
3. A warning from Helsinki of a bomb on a Pan Am flight from Frankfurt was made on 5/12/88. This is now thought to have been a hoax. (*Sunday Times* 1/1/89).
4. Central TV were planning to show an episode of *Boon* on Tuesday, 27/12/88. The episode was entitled "One Reborn Every Minute" and contains a song "I'm going to heaven on a 747" (*Daily Mirror* item 23/12/88). Once again, fiction was overtaken by reality. It was originally postponed to 3/1/89, the day before the Lockerbie memorial service, but was again rescheduled.
5. Border TV had suffered a loss of ITN national *News at Ten* transmission on 15/12/88. They transmitted instead, as a fill-in item, a short RAF training film - *Red Alert* - simulating a plane crash.
6. The Boeing 747 came down in what could almost be thought to be a predestined area - between the A74 and the A7.
7. A Wall Street brokerage house, whose founder died in the destruction of the Pan Am 747 over Lockerbie, had bought 747,000 shares in Pan Am. The firm insisted that the conjunction of events was pure coincidence (*Daily Mail* - Friday, 13<sup>th</sup> January 1989). The newspaper's comment? "This is bizarre".

Further evidence for the existence of a web of destiny is provided by a curious juxtaposition of circumstances relating to the 23<sup>rd</sup> December 1988. Early in 1989, the local Borders newspaper *Hawick News* was brought to our attention. To get to Lockerbie from our home near Kelso, we had to drive through Hawick.

PA 103 crashed at 7.03 pm on 21<sup>st</sup> December, and so, although the disaster was extensively reported on 22<sup>nd</sup> December, the illustrations were library photographs of 747s and maps or diagrams of the accident. During the daylight hours of 22<sup>nd</sup> December, many photographs were taken of the damage to the town and of the cockpit

of N739 PA beside the graveyard of Tundergarth church. Of course, these photographs were reproduced extensively in all the national papers. That very same day, 23<sup>rd</sup> December 1988, the *Hawick News* was published. Its edition number was 5570. Is this further evidence of the Lockerbie accident occurring at a precisely predetermined time and place? After all, the *Hawick News* is a weekly paper, and 5570 editions go back over 100 years.

But the number 5570 finally brings the wheel full circle back to railways and in particular the London Midland Region of British railways where I grew up.

In 1932, William Stanier was appointed Chief Mechanical Engineer for the London Midland And Scottish Railway Company, known to everyone as the LMS. It was the largest joint-stock company in the world. In 1923 on amalgamation of the various railway companies to make the big four, the LMS had over 10,000 locomotives. He embarked on a programme of modernisation and standardisation. Various standard designs were gradually introduced. The first were Class 5 2-6-0 goods engines in 1933. The second was a class of four-cylinder heavy express locomotives, the 7P Princess Royal Pacifics, also in 1933. *Princess Louise*, the 'Impossible Princess' of my 1960 experience at Manchester Victoria, was the fourth member of this class to be built. Next came some Class 5 two-cylinder mixed traffic 4-6-0s in 1934. Then some three-cylinder light express locomotives, the 5XP Jubilees. At first they ran without names, but in 1935, the first member of the class was given the name *Silver Jubilee* to celebrate the twenty-five year reign of King George V in that year. It was in the nick of time, for he barely saw out the year, dying on 20<sup>th</sup> January 1936.

He was succeeded by his son King Edward VIII, who was to figure very prominently in our experiences from 1989 onwards. The Jubilees were to become the most numerous of all Stanier's named classes, 192, in all being built. The next eighty-six locomotives following 5552 were named after countries of the Empire and their states. 5553 was named *Canada* and 5554-5562 after its provinces. 5563 became *Australia* and 5564 onwards its states, finishing with *Tasmania* at 5569. Next came the number 5570, which was to prove so significant to us fifty-four years later. It was named *New Zealand*. And Jenny happens to be a New Zealander. We were brought together through our common link to Egypt, but we were now being strangely linked also through the Lockerbie code number her native land and my long-standing fascination with railways.

What is even more surprising is that someone had made a mistake. The Canadian province of *Newfoundland* had been omitted. It became 5573, following 5571 *South Africa*, and for some inexplicable reason 5572 *Eire*.

Stanier's most notable class of locomotives were of course the Coronation Pacifics, which were so named because they came out in 1937. King Edward VIII had abdicated in December 1936 in order to marry Wallis Simpson, and his brother King George VI was crowned King on 12<sup>th</sup> May 1937. The role of 6229 *Duchess of Hamilton* masquerading as 6220 *Coronation* has already been discussed in the earlier chapter "Connections". But *Duchess of Hamilton*, now renumbered 46229, was to re-appear dramatically in the events surrounding Hurricane Katrina in 2005. The importance of the code 229 will become apparent later in the story. There is also another key code number: 842. It happens to be the total number built of Stanier's most numerous class, the Black 5s of 1934. 742 were built by the LMS and a further 100 by the nationalised

British Railways after 1948. 742 is another important code, and the last of Stanier's Jubilees was to be 5742, *Connaught*, one of the four counties of Northern Ireland. These code numbers which we gradually came to understand as the Alpha and Omega Codes just happen to emerge from the activities of the LMS in the 1930s. In time, the LMS became the London Midland Region of British Railways. For me, that was home.

## 26. HIGH PRIEST AND PRIESTESS OF 666

It was on 13<sup>th</sup> January 2004, as I read a newspaper in Middlemore Hospital, that I remembered about Thatcher and 666. The article by Alan Watkins, reprinted from *The Independent* in Britain was entitled "Beginning of the End for Tony Blair". This article traced the decline of various Prime Ministers – Harold Macmillan, Harold Wilson and Margaret Thatcher – from various key points in their terms in office. Watkins' words were: "Margaret Thatcher lost her authority between 1989 and 1990, but certainly well before the time of her demise. It may have been with the resignation of Nigel Lawson, or her declaration that she intended to go on and on." I would disagree.

The event which finally finished Margaret Thatcher can be dated precisely. It occurred on 18<sup>th</sup> October 1990. It was the day of the Eastbourne by-election. The Conservatives lost one of the safest Tory seats in the country. Previously they had had a majority of 20,000 there. But on that day, it was lost to the Liberal Democrats. The loss of this seat sealed her fate. Tory MPs, from the rank-and-file to the grandees, realised they were all vulnerable now. This woman was too unpopular. She had to go. Their necks were all on the line. So, what relevance does this have to 666, you may well ask?

18<sup>th</sup> October was 666 days from the Lockerbie plane crash, and that disaster is a key event in the Codes of Destiny which we have gradually come to understand. Her partner in the crime of introducing the gospel of global privatisation, Ronald Reagan, also had an interesting connection to 666. This had been revealed a little earlier on New Year's Day 1989 in *The Sunday Times*. The headline read "Satan Moves out for Ron and Nancy". They were moving to 666 St. Cloud Road, Bel Air, Los Angeles. Of course, Nancy, always aware of nuances, had the number changed to 668, but the connection was not changed.

He was due to retire there on 20<sup>th</sup> January, when George Bush became the 41<sup>st</sup> President of the United States. Dan Quayle was sworn in as the 44<sup>th</sup> Vice President. Even on that day, it was clear that the seeds of disaster were being sown, for the codes had already linked 41:44 as the coordinates of disaster in early December 1988 and had linked it with God's last destruction of mankind – Noah's Flood. Of course, it could all be coincidence – or it could be much, much more.

You could say that these are just coincidences and, at first sight, they could justifiably be dismissed in this way. But these numbers to which I have referred here are merely the tip of the iceberg, part of an intricate web of cross-connecting events, dates and numbers which, together, make up the Enigma codes of Destiny. The odd coincidences in our own lives continued through the string of disasters which characterised the last years of Thatcher's reign – the King's Cross fire, the Clapham rail disaster, the Lockerbie and Kegworth air disasters, the Hillsborough football crush, the Piper Alpha oil rig fire, the Camelford water poisoning, incidentally fire and water disasters on the very same night, 6<sup>th</sup> July 1989. And there was the sinking of the *Marchioness* on the Thames.

The most significant of these disasters and the one with very striking coincidences in our own lives was the Lockerbie air disaster. The numbers first associated with that disaster have echoed and re-echoed in our experiences down the years and finally came

to show the truth of Mary's words in the weeks leading up to Easter 2004, and on Easter Eve itself. It was the disaster which has the most striking evidence that the future not only can be known, but indeed IS known, by the Intelligence that orchestrated the apparent coincidences. It must be the same Intelligence that caused Mary to come and give her story, as the interweaving of the key Lockerbie numbers with so much powerful symbolism at and around Easter in 1997, 1999, 2003 and finally 2004 cannot be mere chance.

So, I will try now to explain a little of the Lockerbie codes and then show in summary form the other key elements of our experiences over the subsequent fifteen years which all relate in one form or another to Mary's story. Together they form a powerful authentication that Mary's story is true. "Mary" is not a secondary personality of Jenny, the most probable 'expert' diagnosis. It is the real spirit of Mary Magdalene sent to warn us of the impending End Times. The Enigma Codes of Destiny cross-link closely with her story. She in turn, together with Ankhsoun and her story, explain the purpose and the meaning behind all the apparent coincidences.

23<sup>rd</sup> April 2005.

## 27. THE WOE-KING EXPERIENCE

Sunday evening, 12<sup>th</sup> November 1989, marked a totally new direction for our psychical research. I had been reading something which referred to the Duke of Windsor having been to Oxford. He had been at Magdalen College between October 1912 and June 1914. The item referred to the subsequent antipathy of the House of Windsor to Oxford.

It is noticeable that the only members of the House of Windsor, since, who have aspired to a university education, have been to Cambridge. The Prince of Wales got a Second Class Honours degree in history, being placed in the lower division. He had changed to history from the archaeology and anthropology course with which he began his university career. Cambridge is much easier for popping home to Sandringham at weekends, or whenever having to mix with real people becomes too just much of a bore. Still, I suppose Oxford could fulfil the same function for Windsor but for the 'ghost'. Prince Charles was at Trinity College under the tutelage of Lord Butler. Prince Edward also obtained a 2/2 degree in history at Jesus College, Cambridge.<sup>18</sup>

Perhaps if the Heir Apparent had been brought up more in the manner of an ordinary person without all the privileges of rank, the security screen, etc., he may have ended up a much better, far less selfish person for it. If, in the process of a real education, he came to grief, so be it. The succession would merely move to the next in line. There seem to be plenty in that line now. In former times they have had to go back several generations on the female side to find the successor. There was, for instance, James I, Queen Anne and Queen Victoria, not to mention George I.

The grave mistake is to treat the Heir Apparent as unique, irreplaceable, destined by God to be Monarch. This is, of course, quite a modern idea. In the past, doctors were not considered as gods who could prevent the greatest of all horrors – death. Death was an inevitable part of life and society was far healthier as a result – at least in what matters. The Heir Apparent was merely the one most likely to succeed to the throne. Life was far less 'certain' in earlier times.<sup>19</sup>

As a matter of interest, the last two male Heirs Apparent did not 'fulfil their destiny', to use the modern euphemism. But then again, perhaps they did, after all. Perhaps their destiny was to meet the fate they did. The real world does not have Hollywood script writers. The last male Heir Apparent was Edward VIII, Prince of Wales, who, although he was proclaimed king on 21<sup>st</sup> January 1936, was never crowned. Instead, his coronation, fixed for 12<sup>th</sup> May 1937, was merely altered by the substitution of his brother, the Duke of York, who was crowned King George VI.

The previous male Heir Apparent had been the Duke of Clarence, eldest son of Edward VII. He died on 18<sup>th</sup> October 1892. His bride-to-be, Princess Mary of Teck was merely passed on to the next in line, his younger brother, George, Duke of York. In due

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<sup>18</sup> Since this was written, Prince William distinguished himself with a 2/1 degree in geography from the University of St Andrews in 2005.

<sup>19</sup> The first Prince of Wales who acceded to the throne as Edward II on 8<sup>th</sup> June 1307 was the twelfth and last child born to Edward I and Queen Eleanor of Castile, between 1264 and 1284. He had been the fourth son, born on Anzac Day, 1284 at Caernarvon Castle. 8<sup>th</sup> June is significant for another important reason in The Alpha and Omega codes too.



course, on 6<sup>th</sup> May 1910, George acceded to the throne as King George V and crowned on 22<sup>nd</sup> June, 1911. It was the same German Queen, just a different King. So, this century does not provide very good omens for the present Heir Apparent. The last two second sons, both Dukes of York, have ultimately succeeded to the throne.<sup>20</sup>

So, on this winter Sunday night, in Jenny's cottage in Epsom, we were talking about the Prince of Wales being at Magdalen in 1912. I talked a bit about Oxford and the odd link to Mary Magdalen who, of course, features very prominently in our psychic experiences.<sup>21</sup> Jenny closed her eyes. I thought she was thinking, but she suddenly seemed to be a long way away. When she spoke, it was not her! The words were those of Edward VIII and they were addressed to his great nephew, the present Prince of Wales (Charles), whose birthday was only two days away.

I wrote down the words, and they are set out below:

12.33 am 12/11/89

*I know now the error of my ways, but given it over again, I would probably do the same thing. I am not strong enough.*

*But, when I look at them all now – I weep. Would I have done any better? Could I have produced heirs who so go against all the principles of the monarchy?*

*They were high handed over a question of divorce. Who were they to say what is right and wrong in God's eyes? Why do those self-same offices of state and church not speak out now against the plummeting moral and ethical values of the heirs?*

*I had thought the heir apparent had something about him – in some ways a little like me. But were he my son, I would now be disappointed. I am not the one to judge, for I too, through weakness, made an error of choice. But I was not given the positive offer of help and guidance which he was.*

*I believed I was doing what was right – for myself, my wife and my country. I remained true to the first two – and was led to believe I was doing what the country wanted. I was concerned, though, that I put my own happiness before my people. I did not see at the time, I could combine both. It was a very difficult decision – a decision I paid for over and over again. I adored her, maybe was blinded by that. It was stormy, but I had made my decision, and stuck by its consequences.*

*Could I have done any better than he? Could my wife have done better than his, who still is? I am so sad. My love for a woman prevented me from guiding this nation.*

*Yet, when I look, I was leant on then. I would have been leant on in all major things, I am sure. It is easy to be wise afterwards. Does strength come from wisdom, or wisdom from strength? I had little enough of either. My poor, poor nation. I abandoned you, my people. I am sorry. Do any of you know what it cost me? Do any of you know what it has cost you?*

*Is it the new line? Or is it the times:*

*I loved her – I was true to that. I am sorry. 1.07 am*

He is a very sad man – very sad. Jenny found herself crying, though this was in fact him. He felt somehow that new blood might have helped and been better than the old staid English inter-married lot with all the hangers-on from the same background. She

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<sup>20</sup> As becomes clear in Vol. 1 of *Royal Enigmas, Belshazzar's Feast*, the warnings were abundantly clear that it would have been best for the House of Windsor if this pattern had been repeated again. That was the sign from the Windsor Castle fire. But the time for that option has long passed. The Duke of York has since gone the Wrong way with a vengeance.

<sup>21</sup> See *Mary, Daughter of Elohim*.

couldn't grasp the exact words but felt the sentiment. Suddenly she felt very sad, very, very sad. "I think he saw through her", Jenny said. "'Loved' was in the past tense".  
1.11.44 am

"It's Now or Never" is playing loudly next door: 'Tomorrow will be too late'. There was a reference to Ankhsohn too – I couldn't get hold of it – he knows the parallels too. She loved and took the consequences.

Then the former King continued:

*Just like that queen from long ago... that queen who loved and remained true in that, even up until now. But through her choice of love, rather than what was right for the nation, sowed the seeds of decay. And as with her, history tried to erase the memory. I do not exist for the present incumbents, just as she did not exist for succeeding dynasties. But you cannot put out the light on history. Whoever existed, existed. Whoever acted, acted. Whoever failed to act, didn't act. Whatever decisions were made, whether for good or ill, were made. And whatever consequences befall, these affect the people who follow.*

*And though the people may try to erase the memories of these facts, or twist them to their own ends, they still existed, as they existed.*

The sounds of the song "Wooden Heart" come through the stone wall. It is being played by someone in the Edwardian semi-detached cottage next door.

*Listen to the song. It would have been easier if I had had a wooden heart. It wouldn't have broken so easily. I break it now, over my people. I felt I abandoned them. But they abandoned me – over dubious principles, principles they accept so freely now, and worse, far worse.*

*Funny how history repeats itself throughout the nations, throughout the times. He has but so little time left, so, so, little time... She is finished, she who is afraid of my memory. Sad that a little girl, though prim even then, becomes so bitter, so cold, and so little in tune with her people. And her sons... look at them! And her daughter, who is like a son! He has so little time. And he wastes it!*

*How I would have liked to have been able to guide him. Maybe I could if he would but listen, but listen to you... He makes the same mistakes as me. Advisers... Hmm... They play on your weakness, and make you weaker, so what strength you do have to stand up for what is right, is eroded. And you become not sure any more of what is right. He listens far too much to that scum.*

*Would I could treat him as a son. I would take him by the shoulders and shake him hard, and say to him, "Look around you... not just at the superficial structures. Look hard around you. You are privileged, and you don't realise how much until you no longer have it. People should look to you, but you are too wrapped up in your own ideas."*

He continued speaking directly to the present Prince of Wales:

*I have made your mistakes. I speak to you from bitter experience. Wake up and look around... and listen to those who genuinely try to help YOU to understand. And treat with contempt all the crawlers, all those false advisers who, in truth, seek only to help themselves. I could have used some honest advice. You have been given honest advice, but choose to ignore it.*

*Don't be a fool! Kings become kings or not by their actions or inactions, not just by their birth. I know... There is little time for you to make your decisions and then to act on them.*

*My birthday wish to you, on this, the 41<sup>st</sup> anniversary of the birth of the Heir Apparent – and I stress 'apparent' – is that you will find within yourself the wisdom and strength to look beyond your privileged world to the wisdom and strength of God. For only in this, can you chart a course through the treacherous and troubled waters of these times to reach your inheritance. I would not wish exile on anyone – not from their nation, and especially not from God.*

*That is all, my son. I call you that as I put a hand on your shoulder to try and guide you with the wisdom and strength I have gained. It is in your hands as, in truth, it was in mine. 'Once to every man and nation, comes the moment to decide...' And what each decides, he lives with until death, and beyond. My moment came and went. Yours is now and has almost passed. Be strong and true!*

*Don't listen to the wrong people, those who would destroy you as surely as they almost destroyed me... and my people with them.*

*Happy birthday! I feel it is your last without a heavy burden on your shoulders. God can lighten the load – if you have faith and strength.*

*1.46.05 am*

"He is more of a father to him than his own father. A very loyal man. Brian said he would have made a better king than the one who was crowned. He is a very sensitive man, too sensitive for his own good. That's why he feels for Charles.

"I felt moved as I wrote his words. I could sense his emotion."

Some may say that Jenny was putting it on to trick me. Yet, anyone who knows Jenny knows that she is nothing if not utterly honest. She tries very hard always to do what is right. She tries always to help me in all things. She tries always to be a good wife. I know her and I know also people I have met – and there are many who are liars, who are cheats, who seek only their own advancement. However, whenever I meet someone new, I quickly know what they are really like. Perhaps it is the signs they give, or the words they use or the warning that comes to me from outside.

I have no doubt in my mind that what came to Jenny was indeed the spirit of Edward VIII, and some of what he said, Jenny did not know.

The next morning, I suddenly thought of a woman we had met at a car boot sale in Epsom the previous morning. She had been selling printer ribbons and I had bought one, as they were very cheap, but with little expectation that they would fit our printer. I got out the ribbon and took out the cartridge from the printer. They appeared to be identical. On fitting the ribbon and selecting self-test, I was delighted to find that the new ribbon worked perfectly.

On the off-chance, in case the ribbon cartridge was the right one, I had taken the telephone number of the lady concerned. She lived in another town 15 miles away. I picked up the telephone and dialled her number, expecting she would probably be out at that time of the day. After a short while, she answered the phone. I explained that I had bought a printer ribbon from her on the previous day. She remembered me then. I went on to ask how many more she had. "About thirty", was the reply. I said that I would take them all, and could I come and get them straight away. "Certainly", she replied, and gave me directions to get to her home.

After collecting the box of cartridges, I suddenly had the idea of looking to see if there was a bookshop in the town. I drove down into the centre, along past the old

London and South Western Railway main line, and suddenly, my eyes fell upon a second-hand bookshop at 44 Stanley Road. Whenever I go into that town I remember that day. But, like so many bookshops in Britain, it is no longer there.

I parked the car a few streets away and walked into the shop. It was fairly small. Immediately, my eye was drawn to one book. Whereas most books were placed spine outwards, this one had its cover facing – as though left out to draw my attention specifically to it. *'IN ROYAL SERVICE' – Letters and Journals of Sir Alan Lascelles FROM 1920 TO 1936*. He had been Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales between 1920 and 1929. It is the private secretary who writes down the words of the king or prince and conveys them to the intended recipient – usually in the form of a letter. This was an account by the very man who had indeed written down the very words of Prince Edward himself all those years ago.

An odd feeling passed through me as I realised this was precisely what I had done the previous night when I had written down the words of Edward VIII, acting as his private secretary. This astonishing and very meaningful coincidence was very strong circumstantial evidence that Jenny had indeed been speaking the words of Edward VIII just a matter of hours before.

Look at all the pictures you see of Edward VIII after his abdication. Apart from a few smiling photos on his wedding day, there are very few photographs taken of him between 1936 and 1972 that do not convey an air of sadness. He had made a mistake. He had been out-manoeuvred by manipulating people on all sides. He was basically a decent man in most respects, but all he could do now was make the best of things. 'Woe-king' certainly seems to encapsulate, in one word, the Duke of Windsor. Can it really be just chance that I had found that book in a bookshop in Woking in Surrey. There was no other explanation than that the whole experience had been orchestrated by some hidden hand. Something knew on Sunday morning what the sequence was to be when the train of events began at the Epsom car boot fair. And it was brought to completion by my being led to the book in the Stanley Street bookshop.

There was another book propped up nearby. It was a railway book. Since May 1959, one of my abiding interests has been railways. I was one of that much mocked group – trainspotters. In fact it was my interest in railways that in 1984 had led me into my psychical research career.

The other book was entitled *The Harrow Railway Disaster 1952*. I had had an interest in this accident since one afternoon in 1961 on Longsight Station in Manchester. 45632 *Tonga* had just gone through the station with an express into Manchester. I looked it up in my Ian Allan *abc* and happened to notice that there was no 45637. I checked the rest of the list of the Jubilees. There were no others missing between 45552 *Silver Jubilee* and 45742 *Connaught*.

I wondered if it was missing from everyone else's books too. I looked at my friend's book, which was a different edition but it was not in that one either. Someone else piped up that it had been scrapped because it was in a crash. Nobody knew any more details.

Only some while later did I discover that it had been scrapped following the double collision at Harrow in which it was involved. Some years later, about 1982, I had been doing research in the National Railway Museum at York, looking at the faked photographs of the Coronation Pacifics. In 1939, 6235 *City of Birmingham* had been given the name and number of successive members of the class, even up to and

including 6246 *City of Manchester*. It appeared in streamlined photographic grey livery. Yet the war intervened, and 6246 *City of Manchester*, not built until 1943, never appeared in the full streamlined livery. It only ever ran in plain wartime black. Even worse was 6244 *City of Leeds*. When actually built, 6244 was given the name *King George VI* and 6248 became *City of Leeds*. It was my first encounter with official deception! My later experiences have proved far more sinister.

It was informative to study railway liveries. They were produced by men who were not advised by image consultants but who had an eye for colour and line. They were not stifled by the dead hands of uniformity and mediocrity. Now you have only to look at the appalling pieces of 'design' inflicted on locomotives and rolling stock. Network South East livery has five different colours at the cab end – fine on a chocolate bar in the go-faster TV age of the consumer, but devoid of the solidity and dignity of the old railway liveries. Yet, perhaps even in that the modern liveries suit the age in which we live – all appearance, a hollow sham, devoid of good taste, but above all, devoid of substance. As for the ghastly liveries of the privatised bus operators, some of these absolutely beggar belief!<sup>22</sup>

Anyway, it was for my research into liveries that I had been at the National Railway Museum. I was in the process of producing various audio-visual programmes combining colour slides with music to convey railways in a particularly powerful way. I had produced one entitled *Cathedrals of Steam* in which I had set steam engines to organ music, sometimes working hard, or sometimes stationary, with steam blowing off at night. It had worked well. You could almost feel the power of the engines. Even people who were not interested in railways had enjoyed it. Looking back on it now, I am forced to the conclusion that everything I have done seems to have been somehow destined – connected in a curious way. For a long time prior to this, I had loved the sound of the church organ. Now I am learning to play the church organ and am very much concerned with my research on trains of events.

It was during the course of my browsing through the Coronation Class photographs, I came across some of 46242 *City of Glasgow*, another casualty of the Harrow accident. The disaster is discussed in various books on railway accidents, and I read these around this time. Somehow, the accident held a significance for me that I could not understand. However, it was not until this particular day, November 13<sup>th</sup> 1989, that I realised that a complete book had been written about the accident. At the time, I thought that the purpose behind the finding of the book was merely linking in to my railway past. It reminded me very strongly of our experiences surrounding the Clapham train crash on 12<sup>th</sup> December 1988.

Sometimes some of the things I find seem to me almost like an encouragement to carry on, because we never seem to make progress in getting anyone to take this research seriously and give it the attention it merits. However, during 1993, I have come to see that that accident was an omen, a grave warning for the House of Windsor, coming, as it did, between the death of King George VI and the coronation of his daughter, Queen Elizabeth II.

I will return to the subject of the Harrow train crash at a later point in the narrative, when its full significance can be appreciated.

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<sup>22</sup> This chapter was written in 1994, before the privatisation of the railways produced trains that look like mobile scenic advertising hoardings or website adverts.

At that particular time, I did not associate the book with the biography of the Private Secretary to the Duke of Windsor. The two threads appeared unconnected. But I have often found this in the course of my research. I progress two apparently disparate threads, only to find later, perhaps years later, that the two threads cross-link or else reach a common core. It is as though I am gradually led through a labyrinth. Although the pattern is clear to someone outside, that is not the case to me on the inside.

I was really astonished to find the book by the Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales. And, I only found it because of the computer printer ribbons which I had only discovered because of the car boot sale. Why had the Woking lady gone all the way to Epsom that Sunday for the car boot sale? Why had we gone to the car boot sale at all? It was not something we did every week. Why had the bookshop man turned these books face outwards so they would be emphasised?

Of course, other people saw one or other of the clues, but no one else saw them all. Even had they done so, they could not have understood them, for they knew nothing of Jenny's trance experience of the Duke of Windsor. It is as though the codes and pointers are intended for me to find. It is a bit like meeting a girl at a station when you have previously arranged to recognise her by the flower. The flower only means something if you understand that it is a code. To the world at large, she is just a girl wearing a flower.

Is there an outside Source of Intelligence that knows all things, past and present and yet to come? Did It cause the Woking lady to see an advertisement for the Epsom car book sale and make her go all the way to Epsom? Did It cause us to see the advertisement in the local paper and decide to go on the Sunday morning? Did it have to be a lady from Woking to symbolise the sadness of the Duke of Windsor? Had It caused her to have so many of the right kind of printer cassettes in the past because It knew that they fitted our Juki 6100 printer? We had bought that printer years before, in Berwick-on-Tweed. It had been ordered into the shop by mistake, apparently, as it was a non-stock item for them. Was this all pre-destined?

Had the Intelligence caused me to read about Edward VIII and Magdalen College, on that particular Sunday to induce the right conditions, knowing that it was necessary to convey information through the spirit of Edward VIII on that precise day? After all, the train of events occurred in the two days before the 41<sup>st</sup> birthday of the Prince of Wales, and the message is, in part, a birthday greeting. Was the bookseller inspired to put the books where he did, so they could be found by me? Was I caused to think of looking for a bookshop in Woking because the Source of Intelligence knew they were there and that the time was right to correlate the psychic inspiration with the circumstantial physical evidence?

Some may prefer to say that this is too far-fetched, like science fiction. But is it? Surely even more far-fetched is the conventional 'scientific' explanation that it is merely a 'coincidence cluster'. After all, in this notionally Christian country, those who profess to have a faith in God claim to believe in a God who is omnipotent and omniscient. Do not the suggestions I make for an order of coherence behind the apparent coincidences merely indicate a possible way that an omnipotent and omniscient God could interact with His Creation in a subtle way? Would the Creator, who can devise the shading of a butterfly's wings on the one hand and set the stars in their courses on another, be

expected to be anything but subtle? It is man who is crude, with his expectations of miracles.

And finally, there is yet another significant railway coincidence, suggestive of Destiny. The date chosen for the spirit of the Duke of Windsor to speak to us was in between the 40<sup>th</sup> and 41<sup>st</sup> birthdays of the current Prince of Wales, 40-41. The Great Western Railway, which of course served Oxford, was building the 'Star' class series of locomotives during the period when Edward was Prince of Wales and up at Magdalen College, Oxford. The 'Stars' were constructed between 1906 and 1914 at its Swindon locomotive works. During 1913, the only full year when the Prince was at Oxford, Batch No. 195 was constructed. The first of this batch of 'Stars' was allocated the number 4041 and it was given the name *Prince of Wales*.

The spirit of Edward, former Prince of Wales 'came' to give the message for Charles, current Prince of Wales, on the occasion of his 41<sup>st</sup> birthday. Is this another element of circumstantial evidence for the veracity of the message, 40-41? Prince Edward's 41<sup>st</sup> birthday was 24<sup>th</sup> June 1935. It was certainly, for him, the last birthday without a heavy burden upon his shoulders, and perhaps for related reasons. On 20<sup>th</sup> January 1936, he became King Edward VIII. He celebrated his 42<sup>nd</sup> birthday as King. On 10<sup>th</sup> December, he abdicated the throne in order to marry Mrs Wallis Simpson.

## Part 4

### A New Country





## 28. DESTINATION INDICATORS

One day in late June 2003 I had taken a different route on my way down to my part-time job as wastewater treatment plant manager at a Waikato rendering plant. I had just turned onto Manukau Road in Pukekohe when I noticed the car in front of me had the registration BJC 334.

"They have finally reached BJC," I thought. Six months before we had thought of changing our car as, although we had two cars, both were ancient and life-expired, both dating from 1987. One was a Maestro we had brought from England. The other was a Leone station wagon, an Omega in disguise, it later turned out, in more ways than one. I had turned down a low offer of £600 for the Maestro in late 1994 before we left England.

I was assured by the shipping agents that we could easily fit in the car as well. Little did I realise it was just another 'East End' con. The overflow to a second container was considerable. We were only told that a month later, after we had arrived here in New Zealand and the container was being loaded in London. It was no doubt a standard technique. His estimate was out by a quarter of a container. Give a low estimate to get the job and offer a 'bargain' rate for the excess overflow later when the client has no choice but to accept.

The Maestro had arrived in New Zealand. Over the years, on many occasions, I had cause to wish it never had. I soon found out they had never been imported at all into New Zealand, a country now awash with Japanese imports. New Zealand is the dumping ground for the second most wasteful society on the face of the earth.

In a rather strange echo of our Lockerbie experiences, I discovered that, although body parts were not available for the Maestro, mechanical spares were. Whereas the Maestro had not been imported into New Zealand, its Montego stablemate had been. What is more, although the estate car version of the Montego was far outnumbered by the saloon version in England in roughly the ratio of 3:1, the reverse was the case in New Zealand. Estate cars are, of course, called station wagons here. New Zealanders are so proud of their independence from the hated British Empire and show it by slavishly adopting all things American. It is how they show their 'uniqueness'.

It was a strange link back to the Lockerbie Montego estate and our first experience of prophetic meaningful coincidence. These cars are rare in New Zealand but are ten times more common than the saloon version.

When we had left England, our packing list was 735 items. When it arrived, we found the shipment had been rearranged during the packing of the container. We received 739 items. No. 739 was a large box of books on the *Titanic* disaster of 1912. It was another reiteration of the Lockerbie code on the Montego estate car 7AM396557. We had been right to follow the signs. These had included a strange coincidence revolving around one book on John Martin, the Victorian painter, and my being offered a job in waste water treatment in Auckland.

I had gone along to the interview in Newmarket. I was duly offered a job on a salary very close to that which I had had in England. It was a high salary by New Zealand standards, although I didn't know it at the time. Afterwards we went back to the Newmarket shops for coffee. In a newsagent's was a *Sydney Morning Herald*. Its

headline screamed "Dad made me do it". It was referring to Prince Charles and his newly released biography by Jonathan Dimbleby. Charles was a key element in my research.

I always regretted not buying that paper, but it cost \$8 – £2.50! Australian papers in New Zealand are not cheap!

I accepted the job in the end, still uncertain whether we would in fact come. There were other signs during the rest of our visit. A day or so before our scheduled departure, I had to ring Rob Docherty about a dinner invitation. A voice answered "Extension 739..." I explained I had been trying to contact Rob Docherty... "Yes, it is his phone, but he is not here at the moment." I left a message.

Putting the phone down, I said to Jenny "It's the Lockerbie code. Perhaps we are meant to come, after all."

In August 1995, I presented a paper at an Aviation Safety conference at Auckland University. It is included in this book as an appendix.

After reading the paper, Rob said to me: "There is another 557 link. My date of birth is 7<sup>th</sup> May, 1957 – 7.5.57." I later realised that, as well as containing the Lockerbie code, it also contains the World's End code, in American dating – 5.07.57. And it was Rob who brought me to New Zealand. Or did he? Was he merely the apparent instrument? Was it in fact my destiny to come here, after all?

Our last weekend in New Zealand was marked by a 'railway coincidence'. We were in Auckland when one of us caught sight of a column of smoke as we drove past Auckland railway station.

What is the quotation? "A pillar of smoke (cloud) to guide thee by day and of fire by night".

I suppose, in a way, it was a link back to Melrose and the Scottish Borders in December 1988 in our test drive in the Lockerbie Montego estate car. We followed the smoke clue. After parking the car, we walked through the faded glories of Auckland's 1930s main railway station to the platform. It was a far cry from a British railway station. The first thing that struck me was that it was narrow gauge. The tracks were only a yard wide instead of the British standard of 4'8½" which, in turn, became the world standard.

"How strange," I thought, "that this part of the Empire has gone its own way." The steam engine, however, was not 'narrow gauge', other than in the separation of its wheels. It was the only 'streamliner' preserved on New Zealand railways. I was soon to discover it was a Ka class. Ka means the spirit in Egyptian hieroglyphics.

The steam train was running return trips from Auckland central station up to Newmarket – back to my new employer! We made the return trip up the bank. It was quite exhilarating. The locomotive whistle at least was familiar. The 'chime' could have been a Gresley A4 on a BR Britannia. En route, we passed the old loco sheds at Parnell. There were old locos and carriages aplenty.

Following our return trip, we made our way to Parnell. After wandering around the yard, we fell into conversation with the driver of a tank engine. They had been giving brake van rides in the yard in association with the Newmarket Circular steam 'tour'. They were about to put the loco away. A light drizzle was just starting to dampen down the day. "Do you fancy a ride?" he asked. Jenny and I got up on the footplate. It was a jerky ride, on the battered tracks of the shed yard, but it was my first

experience on the footplate of a moving steam engine. I had been on plenty of footplates in sheds and yards years before in England, but almost always the locos were dead. It seemed another omen that we were meant to come to New Zealand.

Railways were part of what led me here to be an exile in an alien land. Perhaps it was part of helping me to understand how the Duke of Windsor felt. For his spirit was to loom large in our experiences in New Zealand.

#### **End Note 4<sup>th</sup> October 2005**

In a curious coincidence, I find myself writing this on 4<sup>th</sup> October 2005. Eleven years ago today, I had sat in McDonalds at Heathrow waiting to board our flight to Tokyo, the first stage in our JAL flight to Auckland.

Even then, it was a significant date in my coincidence research. My time at RAF Chicksands had linked frequently to the R101. In fact, my decision to take that job had revolved around a 557 coincidence at the hangars in Cardington from where the R101 had left on its one and only flight. It was reinforced a little later that afternoon by my finding a book in Bedford. Until then, I had been uncertain.

My instinct was to refuse the job. I disliked the military and the robotic mind which is necessary to succeed. Above all, I disliked the American military for what it had so recently done in the Gulf War and its turkey shoots with missiles into fleeing Iraqi troops. But the signs had said "Take the job". Much powerful evidence then came to light as a result.

Now it is eleven years on. I am far more than eleven years older. With the passage of these eleven years has come incredibly powerful evidence that all my theories are correct. But it is like blowing in a gale. No one wants to know.

Is it fear? Or is it more? Is it that there is a power for evil that prefers mankind does not know the truth? 10.39.

I added this note on 25<sup>th</sup> October. Jenny had omitted to type this when she had done the main chapter. She came across this yesterday morning. I was struggling to get a book format version ready of *The Alpha and Omega Codes*. There were compatibility issues between *WordPerfect* and *Word* and we had files on both systems. Some procedures were best done in *Word*, others in *WordPerfect*. I got to the chapter "The Great Balance". As I read it, I began to feel it had to be split. The later section was most definitely "On the Beach". More coincidences followed my decision to split out that new chapter. The code was repeated this afternoon. U581. I comment here because Nevil Shute was the pen name of Nevil Shute Norway, one of the designers of the privately financed R100, the main competitor of the state-built R101. R100 successfully crossed the Atlantic and returned. But it did not survive the storm which followed the loss of the R101.

## 29. CHRISTMAS ON THE BEACH

Christmas Day 1995 was the day I had found a rake of old red coaches at the Westfield loco depot. I had been on my way home from my first Christmas lunch in New Zealand. We had been invited to a large family gathering at Onehunga. Jenny's mother's sister, Wendy, had nine children. Not all were present but those that were, with their associated partners and children, made the house hectic. The weather had been inclement so there was no traditional New Zealand 'barbie'. Instead, there was cold chicken and salad.

Jenny and her sister chatted away to all the relatives. Naturally, this was a family occasion. There was one strange coincidence, however. Jenny's uncle, Joe Molloy, was also a chemist, and what is more, a chemist who also worked in waste water treatment. He was now self-employed, after a career in the meat industry.

The afternoon was sunny but cool. Around 3 pm I made my excuses and left. Driving back from Onehunga, I realised the Westfield railway depot was almost on my route home. Every day throughout my period of employment in New Zealand my train had taken me past it. It was the highlight of the trip into Newmarket each morning. Occasionally there was some alien import from a distant part of the New Zealand railway system.

One day there was a red locomotive that looked almost familiar, similar in appearance to Western Region diesel hydraulics of the 1960s and 1970s. I suppose they most resembled the Western Enterprise Class. It was an electric loco, but it had been built in Britain in the 1970s. These locos worked the electrified section of the main trunk route from Hamilton to Palmerston North. Diesel haulage served the remainder of the main line, connecting the two principal North Island cities of New Zealand. This electric loco had been hauled north for repairs in the Westfield workshops. It was the only occasion I ever saw an electric loco so far north.

But my commuting days were nearly over. Before they ended, however, I made a strange discovery in the old wooden cathedral next to Auckland's Cathedral of St. Mary the Virgin where I often spent my lunch break. In the old cathedral there was a very strong link to John Martin. There was also a strange link to Abu Simbel and the 558 codes. The temples of Abu Simbel were originally located on the banks of the Nile, but that part of the river was to be flooded under Lake Nasser with the completion of the Aswan High Dam. The temples were moved to a location on higher ground. It was a magnificent effort by UNESCO and American engineers, but given the technology available today, no greater than that of the Egyptian engineers who carved them out of the living rock in the first place.

But the point is that the temples were moved, as had been the old, original wooden cathedral. It had originally stood on the opposite side of Parnell Road, occupying land that could be turned to more profitable use. Like the Church of England on which it is founded, the Anglican Church in New Zealand saw the old cathedral occupying an investment opportunity. When it was built in the early 1990s, the Gateshead Metro shopping centre was the largest in Britain. It was financed by the Church of England. I suppose it was very much akin to Ramses II hedging his bets at Abu Simbel. At least that way, the Church of England could be part of the way that a large proportion of the

British now pass their Sundays in the post-religious age. Apparently it even had its own chaplain, presumably to help with personal shopping crises.

On our first visit to the old St Mary's cathedral in 1994, we had seen the photographs of the moving of the church. Perhaps even in that there is a symbolism. The church has indeed crossed the road, telling people what they want to hear, instead of what God wants them to hear.

This old wooden cathedral has a nice feel, a really good atmosphere, in stark contrast to the new creation which is a mix-and-match of 1950s Gothic English and Polynesian culture, part cathedral, part theatre complex. The old wooden cathedral is not multifunctional, serving only its original purpose. The man who designed and built it had much more of a feeling for the presence of God than their descendants, if indeed the latter have any feel at all.

My last day of paid employment had been 30<sup>th</sup> November. I parted company on a matter of principle, professional ethics. It was a very significant date in my coincidence research. It was the day when the Crystal Palace had burned to tie the Gordian Knot, in 1936, but that is part of the Duke of Windsor's story.

So, on Christmas Day, I arrived at Westfield to find a loco depot crammed with locomotives – all diesel, of course, and American diesels at that, manufactured in the land of the free and home of the brave. They had just been re-bogied to fit the narrow, 1 metre New Zealand track gauge. As with British Rail since the 1970s, Christmas Day in New Zealand was a train-free day. Usually diesel locos are left with the engines running, even in the depot, but not today.

Today it was like a grave. The sun shone from a blue sky. There were plenty of white clouds, even if they were not particularly long ones. But the engine sheds were dead. It was uncanny. It was as though all the locos had gone home to die. There was no sign of human life. It was like the world after some colossal destruction that had somehow removed all the people – as if radiation from some distant nuclear holocaust had finally overwhelmed New Zealand.

Slowly I made my way around the depot, photographing locos and the long line of old red carriages. The warm red coaches were a splash of life in the green and blue of a natural landscape. The red was somehow more honest, more trustworthy than the brash new, cold livery.

Suddenly I heard a noise. Two pigeons flew up rapidly into the sky. Then I heard it again. A piece of corrugated roof iron appeared to be hanging loose, creaking slowly in the occasional wafts of the light breeze.

Then a distinct memory came back – a scene from Nevil Shute's 1959 novel *On the Beach*. This was the sign of 'human life' in the northern hemisphere, by then rotten with radiation. But as the submarine crew was to find after its long voyage, the 'signal' from Seattle or San Francisco was a random one, caused by a window blind tied to a Morse code transmitter key that flew with the wind. In this latter characteristic, it rather resembles most of mankind.

The engine sheds are set in a really beautiful location on the edge of the Manukau Harbour. It is almost a vision of paradise. Yet here it was juxtaposed with the end of the world, heaven and hell.

Yes, that first Christmas Day experience, both of the other waste water chemist and of *On the Beach*, remained with me. And both elements were to link powerfully and very specifically into the future, the latter in particular at Christmas in 2004

## 30. OUT OF THE FOG

I was woken by a chime whistle. It could have been a 'Streak' or a 'Brit'. Then I remembered I was living in New Zealand. I leapt out of bed.

It was around 8 am, a lovely, still, sunny morning, the kind that is ideal for photographing steam trains. The white steam condenses so quickly. I rushed to the back deck and saw a wave of steam and smoke rise above the houses as the train hurried south on the main trunk line only four hundred yards away. The steam engine and its train were hidden behind rows of single storey houses.

I dressed quickly, telling Jenny I was going to chase the train. She decided to come too. If we hurried we might be able to catch it. The speed limit on the railway was less than on the road.

As we headed south, the glorious crispness of the day gradually vanished. The light became hazy as we approached the region of Waikato the fog. The area around the Waikato River is notorious for hanging fogs which feature so heavily in its morning scenes.

En route, on the motorway, Jenny was looking at the map. "If we go off at Pokeno, we can go back a little way and the line is exactly parallel with the road," she told me. She was right. I later discovered that the main line took a detour via Pukekohe, whereas the motorway ran more directly to Pokeno. By the time we reached Pokeno, the fog was quite bad. The road did indeed run parallel to the railway, but there were no obvious vantage points. There were no cuttings or long, clear views, or overbridge.

I felt the train must be approaching but in reality we were now heading in the opposite direction to the train. If I wasn't careful, I would get no shot at all. I pulled into a farm gateway and ran up a slight incline and across the railway. Within a minute, I heard the sound of the approaching train. All I saw in the fog at first was the oncoming headlight. The train was quickly past me on the down grade. It wasn't much of a shot – out of the fog, engine coasting, poor light.

The black 'JA' rolled past, the only colour being the red background to its cast cabside number plate. Then came the train of blue-grey coaches. The engine was quite alien to me really. But at least it was a steam engine, even if it had no associations with my past. It certainly had an association with my present as it was on its way to Tauranga and would pass right beside Chapel St. Sewage Works as it skirted the bay just before it reached its destination. Something, though, knew that this train also had an association with my future. It was a significant day, not just for being Jenny's birthday, 16<sup>th</sup> February 1997. We did not realise it at the time, but we had taken the road to Tuakau where the next act in our destiny drama was to unfold in a little over five weeks' time.

The engine was very much American in outline, with its high running plate and so many pipes and fittings on the outside. It lacked the simplicity and elegance of outward appearance of British steam locomotives. These large locomotives appeared a little incongruous on the narrow metre-gauge track. The colours of the coaches did have an association, though; it was so reminiscent of the awful, standard, British Rail livery of the period from 1967 to the end of the coherent nationalised railway system in 1995. Today in 2005, the privatised railways of Britain look more like the products of a



children's playgroup. I regretted the coaches were not the old, warm red of the old, state-run New Zealand Railways. These were the cold face of the new, privatised Tranzrail, now an offshoot of Wisconsin Rail in the USA.

## 31. PAPA KURA AND THE WAR

9<sup>th</sup> October 2000

Brian called out that he heard a steam train whistle. I dashed out, grabbing shoes as I went. To our amazement, there were two steam trains in the station and quite a lot of people watching, especially old people reminiscing. After all, Papakura was where the army camp was and for so many of the soldiers who fought in both world wars, Papakura Station was where they got on transport to take them to the troop ships and then overseas, perhaps to their deaths. Now, like so much, it is almost desolate. I saw the steam trains as an echo of the past – we have never before seen two steam trains there.

*The Blind Watchmaker* is the title of a book by Richard Dawkins. It has the subtitle *Why the evidence of evolution reveals a universe without design*. The inference, of course, must be then that there is no designer, nothing to orchestrate any events. Those particular words came into my mind as I revised that particular paragraph around 12.30 am on 10<sup>th</sup> October 2000. About half an hour later, I read my revisions of this summary to Jenny who queried the ‘Blind Watchmaker’ reference as it seemed familiar. I had not got a copy of that particular book. In fact, I had never seen a copy and I doubted if I would be likely to find one either.

The next morning, a strange series of coincidences occurred, a key element being the running of a special steam train from Auckland to Bluff in the South Island, New Zealand’s Land’s End. The other elements of this coincidence will be better understood much later in this book, perhaps around Chapter 10. For now, suffice it to say that I went into our local second hand bookshop which has a fairly slow turnover of stock, certainly in the non-fiction department. I was looking for books on bookbinding. The owner told me that he did not have a single book on that subject. So, I thought I would just check for any old books on spiritualism. The first book that caught my eye in the middle of the ‘New Age’ section was *The Blind Watchmaker*. I smiled to myself and the words came into my mind:

*Not bad for a blind watchmaker!*

Why had those words come into my mind the previous night? It is as though God has a sense of humour. I was also rather amused that the bookshop owner had chosen to put the book in the ‘New Age’ section rather than ‘Science’, not that there is much of a science section in that particular shop, or most second hand bookshops in New Zealand for that matter.

To me, it was too neat to be chance. It was a subtle refuting of the claims of that book. Perhaps, after all, there is a Designer, and the Web of Destiny is evidence of His Hand.

## 32. A NAMER GOING WEST

Quite a while after our arrival here, 'chance' brought a strange break with a New Zealand Railways tradition. From Victorian times in Britain, railway engines were given names. It gave locomotives some kind of individuality. In marked contrast, New Zealand Railways never gave names to any of its locomotives, even the largest and fastest. The difference perhaps says something about national characters. But on reflection, I have never noticed names on American locomotives either, or French or German ones. Perhaps it is a purely British trait.

The name conferred a definite identity to a locomotive, unless it was overdone as with the Great Western Railway and its multitudinous Castles and Halls. Even the four named Black 5s of the 842 built were somehow raised above the anonymity of their classmates. They were named as a token for the Scots. A high proportion of the early Black 5s had gone to Scotland to replace less capable Highland Railway machines on the difficult, highly graded lines in the Scottish Highlands. The many bridges and viaducts severely limited route availability.

Few of the new named Jubilees went north, so the situation was remedied by naming four Black 5s after Scottish regiments. I did not realise any of this when I regularly saw two of them in Manchester Victoria. Around 1958, 45154 *Lanarkshire Yeomanry* and 45156 *Ayrshire Yeomanry* were transferred to Manchester, the old Lancashire & Yorkshire Railway shed at Newton Heath becoming their new home. They were 'namers'... until I came to be able to tell a 'mickey' from a 'jub', a 'pat' or a 'scot'. You would often hear someone shout: "It's a namer."

One day I remember one of the really rare brethren appeared, a 45157 turned up with its large 'St. Rollox' numbers and with a coloured background to its nameplate. And there was the prized shed code of a genuine rarity, 65B. It was far from its home shed of Glasgow St Rollox. Some strange twist of fate had brought it as far south as Manchester Victoria. It would not normally have worked south of Carlisle. They must have been really short of motive power for a Glasgow to Manchester working, or perhaps it came in on a parcels. Anyway, I grew up with 'namers'.

New Zealand had none. One day, (in either 1999 or 2000), Jenny and I went down to Auckland Central to photograph a train. It was a 'Going West' literary special. It had been arranged to promote books and writing under the auspices of Waitakere City Council.

The train ran from Auckland City to Helensville, before returning to the city. We photographed the train at the Central Station and then tried to get it again on the bank out of Newmarket, heading west up past the brewery. There should have been enough time, as the engine had to turn on its train at Newmarket before heading out of the station in the opposite direction. But we were distracted en route. I noticed an Austin dealer beside the station – very unusual in New Zealand! This led back to the Montego.

We just missed the train storming up the bank. The enormous cloud of smoke and steam describes its path so well. Once there was a clear view of the line by the brewery which was another strange link to my past. Today it is blocked by a new retail centre.

As we had missed it there, we chased the train, following it west from the map book. We had no idea where it would stop. We caught it at Grey Lynn Pottery where it

had stopped for a poetry reading and refreshments. Then we photographed it coming in to stop at Waikumete and joined the train passengers for the readings in the chapel in the enormous cemetery.

We followed the train to Helensville and then onto a book launch at Henderson on the way back.

Another year, we went down to get it on the bank. JA1250 was now named *Diana*, after the wife of the owner. We didn't chase it again.

### 33. ANOTHER CONFESSION

Jenny rang me at Wallace's on 20<sup>th</sup> March 2003 with some world news and a confession. "Bush has attacked Iraq... And I have crashed the car!" She had not been hurt. The woman in front at a T junction had pulled out. Jenny had looked right and then followed her. But for some inexplicable reason, the woman in front decided the traffic was too close or too fast and stopped. Jenny hit her car. There was little damage to the other woman's car as the speed was only a few kilometres per hour. The damage to the Maestro was just a few body panels, but that sealed its fate. It was to be a write-off. The New Zealand panel beaters' businesses are built around recycling parts from breakers' yards. It is rare for new parts to be used, except *in extremis* for nearly new vehicles.

There were no second hand body parts available for the Maestro in New Zealand. I had only ever seen one other Maestro in New Zealand. It had come as a Japanese import, of course. If there were half a dozen in the whole country, it would be a surprise. Now that elite band was one fewer.

Bush's attack on Iraq turned out to be just another intelligence bungle. A target of opportunity had been identified. They had carried out an air strike where they had hoped to 'take out Saddam' at a restaurant or a friend's house – or somewhere similar. I had been surprised when Jenny told me the attack had begun because, according to the Alpha and Omega Codes, the Armageddon Clock was not due to reach 229K until 21<sup>st</sup> March.

Sure enough, the following day, the Armageddon Clock rolled over to 229K and war began in earnest then.

So, in April we looked around a few car showrooms looking for something to replace the Maestro. I was quite happy with the Subaru Leone I had driven for eight years but it had long since been superseded. Its replacement, the Legacy, was a fixed 4WD, offered as an estate car version too. But the Leone was an optional 4WD. I only wanted four-wheel drive for the occasional heavy job of towing loads of equipment in and out of awkward places or getting to difficult places at the sewage works in New Zealand. At one point at the Pukekohe ponds site near Tuakau, when we were half way round the site, the Council manager suddenly said "This is four-wheel drive, isn't it?"

I had always disliked the Chelsea/Toorak/Remuera tractor long before the posers made them fashionable. I preferred the old-fashioned British understatement.

I had a problem finding a car that fitted the bill. The nearest we got was a Nissan Primera at Kilburn Cars in Manukau. The name had struck me as curious. I had only once encountered it before. Alan Kilburn was my first 'boss' at Howdon. He was the assistant chemist sent to supervise me, the lab assistant, and introduce me to the mysteries of the Technicon air monitoring and the gas scrubbing plant.

Listening to the sales patter in his attempts to sell us the Nissan Primera, I could remember the identical techniques of the one who sold me the Leone. I made a low offer. He tried to get me to go up. I refused. I was not really sure I wanted the car anyway. "Let's go and fill out some paperwork and I'll put your offer to the boss."

I went along with the sales con. Of course, his 'boss' threw in a few extras I didn't want but would not budge on the price. Nor would I.

I came out irritated, saying to Jenny "They are all the same. No wonder car salesmen have such a bad reputation."

At the time, we had wondered whether we might be meant to get a new car now. We could manage with one car at a pinch, but it was often difficult. My waste water work meant I was out a lot in places where there was no public transport.

Jenny often needed the car for her alternative cancer treatments. And the Leone was not getting any younger. Repair costs had rocketed in the previous year or two. The last major repair had been the replacement of the hydraulic tappets; the new parts had the supply code 229!

We stopped at another car yard at Takanini. These urban sprawls, large strip-based, retail outlets were 'little America' across the Pacific. I looked at a couple of Legacies. I showed a vague interest in one but I was not keen on the automatic transmission. I was told that almost all in New Zealand were from Japan. Very few were 'New Zealand new'. The Japs like high levels of comfort and low levels of effort. So the cars were high spec, electric windows, aircon, and worst of all, automatic transmission.

"If you ever drive one in Auckland traffic, you'll appreciate how great they are," he assured me.

Again I was not convinced. I hated automatics. I wanted a car to do what I wanted, not what it wanted. I had driven Jenny's father's automatic Leone Saloon and found its changing up or down performance on hills irritating in the extreme. What is more, having driven manual cars for the better part of forty years, I needed something for my left foot to do. All too often, as I came down to the lights, my foot would depress the 'clutch' only to have the car stand on its nose as instead, my left foot found the enormous brake pedal. I enquired about the car's history. It was not encouraging.

Even though the registrations were then at BFH or BGA, or whatever was current, it looked as though I was not meant to get a BJC car. We forgot about cars and arranged things around the reliable, if now a little uncomfortable, Leone. So this was why seeing BJC 334 in front of me on Manukau Road, Pukekohe, I had decided to pay a visit to the Subaru dealers who were located on that very road. Perhaps the BJC car registration was a pointer to a 'new' car.

And so it proved. Don Thompson had plenty of Subaru station wagons, from brand new to rather old. If you wanted the former and had over \$40,000 to spare, the latest luxury and styling could be yours. Our budget was considerably more modest. I was looking at an older, dark green example when the salesman came up.

"That one's unusual," he said. "It is New Zealand new, with a manual, 5-speed box. We've serviced it for years."

I was a bit put off by the mileage. It had already done 141,221 kms - 100,000 miles. I had regarded cars like that as little better than scrap. Mind, our first faithful Maestro had clocked up 171,000 miles before we virtually gave it away when we finally left England in January 1995.

The second Maestro had a lot of 'improvements' over the first.

"Take it for a run," the salesman suggested. I suppose I had nothing to lose. The mileage, after all, was the date of Lockerbie, 12.21 in 1988.

It handled well. It was quiet despite the mileage, and considerably more powerful than the Leone. On my return, I told the salesman of my findings. I said I had to discuss it with my wife.

"Take the car and show her," he said.

"But I live 20 km away,"

"Doesn't matter." They seemed very trusting.

So, to Jenny's amazement, I rolled up at home in a 'new' car.

When I went into the house, she was surprised.

"You are back early. Is there something wrong at work?"

"Come and look at the new car," I replied.

We took it for a test drive – just like Lockerbie, our first memorable test drive. This time there was no station. I stopped at the top of Red Hill. Suddenly Jenny said "I think we are meant to have this car. Look at the radio." It was model 5575, the Lockerbie 557 code, first shown to us on the Montego estate car. This car would be paid for in part by the insurance payout from the dead Maestro stablemate.

"Its registration number was unremarkable," Jenny said. "Perhaps you can change that."

"That's unlikely," was my reply, but I rang the VTNZ testing station in Takanini, to be told "You can replace your registration plates for \$14.75 if you have lost one. You will be issued with the current registration."

"What is that?" I asked.

"BJS..."

"Bugger," I thought. "Too late."

I took the car down to the testing station to have a full vehicle check done on it. The mechanic assured me the engine was in excellent condition. So, the die was cast. I agreed to buy it.

The next day, I rang the VTNZ station again to enquire further about plate sequences. It seemed that that was a particularly busy station. Number plates were received in batches. The lady was quite helpful.

"You could ring round the others and ask what their next numbers are." So I did. I rang all the VTNZ stations around Auckland, some dozen or so. I was offered BJK, BLP, BJT, BJF; but no BJC. It was too late, it seemed. Only one VTNZ station had not provided a definite 'No'. No one had answered the phone at Warkworth. It was not until the next day that someone rang back from Warkworth in reply to my answerphone message. To my query of the next plate to be issued came the reply "BJC 842".

"Good heavens! That's amazing. Could you keep that for me?" I asked.

"We are not supposed to. I'll keep it until lunchtime," she promised.

Not only was it BJC, but 842 was an important number in the Alpha and Omega Codes. We had flown back from Melbourne on United Airlines Flight 842. It had provided powerful evidence that the spirit of Mohamed Atta had indeed linked into my mind as our outward flight, UA 841, had been about to land in Melbourne in March 202.

So that morning, we went to Warkworth. Why should it have to be Warkworth, of all places? It linked, of course, to Northumberland, an area I had come to know quite well before I began my psychical research.

It is as though certain places become a focus for experiences to echo the theme of intelligent design. I had noticed this phenomenon first in London when I lived in Chelsea. Repeatedly I would be 'taken' back for different reasons to the same area of London. Once it was Islington; another time it was Bloomsbury.

Having resolved the problem of registration, there was just the question of insurance to transfer. That brought a problem. Legacy station wagons had a bad reputation. They were the most stolen car in New Zealand. The local go-faster boys stole them and souped them up. That seemed unlikely, but I got that tale from several insurers. The truth was that the 'go faster', supercharged versions of the Legacy were the ones that were stolen. Those were the ones I was warned to avoid anyway. If the Legacy had a weakness, it was in the gearbox. It only became a problem in the turbo versions.

The only way to get realistically-priced insurance was to have an alarm fitted. They brought another problem. I needed a car the next day to go down to the south Waikato for my fortnightly trip to Wallace's. I had been planning to take the new car as it was far more comfortable.

"I'll lend you one," said the sales manager.

When Jenny dropped me off to pick up the loan car, I was staggered by the vehicle he had chosen to give me. It was another Legacy estate, with the registration number WK 5570. I use the initials WK for work. 5570 is both Lockerbie and New Zealand. Then I remembered that a couple of nights before, when I had come down to pay for 'my car', this car had been parked on the far side of the road, opposite Don Thompson. I had seen it as a sign that I was right to buy the Legacy station wagon I had been shown. It transpired that the lady had been waiting outside for some reason, before bringing the car into Don Thompson as a part exchange against a new vehicle!

Now I was being given WK5570 to drive down to work (WK) at Wallace Corporation. And in another incredible coincidence, as I was about to get into the car, a Wallace Corporation truck pulled up outside on Manukau Road. It was a cow collection vehicle. They collect dead stock from farmers and render it into useful by-products such as blood and bone meal and tallow.

But I had never seen a Wallace vehicle so far north. What is more, its fleet number was 103. So again, there was the cross-reference of Flight 103, Lockerbie, with 55°7'N, Lockerbie. It was a final powerful confirmation that my purchase of this car was correct.

The BJC 334 car had led me to a new car with a BJC plate of my own – BJC 842. 9.41.35.

But it was not just the BJC on the car approaching me in Bury Bolton Street that day. The number staggered me even more. It was 388 BJC. For 388 is our PO Box number in Drury, New Zealand. It is the address we have for publishing our Lux Aeterna books.

And even in that number, there is a hidden code. For 388 factorises into  $2 \times 2 \times 97$ , 2.2.97, which happens to be the code for the End of the World.

Incidentally, 842 also links back to railways, and the LMS in particular. I told earlier of the naming of the four Scottish Stanier Black 5s. This was to become the most numerous class in the LMS, indeed on British Railways, of the various incarnations, if GW pannier tank shunting locomotives are excluded. Eventually, 842 examples were built; 742 by the LMS, 100 later by British Railways after the 1948 nationalisation. And 742 is a parallel code for the End Times.



I saw only two BJC cars in the whole of my time in England. The other one was 64BJC at a motorway service station on the M6. 64 is the international telephone dialling code for New Zealand. Perhaps it is another indication of the genuineness of my communication, and that I am indeed meant to be in New Zealand, however disappointing I find life to be here.

How can all these elements be put down to chance and then dismissed? Spooky, is it? Or is it Weird? Or is it powerful evidence that by following the clues and coincidences, I am following a path laid down by some Source of Intelligence?

Is not Intelligent Design a far more likely explanation than 'chance'?

'But what is the point?' you might ask. The point is to show that I am not mad – and nor is Jenny. 9.55.21

Tuesday, 18 October 2005 1:40:30 a.m.

## 34. GREAT WESTERN

On Thursday 15<sup>th</sup> April 2004, I had to drive down to Waitoa for one of my fortnightly visits to another client with a rendering plant, abattoir and tannery near Waitoa, in the South Waikato.

First, though, I had to post some of the week's Waikato By-Products samples. I took them into the Papakura Post Shop. I parked outside Dick Smith Electronics near the usual XO5229 car which was always parked there. As I got out of my car, a large car pulled up and attempted to get into the parking space beside me. It was a Ford Falcon, with the registration number ZG8229. It was another link between the Falcon and the Enigma Code 229, relating to the end of the world. Then S1662 pulled up. This reminded me of the 1662 *Book of Common Prayer*.

In the Post Shop, I took down two Courier Post envelopes from the rack. They turned out also to contain important Enigma Code sequences, EA586881 970, and EA58 6881966. I addressed the Courier Post bags, put in the sample bottles, and took them to the counter to pay for them and post them. I also asked for a stamp for a card to my daughter in England. I was given a recent issue of stamp I had not seen before. On it was Duncan's Seed Drill. I asked to look at the rest of the set. Only two others were available as loose stamps – the \$1.50 Threshing Mill and the 90c Ford Fordson Tractor and Plough. They were part of a set of historical farm machinery.

Immediately I was reminded of the Harvest theme of Easter Eve. The threshing separates the wheat from the tares and, as another Harvest hymn says:

Gives His angels charge at last  
In the fires the tares to cast  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In His garner evermore

And the ploughing reminded me once again of the furrows at 'Harvest Corner' and then into my mind came the words

*As ye sow, so shall ye reap.*

I went over to the Philatelic section and took down a First Day Cover set. It had been issued on 5<sup>th</sup> April 2004, the 18<sup>th</sup> anniversary to the very day of Mary Magdalen's first coming to us in the hills of North Wales. Even before Mary came, that date 5<sup>th</sup> April had a meaning of *The Justice of God*.<sup>23</sup> Again, this striking and very meaningful coincidence was linking the theme of the harvest into Mary's story. At the till, I had to wait to buy the First Day Cover whilst the till roll was changed. It had reached the 'end of the reel'. The symbolism was very clear. The time of man's reaping what he has sown is not far off, the time of the final reckoning. Man has reached the end of the reel, to use a Hollywood analogy. God's patience is at an end.

As I got back to my car, I saw that XT3697 had parked beside me. 3<sup>rd</sup> June 1997 was the date I registered the names for my companies, Orion Consulting and Lux Aeterna Publishing. XT seemed particularly significant, since the Source of Intelligence, which lies behind, and chose to facilitate Mary's communications with us and orchestrates the

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<sup>23</sup> It originally derived from the death of Lord Carnarvon on 5<sup>th</sup> April 1923. To understand this reference fully, see Vol. 2 of *Sands of Eternity, The Hand of Destiny*.

Web of Destiny, is indeed outside time (exit) and indeed beyond our dimension of space as well.

I collected some photographs from a photo shop and then set off south to Waitoa. On the way, various thoughts passed through my mind. At one point, I thought of Mel Gibson's *The Passion of The Christ* and how its emphasis was so different from Mary's real story. The emphasis was so wrong. What was the point in dwelling on the suffering to show how much he loved us to suffer it for all our sins? That message was so wrong. Then words came into my mind:

*The real passion of Christ was justice!*

I remembered the car I had parked beside in the Countdown supermarket car park, WT655. WT is an abbreviation I often use for weight; it links to balance. 655 is the Dewey Decimal code for Publishing. It seemed that it was being stressed that we must publish Mary's story now. But I despaired of finding how to do so. The internet was no use. It had proved impossible to increase traffic to our site.

It seemed clear, though, that the power of the meaningful coincidences had increased by an order of magnitude over the past month. It had been on 5<sup>th</sup> April that I had started work on a final version of Mary's story, an introduction and explanation of her story. This book had grown out of that work. I hadn't set out to write it like this, yet the recurring theme of Easter in so many years had become apparent to me, and it seemed clear it was to be an important element in the verification and authentication of Jenny's experience of Mary Magdalen's spirit speaking through her.

I thought, "How can I get any publicity for the book?" Almost immediately came back the words

*Not hell – heaven!*

A little further on, I stopped at one of the two rest areas on the route. I call that one Heaven's Road, because 100 metres past it is Heaven Road. Over my picnic lunch, I looked at a list of the hymns in the TVNZ *Songs of Praise* Top 100. They had had a vote for the Top 10 New Zealand hymns. That had grown to 20, spread over two programmes, shown on 10<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> August 2003. Their website had listed the top 100. My eye fell on *Be Thou My Vision, O Lord of my Heart* – no. 19 in the top 100 – a link back to WOV557. Obviously only one vote separated most of the hymns.

I had a short rest and then set off again for Waitoa. As the road climbed up to the summit where the second rest area was, I realised the mileage there was going to be around 5570 on the trip mileage recorder. I call that rest area Heaven's Gate. You can see for miles from there – a real Falcon's eye view of the land. When I pulled in, the trip mileage was 557.4. Only one car was parked there, .....666. I didn't stop for long. I stopped at the very exit from the rest area and I took a photograph of the communications relay tower on the very top of the hill. It is symbolic of the SETI theme in our work. Then I photographed the mileage. It was 557.5 km. At that point, some words came into my mind:

*Be ready for a falcon!*

I set the digital camera. It is rather irritating as it switches off after 30 seconds. I had no sooner set off and driven 50 yards to the first bend than there was a falcon, very low in the middle of the road. I managed to get one photograph of it. I pulled up as

soon as I could, as the road is fairly narrow. The trip mileage reading was now 557.7 km – the meaning of that sequence is '*Heed or Perish!*'<sup>24</sup>

The juxtaposition of the communication tower, the numbers 5575 and 5577 and the falcon, tied in to a very precise message that I would shortly see a falcon, struck me as overwhelming evidence that the words that came into my mind do derive from some ultimate higher Source of Intelligence that either is God or links to Him. What else could influence the mind of the falcon and with such precision?<sup>25</sup> It was at the place I call Heaven's Gate and the 'signal' which I had received had been correct. Of course, the skeptics will come up with their explanation of 'chance'; after all, what else have they got? There is nothing in the material world to explain away that very meaningful juxtaposition of circumstances.

Further on, a falcon flew across the road at 2.28 pm – but it was too far away for a good photograph. It vanished from view at 2.29 pm. Just over ten minutes later, I arrived at the rendering plant in Waitoa.

Later that afternoon, whilst I was at one section of the waste water treatment plant, I looked across to the rendering plant. A truck was filling up at the meal bay. In large letters on the front, I read 'ORION'. It was Orion Haulage! Later, as we got back to the offices, it was just leaving the factory and heading onto the weighbridge.

I left about 1739, but stopped only a couple of kilometres from the site. There was a beautiful view of the setting sun, so I photographed a sequence. One cloud, in particular, became very prominent. For all the world, it could have been a huge red falcon swooping. The car mileage where I had stopped was 6018 on the trip mileage. Back to the railway engines! – It was a Great Western *King* – *Henry VI*, who founded Eton and King's College Cambridge, both of which had featured in the Destiny Code experiences. A little further on, I stopped again to photograph the 'falcon' cloud, still there, but grey now, and the brightening stars. It had taken me fifty-four minutes to do less than five kilometres! It was 6.55 pm when I arrived at Heaven's Gate.

Now I was heading in the opposite direction and, as I parked in the car park, directly facing me over the top of the hill was the Constellation of Orion. It is inverted in the Southern Hemisphere, but very distinctive nonetheless. It was following the sun, also setting in the west, just as the blue of the sky gradually deepened in the failing twilight. There was also a bright planet lower in the sky. I tried to photograph both. But on the time exposure, the last vestiges of the setting sun were still evident to the camera so it was not as good a result as I had hoped for. I spent quite a while trying various shots. The process was slow, using the noise reduction mode. Then I had a brief rest before setting off for Tuakau. I had been at Heaven's Gate for nearly an hour and a half. Part of Orion was now behind the hill. It was certainly setting.

At 8.42 pm, I passed Heaven's Road and arrived at Waikato By-Products at 9.10 pm. But I stopped outside the main gate. What had attracted my attention was Orion hanging directly above the factory. It was such an appropriate image. Our research has been funded by my Orion consultancy work for seven years, and most of it at Waikato By-Products. I took a photograph. When I looked at the image, I realised that I had inadvertently captured a graphic representation of heaven and hell, beyond the weighbridge which was just inside the factory gate. I knew the factory flood light

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<sup>24</sup> The decoding of that particular numerical sequence came in July 1994, a week or so before Jupiter's dramatic collision with the string of comets which Shoemaker-Levy 9 had by then become.

<sup>25</sup> This does rather beat Jung's famed and oft-quoted scarab beetle experience.

would be too bright, so I had tried to block it with a tree. The effect was dramatic indeed, because by chance at that moment one of the offal trucks was driven out from the factory unloading bay. It had been hosed down with scalding hot water and the clouds of steam in the cold night air, illuminated by the factory floodlight, rendered the vision of hell complete.

I pulled in next to the weighbridge and photographed my car mileage. It was 7007 on the trip mileage indicator. By 'chance' the photographs of the speedometer at this mileage were JPEG 7005 and JPEG 7006. 7005 was a Great Western Railway Castle Class, originally *Lamphrey Castle*, and subsequently renamed *Sir Edward Elgar* in about 1955. There is another book which attempts to pull together various of our Enigma experiences over eighteen years in a more comprehensive manner. Its title is *The Enigma Variations*, and one of Elgar's most famous compositions is also *The Enigma Variations*. 7007 was another GWR Castle Class loco called *Great Western*. Of what relevance, you might ask, is this ferro-equinological diversion? The point is that it is a symbolic coded reference. The Great Western Railway is the Great Way to the West. When the Egyptians spoke of death, they often referred to 'Going to the West'. We still have the essence of the concept in slang parlance today; well, at least we did when I was growing up in England in the 50s and 60s. 'It's gone west' was a slang way of describing something that was finished, dead and gone.

JPEG 7007 was a close-up in the factory, symbolic of hell itself. And sometimes, given the smells inside the factory, it's a pretty good analogy. The weighbridge, the Great Balance which awaits each of us when we 'Go to the West', is a junction. Will the Starter be pulled off for heaven, or will it be the Starter for hell!

On the way home, at the Ramarama exit, the car mileage was 163229. It had been a day of powerful coincidences, any one of which you could choose to dismiss as chance. But is it logical to dismiss it all as chance, when there is such a powerful coherence in the whole message? That was just one day. Is it not more logical to ponder whether a more logical explanation, and probably the correct one, is that my experiences were planned, part of some design by a Designer, far greater than me?

11.48 am 25/5/04

## 35. NIGHT MAIL

This is the Night Mail crossing the Border,  
Bringing the cheque and the postal order,  
Letters for the rich, letters for the poor,  
The shop at the corner, the girl next door.

This is the start of W. H. Auden's poem "Night Mail", written in 1936 for the GPO Film Unit and its film of the same name based on the London Midland and Scottish Railway Travelling Post Office between London Euston and Glasgow Central stations. This may seem strange, but I immediately understood the significance and the relevance here. A vision flashed through my mind of the bright red 'blank-faced coaches' slowly pulling out of Glasgow Central Station, over the River Clyde bridge, pulled by a Class 86 electric locomotive.

## 36. MAXIMUM CREDIBLE ACCIDENT

4<sup>th</sup> December is also a significant date as it marked the anniversary of one of Britain's worst train crashes – at Lewisham in 1957. The accident has key links to a nuclear power accident yet to come. It features in the 1980 novel by John Howlett. I selected a copy from the five on our library shelf and it just happened to be the most significant. I had found it on 10<sup>th</sup> June 1993 in the Banstead ICRF charity shop. In 1999 that date was to be linked to The Gates of Hell. Only the previous afternoon I had been in central London at Cannon Street Station. The lead car of one Southern Region EMU set was 77557. The Express involved in the Lewisham disaster had left Cannon Street in thick fog at 6.08pm on 4<sup>th</sup> December 1957, behind Bulleid Pacific 34066 *Spitfire*.

## Part 5

### The Quest or Intelligent Design





## 37. ARMAGEDDON BRIDGE

It would seem that Hurricane Katrina is probably the second instalment of the First Seal. The apocalypse has indeed begun. It is the first strike at America. After all, did not year 229 of American independence begin on 4<sup>th</sup> July 2005? They chose to mark the day with a show of its space age military power. NASA hurled a copper missile at an asteroid – Tempel 1. It struck at 5.52 am GMT or Universal Time. The first images were received in the control room at 5.57 am.

It was only last week that I had commented to Jenny that nothing had happened to America and it was six weeks into Year 229. Then the seventh week passed and, to the day, Hurricane Katrina struck the Gulf States, leaving the Crescent City under water, a reminder of how it must have begun for Atlantis.

As the days have gone by since Katrina hit Louisiana, the real nature of the society of the 'Land of the Free' has been exposed for all to see.

Is it just chance that the hurricane flattened the Gulf gambling city of Biloxi and flooded 'Big Easy', the 'anything goes' 'city beneath the sea'? And is there not a curious irony in the names? The Gulf Coast was devastated and the Crescent City? Is it in part God's justice for what the world's most powerful nation has done in two Gulf Wars to the people of the Crescent? One soldier, recently returned from Iraq, said New Orleans was now "like downtown Baghdad."

And it was the poor in New Orleans who were left behind. In that phrase lies another curious coincidence which occurs to me as I write this. Was not *Left Behind* the first book in the best-selling, if rather too literal series of novels loosely based around the *Book of Revelation* and the End Times?

229 years, 7 weeks. The code number for the End Times is 2297. This Code was revealed to me on 23<sup>rd</sup> September 1989 after my initial discovery of a particular video shop the night before which had a copy of a particular video which I had had difficulty in locating. Even that appeared to have an incredible precision of timing, for 22<sup>nd</sup> September is 22-9. When I had gone to hire it on the afternoon of the 23<sup>rd</sup> as they had just closed the night before, I had to join the video club. The computer allocated me the next number on the database – 2297. The film is a story of the progression of the signs of the approaching end of the world. A central theme of the film is a strange coincidence revolving around the number 229. And of course, the film's title is *The Seventh Sign* – hence 2297. It is spoiled by its Hollywood ending. But despite this, there is strong evidence of inspiration.

At this point, as I write, I am suddenly reminded of Shrub Hill. I have a clear vision of a railway station. In a flash, I realise that I had indeed been given, well in advance, signs that link to the New Orleans floods. That was on 25<sup>th</sup> June, as year 228 drew to a close, a year of Revelation.

Now I could attempt to explain the vision. On 25<sup>th</sup> June, I was in Worcester for reasons related to my research on the kings of England, and in particular the Princes of Wales. By coincidence, that city does bear another connection for me, for I obtained my Chemistry degree at Worcester College, Oxford. However, my spiritual connections seem more related to its predecessor on that site, Gloucester Hall, which was a Benedictine foundation.

I had spent the afternoon in Worcester. By 'chance', I had found a railway station, Worcester Foregate Street, then spent some time in the town, afterwards making my way to the cathedral. I was struck by the usual helpfulness and piety of the priests. "The tomb's down there," said priest number one, pointing to the High Altar. "I hope you have paid for a photographic permit," said priest number two. There was no curiosity as to why I asked about a particular tomb, or why I was photographing it with such evident interest.

After tea, back at Foregate Street, there were more very curious connections surrounding my exit from the usual exorbitantly priced town 'centre' carpark so characteristic of Britain today. Because of the time and my noticing an old '557' van, I pulled into a small side road no more than 300 yards from the car park. I found myself outside the back of the cathedral.

After this, I went to find the river view of the cathedral which I had found on a reproduction of an old postcard. I had no sooner taken the photograph than a large boat appeared. I photographed it cruising down past the cathedral. As it came down to the road bridge, I realised it was a party outing. I could hear the loud pop music, and in the failing light, I could see the flashing disco lights. The people on the back deck all had their glasses in hand. I was reminded of the *Marchioness* disaster on 20<sup>th</sup> August 1989. But did this odd juxtaposition have any deeper meaning?

Just hours before that disaster, we had stood on Albert Bridge in Chelsea and Jenny had looked at the swirling, black waters of the Thames beneath and said "How could anyone survive in that?" What caused her to make such an uncannily prophetic statement? Why did she think of people in the water at all? It was hardly commonplace for people to swim in the Thames. About four hours later, the *Marchioness* collided with the dredger *Bowbelle* and most of the partygoers didn't survive. That night on television there was a film adaptation of an inspired play by Alan Ayckbourne called *Way Upstream*. It is the story of how normal life, a cruise on the Norfolk Broads, progresses through pomposity, incompetence and apparent salvation, to fun, which in turn becomes licentiousness, then terror, and ends up at Armageddon Bridge. We had seen the film on TV in 1987 when we were living in the Scottish Borders. Its being repeated now seemed to us most significant.

I could not see why I was being reminded of the *Marchioness* and its Armageddon Bridge connection, but then, so often, I only understand the coded messages precisely **after** the event has occurred. The Orchestrator knows what is to come and chooses to give me such information as I need at the time. I make of it what I can. Sometimes the information comes very precisely in the form of guidance as to what course I should follow.

I then drove back into the town to follow the other railway station signs I had noticed. I knew there was another station because I had been to a station in Worcester in 1965, and Foregate Street had not seemed at all familiar. I soon found the other station, the main station, the ex-Great Western station which is called Shrub Hill. It was only when I saw one particular train, just a miserable multiple unit, not a real train, that I suddenly made the connection with Shrub. But that link I saw as being to the Dorset Disaster yet to come, not to the Katrina disaster which has just unfolded.

There were some very curious coincidences with numbers, both of cars and of a taxi on the rank. I only noticed the latter when I was calling from an old-fashioned red

phone box. I telephoned Jenny in New Zealand on a NZ Telecom calling card at a rate which is less than the cost of local calls in England. How market forces distort society!

Then a curious coincidence transpired. Nicki, one of Jenny's daughters, lives on a canal boat based in Birmingham, and had been moving around the Birmingham area on a 'royal progress' over the course of the previous six weeks or so, mooring the boat at different locations. This gave her some variety for commuting into central Birmingham. That weekend, by a strange coincidence, she was moored on the River Avon just outside Worcester. She had just arrived that very night shortly before I had phoned Jenny, and had expressed a desire for me to call in and see her if I was in the area. Immediately the thought of Armageddon Bridge and the cruising boats flashed into my mind. It all seemed to be too much of a coincidence to be chance, but I could see no meaning in it all. Was I missing something important?

The next morning I telephoned Nicki. She was moored at Pershore, a few miles from Worcester, and invited me to go for a late breakfast. She warned me they had been fighting the flood the night before. I remembered there had been a huge storm the night before I reached Worcester. It had seemed so appropriate, given the main purpose of my visit to Worcester, as I understood it. But that linked back to an event in 1502. Unbeknown to me, it seemed that part of my visit to Worcester also linked to what was to come in 2005, 503 years later.<sup>26</sup>

When I arrived at the Pershore site, Nicki showed me the path that leads to the towpath from the carpark. It was underwater. She told how they had had to be careful where they moored the boat on the Saturday night, as they could not see the towpath at all. It would be a disaster to be left high and dry when the waters receded! It had been a worrying night. After breakfast, I met her travelling companions who owned a longer boat. They came and chatted for a while. They were all going down to Tewkesbury later that morning. I declined the invitation to accompany them because of the problems of getting back to my car in Pershore on a Sunday. Public transport in Britain is not what it was, especially on a Sunday. I half heard some joking reference to the difficulty of navigating under Eckington Bridge but thought nothing of it at the time. It meant nothing to me.

Back on her boat, I talked to Nicki and her friend for a while about the purpose of my visit to Worcester and the cycles of destiny that so closely involved the present Prince of Wales and the death of the Pope. They walked back with me to the car and then she noticed a plaque on the wall directly in front of where I had parked my car. I happened to have parked directly in front of the toilet block. The plaque marked the highest level of the Avon flood in 150 years. The car would have been well underwater. That flood had occurred on 10<sup>th</sup> April 1998.

The narrow boats departed in tandem for Tewkesbury. I had a rest and then, after lunch, decided to have a look at Pershore, but I spent little time as most of the shops were closed on a Sunday afternoon. By mid-afternoon I had set off for Tewkesbury by road, en route to Gloucester.

Halfway to Tewkesbury, I noticed a sign for Eckington. I wondered "Was that not the name of the difficult bridge they had joked about that morning? Could it be another link to Armageddon Bridge?" A diversion definitely seemed worthwhile. The number

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<sup>26</sup> It is strange that this number 503 occurs in Dan Brown's *Angels & Demons* as an example of a code which has a meaning only to the people who devised it. To others, it is just the numbers. And *Angels & Demons* linked strongly into the purpose of my visit to Worcester.

on the car mileage and the time when I arrived both confirmed this. It was a lovely summer's afternoon, one of the best days of my stay in England, in fact. I spent a few hours in the picnic park at the moorings. Beautifully lit by the rays of the setting sun, the old sandstone bridge reflected gloriously in the water. It was a far cry from the torrential rain and the floods little more than twenty-four hours earlier.

Suddenly the peace and quiet was broken by the musical chimes of an ice cream van arriving. It was a Stars & Stripes ice cream van, decorated with American flags and the name was AMERICANO. A few people walked across and I joined the end of the queue. After buying my ice cream, I chatted to the vendor for a while. He told me of how he had recently been the victim of a burglary, another personal indication of the sorry state of Britain today. It was one of the strong series of signs that led us to emigrate in 1995.<sup>27</sup> As I watched him and his van disappear with its Stars & Stripes, I thought: "Maybe they will have cause to scream soon."

Then, whilst photographing the last rays of the sun on the bridge, I suddenly noticed an unmarked white van. Perhaps it had arrived after I had, perhaps not, but it was only now that I noticed it. Its registration number was R229 MPN. This was a particularly significant number here, given the meaning of the Code 229 being Armageddon or the End of the World. It was parked almost as close as you could get to the bridge. The message of Armageddon Bridge could not be clearer. And was it really chance that led to the boat moored in front of R229 PMN having the most appropriate name of *Quest*? Was that not a good description of my venture? I was on a quest to seek the truth, guided by psychic messages and meaningful coincidences. I had parked on the far side of the picnic area, giving me a much broader view of the bridge, the river and the whole picnic area.

MPN has a very specific scientific meaning. When bacteriologists analyse water samples for bacterial contamination, they report the result in terms of 'Most Probable Number' – MPN. It is a partly statistical analysis based on a count of a small area – rather different from the precision of a chemical analysis or a physical measurement. So the theme was clear. The most probable number is 229. But although I saw it as a clear link to my research, I could not see the specific reference until I came to write this chapter. 9.43.06.

Just in front of this van was a fisherman trying his luck in the falling waters. The river was still high from the night before. I watched a pleasure cruiser go upstream, its windows catching the glint of the low sun. It was just like the one in Ayckbourn's

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<sup>27</sup> The series of burglaries and thefts began in Plymouth while I was working down there during the week. My caravan was broken into and a small portable TV stolen. It is, of course, just chance that it happened on 22<sup>nd</sup> September 1991 (22.9.91). Then in late August 1992, our car was the subject of thieves' attentions in Epsom when it was broken into. There was little in the car, so the thieves stole the headlights. This happened during our first visit to the annual Small Publishers' Fair in London. The following August, the caravan was again the subject of unwelcome attention, being stolen from a farmer's camping site. Was it just coincidence that the evening it was stolen, I was out at an art class? It was a 'paint a fake' project. I had just begun a reproduction of John Martin's painting of the end of the world *The Great Day of His Wrath*. Six weeks later came our next visit to the Small Publishers' Fair, when this time we had a stand. On that occasion, the car itself was stolen. Its recovery had very powerful elements of the Alpha and Omega Codes.

These increasing attacks on us by the criminal elements, plus the seemingly never-ending battles in the English courts, finally led us to conclude we were meant to emigrate to New Zealand. The pointers led to Jenny's native land.

play. The theme of *Way Upstream* with its climax at Armageddon Bridge could not be clearer. But, what did it all mean? A cluster of things such as this is almost invariably important, a sign, a pointer. But to what in this instance?

That night I headed south and spent the next day in Gloucester. The 27<sup>th</sup> June gave uncanny links to my father and Boddington's Brewery. It was a curious echo of 27<sup>th</sup> June 1990 at Akhenaten's city which had so strongly carried the message 'My son' so precisely.

On reflection, the elements were all present – Shrub, safe on his hill; the flood and the sign marking the highest level for 150 years; the partygoers – New Orleans is known as a party town; Armageddon Bridge and the white van; American Icecream; MPN which is particularly relevant to bacterial contamination in the flooded city now. It was the last week of Year 228. Was the series of coincidences heralding the next 229 event to come, Hurricane Katrina?

The only explanation which really fits is one of Intelligent Design. Random chance and chaos might well describe the American response to the disaster of Katrina, but it does not describe the acts of the Hand that set Katrina in motion on 23<sup>rd</sup> August. By 'chance' the day of Destiny, 24<sup>th</sup> August, was the day of the writing on the wall and my discovery of *The Nostradamus Inheritance*. But that was 1991 in another cathedral city – Salisbury. And once again, the hand of God was more in evidence outside the cathedral than in it.<sup>28</sup>

Now you must ask yourself: "Is the fact that Katrina comes 229 years and 7 weeks after American independence just chance? Or is the most probable number (MPN) 229 evidence of Intelligent Design, a much higher intelligence than that which currently occupies the Oval Office? 9.50.31. R229MPN as a homophone could be written 'Aahh 229 MPN' symbolizing a sudden flash of understanding as in 'I see it now!'

Katrina is merely the second instalment of the First Angel and another link to *Angels & Demons*... That book, which is probably more inspired than *The Da Vinci Code*, is a novel written around a Conclave for the election of a pope, and the four mediaeval elements – Earth, Air, Fire and Water. The Sumatra tidal wave was water. But the deluge was produced by the action of the earth. With Katrina, the fury of the water was produced by the action of the air.

So, what combination of the elements will next strike the world's most powerful nation? Will it be fire and air, as in the *Dorset Disaster*? Or will it be fire and earth, as in a volcano, like Mt. St. Helens? Or will it be merely earth alone – an earthquake, just like the one of which I was given the signs so clearly on 17<sup>th</sup> October 1994, 12 hours before the earthquake struck San Francisco with some power and causing considerable damage?

As I described in the last chapter, as if to emphasise that my conclusions concerning the apocalypse are correct, a strange coincidence occurred on the night of 1<sup>st</sup> September. A sequence of events in my print shop caused a major malfunction in my laminating machine. It was all to do with a missing heat-shield.<sup>29</sup> Later that night, when I stripped

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<sup>28</sup> *The Nostradamus Inheritance* is a novel by Raymond Leonard with as its theme the calculation of the date the world will end by a supercomputer, using the equations of Nostradamus. Armageddon Day is calculated by Titan as 27<sup>th</sup> August. I had found the novel in a charity shop when we stopped in Salisbury for the day en route back to Epsom from my work in Plymouth.

<sup>29</sup> Strange that those words came into my mind as I wrote this brief summary of the events! They link to the loss of the two space shuttles, *Challenger* and *Columbia*. The latter was intended to be a warning to Bush, prior to the invasion of Iraq. See *The Alpha and Omega Codes*.

the machine down, I discovered that I had incorrectly refitted the heat-shield and, as I feared, the element had burnt out. As I looked at the damaged element, the following words came into my mind:

*The elements will melt with fervent heat...*

I wasn't sure of the exact origin of that quote. It turns out to be 2 Peter 3:10. It begins "The day of the Lord shall come as a thief in the night..."

The next morning, the *New Zealand Herald* carried a headline which was much more accurate than the compositors realised – "Apocalypse Now". It was 1<sup>st</sup> September when I realised when this sign was given to me – 109. Perhaps Katrina is a warning that, as far as God is concerned, the end for the American dream has finally begun.

As I explained earlier, it is an obscure, antiquated laminating machine. I was pretty sure I would not be able to get exactly the right heater replacement. But I did find one that was an approximate fit and it had precisely the right electrical resistance. Unfortunately, it burnt out within an hour because of its design. The spacing of the windings was reduced at the ends of the heater. It had been designed for a different application where heat loss was greater at the ends. That was not the case with this machine and thus had led to local overheating. That was on the night of 5<sup>th</sup> September. But as Jenny pointed out when I told her my lack of success after stripping out the second element, "You've now got two elements burnt out. Isn't the quote 'The elements [plural] will melt with fervent heat'?"

I modified the windings on a second heater element and used that to laminate the cover for Jenny's cancer book. Then I glued the first stitched copy of the book into the cover, pasted the end papers and left it to dry overnight. It was ready for 6<sup>th</sup> September 2005. Her book begins Chapter 1 with this very date, 6<sup>th</sup> September 2000. It was the date of her diagnosis with cancer. She has chosen to follow the signs God gives her in her fight with cancer, thus has declined the cutting and burning of conventional surgery and radiotherapy. It is not easy but she's sure it is the best way. And as time goes on she becomes ever more sure. The signs we are given cannot simply be chance.

I had dictated the latter part of this chapter to Jenny. Suddenly she remembered something very significant. "You have led into that very neatly," she said. "It was last Saturday, 27<sup>th</sup> August, when I sent a fax to my doctor before he went on holiday, to thank him for supporting me for these five years." It was almost at her significant five year anniversary of her diagnosis with cancer. She felt she had beaten the odds. They had only given her a 92% chance of survival (five years, unspoken) even if she had had all their treatment. Jenny continued, "Then I phoned to check the fax would be given to him as he was leaving on holiday that afternoon and I had to clarify something about my new medication. It was Katrina who answered the phone. She was on reception duty that Saturday morning. She promised to pass the message on and phone back or else possibly the doctor might contact me directly. How strange it should be Katrina on Armageddon Day!"

The inter-connectedness of the strange coincidences, the recurrent dates, the recurrent numbers, the meaningful symbolism, the words which come unbidden into the mind, makes too coherent a picture for 'chance' even remotely to be the correct explanation.

And the other theme of that day in Salisbury in 1991 was 'The Writing on the Wall'. This seems a most appropriate metaphor, not only for America, but for mankind in general!

Finally, I would ask whether it is also just chance that precisely fourteen years separates those two 23<sup>rd</sup> August dates – 5114 days. This just happens to be 2x2557 days, and '557' was the original key code which initially predicted Lockerbie, 19 days in advance of the disaster. That prophecy code, too, revolved around a station, this time at Melrose. But America is not Melrose Place and the prophecy codes of Katrina are more complex. But they do include a station. Perhaps it is significant that it is a Great Western station, for the time is approaching when the great America will indeed 'go west'. The number of the multiple unit at Shrub Hill Station was 235 – which I saw as the warning of a nuclear disaster yet to come. It was America that unwisely used its wealth and power to unlock the power of the atom. But Day 235 of the year is 23<sup>rd</sup> August, the day of Katrina's birth. The following day, at Pershore, came the signs of the Flood.

Mary's story must be true. There must be a God, an intelligent Designer, who has finally lost patience with an errant mankind. It is all just as Mary warned nearly two decades ago now. Almost daily in our lives, the codes are proved correct. Now they are being proved to the world at large – that is, to anyone who cares to look past their rose-coloured spectacles or patriotic flags and consider the evidence.

Wednesday, September 07, 2005 4:23:01 p.m.



## 38. TANGMERE

On 29<sup>th</sup> June 2005, I had a particularly powerful experience. It was so precise, so specifically oriented to my past, to my being in the right place at the right time. Yet I could not understand the message that I felt must be contained within it. I could not crack the code.

I had spent the morning in Tetbury, the nearest town to Highgrove, the home of Charles, Prince of Wales. I was en route from Berkeley to Bath, both places being intimately connected in the Alpha and Omega Codes. For Berkeley Castle was the site of the death of Edward II, first Prince of Wales.

"Behold, I give you a prince who can speak no English!" These were the words reputedly said by Edward I as he held up the baby prince to the assembled Welsh nobles. It was fortunate he was not familiar with the Koranic tale of the newborn baby who could speak and predict his own future.

Given the future of this first Prince of Wales, perhaps it was as well; for Edward II proved to be a weak king, and his wife and her lover took their revenge at Berkeley Castle. Edward II was found dead 'without a mark upon him'. It is said he was dispatched in a way that matched his lifestyle.

The coincidences at Berkeley on the previous day had been quite amazing. After all, it was 'Prophecy Day' in the Alpha and Omega Codes for the Princes of Wales. That name came from events in 1984 and 1990. It was certainly re-echoed in 2005.

Now I had just arrived in Bath. My intention, essentially, was to photograph a building opposite a garage. Bath was again linked to Charles, via his 'home'. So there is the thread – from Alpha to Omega. I had spent most of the day in Tetbury. Not for nothing is the British Telecom access code 1666. At the time of my first visit, on 16<sup>th</sup> September 1991, it was 0666. And on that day also, my next stop had been in Bath.

So, as I wound my way into Bath, my mind was on anything but trains. It was the rush hour. I had no idea where I was in relation to the city centre. I was looking for a car park handy for the centre, as I needed to find a branch of Jessops to burn a CD and download a camera film.

Somewhat lost and cursing as I found myself in a one-way system, I turned down to retrace my route when I was confronted by what appeared to be a time warp. Was I dreaming? Smack ahead was the river and over it a bridge. On the bridge was the unmistakable outline of a steam engine, a Bulleid Pacific – an un-rebuilt 'Spam Can' as we used to call them. Black smoke idly swirled from the chimney. I shot off a photograph. It was the last on the roll.

"Is it real?" I wondered. "A vision from the past?" But the heavy rush hour traffic was real. Pulling across a gap in the busy two lanes, I found a tiny refuge to pull the car off the road. Then I noticed the trip mileage reading 229.5 miles. Frantically, I deleted a few images and leapt out of the car. Suddenly a column of black smoke shot up from the engine, its reflection mirrored in the River Avon below. It was the unmistakable, unsteady start of a Bulleid Pacific getting its train in motion.<sup>30</sup>

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<sup>30</sup> As I wrote this, an image came into my mind of the spinning wheels of a Bulleid Pacific trying to start its heavy train at London's Waterloo Station. I had seen the image in a magazine in the local Take Note

The driving wheels would almost always spin like fury, nothing like the sure-footed Coronation Pacifics I knew so much better. There was no mistaking it. The driver had been given the 'Off'. It was departing. Slowly gaining traction, it inched forwards, and its lovely brown and cream rake of old Pullman coaches came slowly into view as the loco disappeared behind the trees. It had been a unique 'window of opportunity'.

Three poor quality photographs – the location perfect, the lighting fair, the train in a perfect landscape. Not a good 'railway' shot in terms of loco or train detail – but very precisely framed. And it was reflected perfectly in the River Avon. It was just as when I arrived at Durham Station a few weeks later, just in time to photograph the arrival of 91021 locomotive on a north-bound King's Cross express. In the shot, the name was precisely framed between the pillars – correct to 1/100<sup>th</sup> of a second – *Archbishop Thomas Cranmer*. That was at the height of the bomb scares.

But this evening in Bath, the London bombs were still a week away. It was only a minute since I had pulled in. I marvelled at the precision of the timing. Could it really just be chance that had led me to this spot? And back in the car, I noticed the trip mileage reading of 229.5 miles! Continuing in my new direction, I later found an expensive car park by the cricket ground, beside the railway line. But the view of the railway was destroyed by the trees. I had deleted a few more shots after photographing the 229.5 miles reading on the trip mileage indicator. The few shots I took on the way to the cricket ground car park left me with 507 on the roll! The theme was clear – 229, 507, World's End. But what possible connection could it have to a 'Spam Can' on a Pullman?<sup>31</sup>

Next I had another 'picnic tea' in the rather less appealing corner of the car park. Whilst downloading and wiping a 'film', I could hear the trains no more than fifty feet away at the top of the wooded embankment that edged the car park. It was also the railway rush hour. I heard the tiny DMUs and the growl of the HST power cars. But I could see barely a glimpse through the trees. More and more I marvelled at the perfection of the place of my 'vision' and its timing. I had arrived barely a minute before departure time. Was it another reference to the knowledge of the timing of the End by the Source of Intelligence? Was that the link to 229 and 507 – Train of Events! Pulling in at the 'refuge', I was immediately struck by another strange coincidence. The little opening I had pulled into, blocked off by bollards, was the entrance to a canal towpath. I had noticed the river in my hurry, but not the canal. So why again was there an emphasis on the canal? Was it another link to Armageddon Bridge three days earlier? Even in Gloucester on the 27<sup>th</sup>, I had parked by the canal at Gloucester docks. The choice was decided by the fact that it was only half as exorbitant for parking as closer in to the city.

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newsagents only the night before. I had never before seen such a photograph ever. What makes it particularly significant is that there are very few bookshops in New Zealand which carry British railway magazines. This shop was most unusual. It also happened to be very 'conveniently' located.

<sup>31</sup> As I write this, I realise the Pullmans were the only American trains to run on British Railways – Rolling stock of the Pullman Car Company. The time was 8.31.07 on 21<sup>st</sup> September. I was wondering what it could possibly have to do with Prince Charles, for the date of seeing this loco was the anniversary of his confession of adultery in the BBC TV programme on 29<sup>th</sup> June 1994. The time on my watch is an Alpha and Omega Code par excellence, for 8.31 is 8/31 – Diana died on 8.31.97. And she was born on 1<sup>st</sup> July 1961 – 1.07.61. What is more, I was only in Bath at all because of the 1991 experience which so precisely prophesied the manner of her death and the book which gave the vital links. The 'Spam Can' and its train were to form a vital code element in the American train of events to come.

And why 229.5? What did this 'Spam Can' have to do with Armageddon or the End of the World?

I didn't even know which one it was. There was no hope of identifying it from the low resolution photograph. Was it a West Country? Or was it a Battle of Britain? The choice of names reflected the extent of the old Southern Railway – the wartime airfields and squadrons of Kent, Surrey and Sussex in the Battle of Britain, and the towns and cities of Somerset, Dorset<sup>32</sup>, Devon and Cornwall – the Kentish Belle and the Atlantic Coast Express.

The latter certainly linked to my time working in Plymouth in 1991. I was involved with commissioning sewage works for Howard Humphreys. The main object of my attention then was Little Petherick, near Padstow – a terminus for the Atlantic Coast Express.

After taking a few photos of the canal and the river in the long shadows of the setting sun, I turned round to photograph the traffic 'island' which I was negotiating when I had come upon the 'time warp'. Glinting in the sunlight was a sign. I zoomed in. The sign said simply 'SOURCE' in an oval. It could mean only one thing. I had been led to this point by the Source of Intelligence. 'SOURCE' was picked out by the light of the sun – Aten-Ra or Ra, as Akhenaten called this manifestation of God and as we also call Him most of the time. It avoids the confusion of God equalling Jesus, though we do tend to talk of God to others, as well as occasionally Elohim or Allah.

I pulled in to photograph the building opposite the garage which had been drawn to my attention as I had filled my car with petrol on my way back to Plymouth in September 1991. As I had waited for the tank to fill, I had chanced to glance across the road. My eye lighted upon the large sign engraved in the stone of the building opposite – DEPOSITORY. It was still there, fourteen years later. In 1991, my mind had made a rapid association – Depository – Texas – Assassination – Houston – Kennedy. I had just been to Tetbury.

I thought little more of it at the time. I was very busy with the job. I was already a day late back. Things would go from bad to worse when I tried to expose what I felt were lapses in the construction work being done. The job was to end in little over a month, but not before more strong evidence arrived that I was right on all counts, especially about inspiration and destiny.

I drove back into Bath, noticing a bookshop I felt I needed to visit. I found a city centre car park but even at 8.45 pm, there were few spaces. However, at least it was 'cheap' at that time of night!

Bath Spa Station, as it was in Great Western days and even the days of British Railways, was now just Bath. Green Park and Queen Square Stations are no more. Green Park is now a supermarket. Unlike many stations, it is largely as it was in the days when Castles, Halls, Granges and Counties would grace the busy station. But it would never have seen a Bulleid Pacific. They were to be found on the Somerset and Dorset route from Bournemouth to Birmingham.<sup>33</sup>

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<sup>32</sup> As I edited this, I realised there was a missing county. I saw a map of Britain, then realised the omission – Dorset. How significant!

<sup>33</sup> Is it just 'chance' or destiny that led to my last journey on my English trip being from Bournemouth to Birmingham, via Salisbury and Bath?

I saw a British Rail station employee go into an office so I knocked and opened the door. He had his back to me, but turned as I entered the room. I asked him, "What was the steam train working?"

"VSOE," he replied. "Bristol to London."

"Do you know what the loco was?"

"No idea," he replied. "It came and it went."

That says a lot for the interest of railway employees. It was just a job. It was a far cry from the days when men were proud to work for 'The Company' e.g. The London and North Western Railway Company. They would even attend evening self-improvement classes in their own time.

That was a different world. Times have changed with a vengeance. But then, I suppose that was in part what nationalization did.

Outside on the platform, I noticed someone who could be a train spotter. "He will know," I thought. So I asked him which Bulleid Pacific had taken out the Pullman Special.

"Tangmere," was his reply. The number 34067 came into my mind and a black and white image of it.<sup>34</sup> It is the one member of the class illustrated in the first book I ever made. In 1959, at the height of the trainspotting boom, Ian Allan *Combined Volumes* were impossible to buy, so I had tried to make up my own.

But what in particular, if anything, did *Tangmere* mean? Why had I been led to it so very precisely? And why was it surrounded by all the signs of the End Times?

There was not a lot to interest me in Bath Station, though. A First Great Western HST came and went, heading for Paddington. "Rather a misnomer," I thought. "The first Great Western was the real one, the Great Western of Brunel, Churchward and Collett." Definitely this was a product of a PR department.

A westbound DMU arrived. Locals piled on, many in 'high spirits'. I rang Jenny from one of the phone boxes. It was mid-morning in Auckland. I told her of the day's events and my puzzling over the 'Spam Can'. "What is that racket in the background?" she asked. I explained it was the local revellers, and then came the deafening roar of an HST power car as a westbound express arrived.

Afterwards, I drove out of Bath to find a quiet layby to spend the night.

My attention was drawn to this particular locomotive once again a few weeks later, when I opened a copy of a railway magazine in a bookstall on Edinburgh's Waverley Station. Here was a photograph of *Tangmere* on the VSOE leaving London's Victoria Station. But still I could not understand why it was important. Waverley Station had

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<sup>34</sup> Perhaps the reason I had the image was because it was one member of the class of 110 G Pacifics illustrated in my Ian Allan *abc of British Railway Locomotives*. Whilst thinking about *Tangmere* a few weeks ago, it suddenly occurred to me that it might be the one illustrated in my book. A quick check proved this to be the case. But there is a very strange coincidence, a strong element of destiny, which links to this book. The little trainspotting books were published as separate volumes for the Western, Southern, Midland and Eastern regions and diesel and electric locomotive and rolling stock. But a much more expensive *Combined Volume* was also available to those whose parents were rich enough to afford the 10/6d in one go. I dutifully paid my 2/6d one by one. I had remembered a pang of jealousy when my cousin arrived one day flaunting his new *Combined Volume*. Some while later I attempted to combine the separate volumes together in a sewn book – two volumes, to be precise. There were too many images for one volume, I felt. One volume is still intact. The other, which has the pictures, was never completed and has since disintegrated. It is a strange link because it relates strongly to now when I am partially again sewing books. So perhaps the much maligned trainspotter is not the fool the media so likes to portray.

an important role in our past. It had been our sole retail operation. Jenny and I had a shop in Waverley Market between February and May 1988 during the *Gold of the Pharaohs* exhibition. We were selling Egyptian papyrus paintings and attempting to educate the public about ancient Egypt.

I heard one woman's comments as she went past our shop one day. "It's that Greek Pharaohs stuff." I think she spoke in ignorance, rather than from her deep understanding that Tutankhamun and Tanis were later followed by the short dynasty of the 'Greek Pharaohs'.

The Venice-Simplon Orient Express was also significant on a personal level. But *Tangmere* was once again being linked powerfully into the Alpha and Omega Codes, for I had seen this train only once before. It had stopped at Epsom Station an hour or so before our wedding on the morning of 14<sup>th</sup> April 1990. Jenny was a bit upset because I had to go and photograph it, and she was worried I would be late for our wedding. But I felt it was important. It was something she just could not understand.

It was only last week whilst lying in the bath that I finally cracked the code of the 'Spam Can'. I found myself thinking of the Bulleid Pacifics – West Countries. I thought of the Battle of Britain and the Hurricanes and Spitfires defending Britain from the might of the Third Reich. Suddenly it hit me – Hurricanes! Was *Tangmere* a pointer to Hurricane Katrina? Was that why my seeing *Tangmere* had been surrounded by the code numbers for the End of the World – 507, 229 and the symbol of the end of the film? It fitted perfectly. But the link was not strong enough, not precise enough, for my liking, but fit it did!

I pondered to myself, "I need to know: did RAF Tangmere have squadrons of Hurricanes or squadrons of Spitfires?" Then I remembered seeing the sign for Tangmere on my drive across the South Coast from Brighton to Portsmouth as I neared the end of my trip. There had been a Brighton bus way out of its territory parked in a layby not many miles after the Tangmere exit off the A27. I had seen its fleet number – 507 – as I passed and rapidly slowed and pulled into the layby. I needed a cup of tea anyway.<sup>35</sup>

I called to Jenny, "Next time you are the internet, see if you can find out whether Tangmere had Hurricanes or Spitfires."

Jenny occasionally did searches in connection with her cancer treatment, in the middle of the book typing. I got on with writing, editing and resolving the problems with the mechanics of printing and binding. On the morning of 10<sup>th</sup> September, I decided to check to see if we had a book on the Battle of Britain in our very extensive library. We have about 40,000 books, but so many of our books are still in boxes. However, almost immediately I saw one which was just what I needed – *Fighter Squadrons of the Battle of Britain*. I took it off the shelf. It had been sold off by Portsmouth City Library in July 1994. The cancellation strip was 30<sup>th</sup> June – very close to the date of my seeing *Tangmere* in Bath. Tangmere did appear in the index, but the book did not give the evidence I needed. It had chapters on individual squadrons with

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<sup>35</sup> Jenny had inserted a note as she typed this: "Was this one of the bases you looked after when you were at Portsmouth?" She was reminding me of yet another quirk of destiny – my last job in England had been as Public Health Engineer for Unicorn Consulting, the recently privatised arm of the MoD. I was based at Brunel House in Portsmouth and was responsible for advising on sewage treatment and water supply matters for all the Army, Royal Navy and RAF bases across the South Coast from Kent to Dorset. And when I pulled in to photograph Brighton bus 507, I was on my way to Portsmouth to take photographs around Brunel House and Portsmouth Harbour railway station.

little obvious mention of location. The only specific reference to Tangmere seemed to be to a squadron of Spitfires.

Later, I checked our letterbox to find a leaflet offering free computing courses in various places around Auckland, including Papakura. I glanced at the list of courses. It included *Powerpoint*, a programme I had not done much with but felt I should. It could be a way to promote our books.

I had produced audio-visual training courses in the late 1970s and early 1980s whilst working as Operations Area Manager for Northumbrian Water. That was when it was difficult. I had to use multiple projectors and sound-synchronizing tape recorders. I had produced wide-ranging AVs on sewage treatment, its history, purpose, technology, as well as its role in the water cycle. I had applied the technique to my other interest – railways. The last proper AV I had ever produced had been *Cathedrals of Steam*, intuitively combining the power of the steam engine with the Voice of God – the church organ. It had been highly effective, coupling the image of the starting of a steam engine with a slow rendering of Purcell's *Trumpet Tune*, you could feel the power of the engine as the organ thundered.

How strange I had allied the Voice of God to the starting of a steam engine in October 1982. And had not my Bath 'Spam Can' experience centred on precisely such a moment, the dramatic starting of a steam engine? Now I was trying to establish a link between the Hand of God leading me to the starting of a steam engine in Bath and the Voice of God showing His Wrath at the evils of mankind in Hurricane Katrina. I remembered that the first hymn during the Lockerbie memorial service was *Dear Lord and Father of Mankind*, set to Parry's wonderful music. Does this hymn not close by asking God to "Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire, / O still [...] voice of calm"?

Yes, God does indeed help those who, in their lives, have truly sought Him; who have at least lived according to His ways. Yes, no doubt they do know that 'still, small voice of calm', when it matters. As for the rest, who merely call upon Him in their hour of need, a refuge of last resort when all the earthly powers have failed them – no, He is deaf to their pleadings.

But God does indeed speak to man through the mediums of the earthquake, wind and fire, in both senses of the line. He reminds man that before the power of God, as displayed through what 'enlightened' man prefers to call 'Mother Nature', man's power is as naught. Look how Katrina humbled the mightiest power on earth.

Remember Sumatra? God spoke through the earthquake, which brought the tidal wave; in Katrina, He spoke through the wind, which brought the waves and the flood. Next should be the fire. Will it be California? There are strong indicators, especially from my experiences in England in July 2005.

I rang and enquired about the free computer training courses. Naturally suspicious, living as we do in the brave, new world of market forces, I asked: "Why are they free? Who is paying?" I was told that it is financed by the Ministry of Education, promoting Community Education through Manukau Institute of Technology. I booked a place for the afternoon of Wednesday, 14<sup>th</sup> September. It seemed very appropriate.

That afternoon, I had to go into Papakura to get a piece of equipment to improve a bookbinding process. I decided to go via the Selwyn Arcade and investigate whether this course was worth my time. Walking along the Great South Road, I passed the Take Note bookshop. It was quite late in the afternoon, 4.45 pm, and the low sun was

shining on a table of cut-price books outside the shop. Prominent in the middle of the table was a book propped up vertically: *HURRICANES – The Illustrated History*. It showed one of the iconic fighters picked out in the sun above the partially shadowed patchwork quilt of the Britain they defended in 1940.

Making a mental note to look on my way back, I went to find the computer training place in the Selwyn Arcade. It was housed in a shop beside the only second-hand bookshop in Papakura, whose owner I know well. We had had a number of significant 'finds' in that shop over the years, one of the most notable being *The Blind Watchmaker* at a most appropriate point; and in 1995, shortly after our arrival in New Zealand, another important book, *John Martin*, a book which has been involved in two remarkable coincidences in our time in Auckland, one in 1994 and one in 2005.

In the bookshop window closest to the computer shop was *Ancient Egypt*, a book whose cover was illustrated only by a shadowy relief outline of the unmistakable head of Nefertiti – rather symbolic of her ghost, her spirit. It seemed appropriate, given the importance both of her husband Akhenaten and her daughter Ankhnesneferibre in the Alpha and Omega Codes.

I enquired in the computer training centre about the Free B courses. I was shown the manual for *Powerpoint* and decided it would probably help me learn faster. It would certainly change my priority to now. I have a huge list of 'urgent things needing attention' stretching back to the 'crack of dawn', as it were.

Then I went back into the bookshop and first took down the 'Nefertiti' book. I knelt on the floor and flicked it open – my standard test for books. It opened at the Temple of Luxor with its sole obelisk, linking powerfully back to *The Sentinel of Eternity*. I turned a couple of pages. There was a close-up of the pyramidion, the cap of Hatshepsut's obelisk in the temple of Luxor. Unlike most of Hatshepsut's cartouches, this one was intact. Most were destroyed on the vengeful orders of her nephew Thutmose III. Presumably they had not been able to reach this one at the top of a standing obelisk. The defacers must have reckoned that hardly anyone could read it anyway at that height. The cartouche was quite unmistakable – Ka-Maat-Ra (Spirit of the Truth of Ra).

And of course, the sole obelisk standing outside the temple was Usr-Maat-Ra (power in the truth of Ra). I was being reminded of 'Sum Maat Ra', the Sumatran tidal wave and the *Sentinel of Eternity*. I happened to glance up at that moment and my eye was drawn to a nearby book on the shelf, facing into the shop, *APOCALYPSE – A Natural History of Global Disaster*. It was a 1999 book by Bill McGuire and looked at 'Four catastrophes lying in wait for the human race' – volcano, tidal wave, earthquake, asteroid. The author drew the parallel with the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

It echoed strongly Sumatra – and the warnings of the asteroid to come which had been repeated, especially in March and April 2005. I photographed the Apocalypse book with the pyramidion, then looked up and found my eye drawn to *Day of Judgement*, a book on an opposite shelf inside the shop. The message was quite unequivocal. I was being reminded that the Apocalypse has begun.

Then I happened to see another large, beautifully illustrated book on Ancient Egypt with the obligatory Tutankhamun death mask. What would they have ever done to illustrate books on Egypt if Carter had not been led to find that magnificent tomb? I was in two minds about that book, though. \$75 was a lot of money, although the book was well worth it. Our income is very limited now, certainly less than we spend. But we trust in Ra – always.

I flicked the book open. It fell at Abu Simbel – Code 558 – Death and Egypt – a ‘Bath’ code from September 1991 and also the code for the nuclear power disaster to come. Then the words came into my mind:

*Check page 229. That will tell you.*

I turned forward 14 pages to page 229. My eye was drawn to the words

On 4<sup>th</sup> November 1922, the workers of the English archaeologist Howard Carter hit upon the first steps of the entrance to the tomb of Tutankhamun. At the time, Carter surely could not have known that he had succeeded in unearthing the most sensational find in archaeological history.’...

NO – but Something else did! The heading to this section was “Tutankhamun, the Golden Pharaoh”. The finding of the tomb was now being linked to 229, and hence the End of the World, by the Voice that came into my mind. It has long been my thesis that this tomb and Ankhsoun’s story are key elements in the End Times sequences.

Having bought the books we could ill afford but which I was being told were important, I crossed the arcade into the side entrance of Take Note and looked at some British railway magazines, first one and then a second. I leafed through and came to “Waterloo – A Spotters’ Feast”. This article in the second magazine had a series of photographs at London’s Waterloo Station, some from 1952, others from right at the end of steam in 1967. My one lot of photos at Waterloo had been taken in December 1964. One photo in the magazine was a close-up of the driving wheels spinning on a Bulleid as it attempted to start its train. Thinking it was an excellent photograph, I leafed through the rest of the article. The last double-page spread showed 34052, once named *Lord Dowding*, but now shorn of its name plates, a clear sign that it was very much in the latter days. Within months, steam on the Southern Region was no more.

I did not buy the magazine, but went instead to look at the Hurricanes book on the front table. The sun was much lower now, only half the book being illuminated. I picked up the book and searched the index for Tangmere. There were four entries, the final one being page 226, the code number for Ra. I bought the book.

That night I went down to Hut 3 in my garden to finish yet another ‘final’ revision of this book. On stepping over the chaos to put on a table lamp, I saw *Down to a Sunless Sea*, a novel about Armageddon. It had been on the filing cabinet for months. For the first time I skimmed through it. It is set in October 1985 and its ending is similar to *On the Beach* – merely a different ‘beach’.

Then I went to see how Jenny was doing with her new Yahoo Group on the internet. She was just about to give up and have a bath. I told her to leave it connected so I could look for information about Hurricane squadrons at Tangmere, because Jenny had forgotten. So I typed into Google ‘Tangmere Hurricanes.’

Immediately I got a search return of a painting – *Tangmere Hurricanes over Britain in 1940*. But I was staggered to see the scene. It was a Southern Railway station with an SR 4-6-0 and a short local train of green SR coaches. “Good God in Heaven!” I thought. “Tangmere Hurricanes links me right back to railways.” I had come from an ex-SR locomotive 4-6-2 called *Tangmere* at Bath. I clicked on the image to save it, but an even greater surprise was in store! The ‘File Save As’ box came up and the file number offered was 507! It was the code for the End of the World. It was the final, precise confirmation that I needed. I was right. *Tangmere* – Hurricane – End of the World was the correct link I was supposed to make. It was the early hours of 13<sup>th</sup> September.



The next morning, I began writing this chapter. The ideas came. As I wrote about the spinning driving wheels on the 'Spam Can' struggling to start from Bath Spa, the vision came into my mind of the spinning 'box pox' wheels in the magazine in the Take Note bookshop. Then I remembered *Lord Dowding* in 'mufti' and I recalled that, to me, he was important also for another reason. He had been an ardent Spiritualist and had received ample evidence of the spirits of dead pilots shot down in the Battle of Britain. Perhaps I should buy the magazine, after all; it was the shop where I had found *Hurricanes*. I hesitated to buy it. British magazines are very expensive in New Zealand, costing more than most second hand books. They tend to be almost double the exchange rate. And remember that the average New Zealand wage is half the average wage in the UK.

That afternoon, I attended my first *Powerpoint* course, intending then to buy the magazine. But after the *Powerpoint* session, en route to Take Note, my eye fell upon yet another Egypt book in the Old & As New Bookshop next door. I opened that book, flicked through it, and my eye caught sight of an Akhenaten illustration. It was the shrine – the basis of that vital Egyptian papyrus painting sent to Jenny, even though she had not ordered it. They had been added to a batch of Egyptian papyrus paintings which had arrived from Egypt and were waiting for her at home in Epsom the evening of the day I first went to Wembley to look for her. I had gone to meet her in search of paintings of Akhenaten.

A friend had found a magazine the previous weekend in Bournemouth. We had gone down by train from Waterloo on a train that, fifty years earlier, would have been pulled by a 'Spam Can'. The connections really were quite uncanny.

Then Ferg, the shop owner, came up and said "Brian, I meant to give you one of these yesterday. You are a good customer." It was a pen in a presentation box. The message was clear: "Write!"

This morning I picked up the first book I had taken from our library shelves – *RAF Squadrons of the Battle of Britain*. For the first time I noticed an Appendix. It listed all the squadrons and their airfields, precisely the information I had been seeking. Eight Squadron were listed at Tangmere – one Beaufighter, one Spitfire, six Hurricanes. There was no doubt 'Tangmere' was the coded message to me for Hurricane. The message could only refer to Hurricane Katrina, especially when combined with the floods and Armageddon Bridge, with Katrina coming, as she did, 229 years and 7 weeks after the American Declaration of Independence. It was more confirmation of 2297, the precise code for the End Times.

The [aceshigh.co.uk](http://aceshigh.co.uk) website which had allocated File 507 to Tangmere Hurricanes was number one on Google search returns. The next few entries were all jigsaw puzzles of the same painting. And I have often used a jigsaw to explain my work. It is as though I am given a small piece of jigsaw and I have to try to work out which picture it is from. Something knows the full picture. Gradually I have been given, over the last few days, the clues to enable me to work out that Tangmere was a key piece in the Katrina puzzle. But, unknown to me yet, more were to come.

Complex, is it? Yes. But God gives man a mind to use, to exercise. If it is too complex, I cannot help it. So is the Theory of Relativity. It is there – take it for what you wish to make of it. The problem with Meaningful Coincidence is that it is very powerful for the recipient – the observer – but it is orders of magnitude weaker second hand, especially without the images.

William James expressed the problem well. I would paraphrase him with the following words: "I sometimes think the Almighty intends this area (paranormal-psychical research) to remain forever an enigma. He gives us enough to make us wonder, never enough to make us certain." Is what I have said even enough to make you wonder?

Perhaps it is how God intends it to be. You are free to make your choices. Take your chance. Risk it! Go for it! You have nothing to lose but your soul, if there is one. And we can rest safe in the assurances of the psychologists and other skeptics that souls do not exist; that they are just a religious fiction. Nicholas Humphrey, Perrott-Warrick Scholar at Cambridge from 1992 to 1995, assures us that when you are dead, you are dead. Souls do not exist, his book *Soul Searching* assures us!

But Mary tells us otherwise!

## 39. WESTMORLAND

It was 8.15 am on 16<sup>th</sup> September 2005. I was lying the bath when suddenly I had a vision. It was another image of the Bulleid Pacific, 34067 *Tangmere*. But this was a different picture. It was the same as the one I had personally observed at Bath. It was one I had discovered a few weeks later in a railway magazine, as I leafed through it on the bookstall at Edinburgh Waverley Station on 18<sup>th</sup> July. The view was of that same locomotive at the head of an express bound for Oxford. It was passing the very obvious landmark of Battersea Power Station, just after leaving Victoria. The caption read 'On 7<sup>th</sup> May, 34067 *Tangmere* resumed its *VSOE* duties...'

Here was confirmation that it had been *Tangmere* I had seen at Bath because that had been a *VSOE* duty. The *VSOE* is the *Venice-Simplon Orient Express*. That particular rake of coaches is always referred to in this manner. It leaves from Victoria, just as the through Continental boat train Pullmans once did, but its destination is variable. This train was going to Oxford. The one I had seen at Bath had been on its way back from Bristol to London. Again the vision seemed to be emphasising the *VSOE* workings. The last time I had seen the *VSOE* train had been in Epsom on 14<sup>th</sup> April 1990, an hour and a half before Jenny and I got married. That was Easter Saturday, another link to Mary.

Suddenly the word 'Battersea' struck me as being a homophone<sup>36</sup> for 'batter' and 'sea'. Was this not what broke the levées in New Orleans, a battering by the sea? But was this not at the behest of the winds, the Voice of God? Then I remembered the date of the Oxford *VSOE* Special, 7<sup>th</sup> May, which is written as 5-07 in American dating and this particular American disaster is certainly part of the 507 or World's End sequences. It could alternatively be written 2005-5-7, of course.

Almost as soon as I had made this connection a new vision came into my mind. It was a red Coronation at Greenholme on the approach to Shap Summit. Greenholme was another significant location during my English experiences in July 2005. But the image above was from a photograph in the same magazine a few pages further on. It was 46229 *Duchess of Hamilton* double-heading a diesel on a special train over the West Coast Main Line. It was a wonderful photograph showing the power of these magnificent machines to the full. The smoke poured back from the engine like an aegis shield above its train. It was taken in the dying light just before darkness fell.

I had been quite staggered to find this photograph. This particular locomotive is probably the key 229 one. The Coronations had always been my favourite class of engine. Although the Gresley A4 Pacifics had the world's steam speed record following *Mallard's* world record run on 3<sup>rd</sup> July 1938, it was only because the LNER had a long enough stretch of straight track. On 29<sup>th</sup> June 1937, 46220 *Coronation* had reached 114 mph south of Crewe on a test run, before the run was urgently terminated just before the straight track ran out. The train came close to derailling, but at least it did not have to be removed from its train just afterwards to repair the valve gear, unlike

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<sup>36</sup> Homophone: word or words with the same sound. I often use the analogy of 'bee' and 'leaf' as an example of a homophone to explain the concept in hieroglyphics. The two elements together convey the abstract idea of **belief** when combined.

*Mallard*. That train arrived at King's Cross with a different engine. But 46229, as well as containing the key 229 code, is unique for another reason. It was one of only two LMS locomotives ever to visit the United States. It went in 1939 to the New York World's Fair, but it went in disguise as 6220 *Coronation*. And unlike most of the other Coronations, it survived the massacre of steam, ending up in the National Collection at York.

In 1982 I had been delighted to get hold of some colour cine film taken apparently by a Lithuanian immigrant at the 1939 New York World's Fair. It had a few frames of *Coronation* and her train. The film came to me courtesy of James Burke and his *Connections* programme which had been shown on British television. By 'chance', I happened to be watching the programme when the New York World's Fair sequence was broadcast. I did not at that time realise how important 'connections' would come to be in my life over the next two decades. But I have since come to realise that something else must have done.

But not only was it this particular locomotive. It was that particular location that really staggered me, because it was less than a week since I had managed to find that specific viewpoint for the first time in my life. I had stood at the precise spot used by this photographer on 13<sup>th</sup> July 2005, very much a date of destiny for me and this particular location.

It had been a disjointed day, filled with many signs. I had found a pointer to this location in Totnes on 2<sup>nd</sup> July in a book of railway paintings. It was the location for the only full-size painting I had ever done, in the brief period when I had tried to bring the golden age of steam back to life on 'canvas'. I had made a slide of a black and white railway photograph and used it to sketch an outline onto prepared hardboard. I had taken it along to an evening art class in the hope of being taught the tricks of painting landscapes. The painting was of a Patriot climbing Shap in the late evening light. I must have done it around 1979, and it had never been finished. The Patriot still lacked an identity, valve gear and motion. But in London in 1985, when I was living in my flat at World's End, I had engraved title plates for several paintings. That one I had called *Westmorland, Eight O'clock 13<sup>th</sup> July 1950*.

The previous night I had become confused and missed the motorway exit to Carnforth which I had intended to visit. I spent the day around Shap. I puzzled why the trip mileage indicator of the car was precisely 229.7 at the top of the motorway exit to Shap and the old A6. I returned to the M6 and headed south. Almost immediately, though, I pulled off for the motorway services at Tebay. After a brief rest the idea came to me to look at the railway paintings book to see exactly where on Shap my painting had been located. The book described it as Greenholme. A check of the map showed Scotch Bridge/Greenholme to be easily reached from the motorway exit a mile or so south of Tebay services.

It seemed strange. I had stopped at Tebay services on the way north that morning, just before the Shap exit. Now I had been told to go south and was now turning off to look for the real location of my painting. It is indicative of how ideas come to me to do something; then I see something else which is a further change of direction. In the end, I end up at the place at the right time. En route to Greenholme, I found something I needed, which in time was a key element of the 'Atlantis' clue.

I meandered through the North Pennines. It was a lovely evening. Some boys were fishing in a clean, moorland stream from a stone bridge. It was quite a narrow road

which I followed to one of only two points of intersection of the old roads and the West Coast Main Line. The first one proved correct. Having parked the car, I looked down the line. It could be the place – the line curved vaguely in the right direction. A young man approached me, walking quite quickly.

“Is this Scotsman’s Bridge?” I asked.

“I don’t know,” he replied. “Do you live round here?” I asked. “Yes,” he said and walked off.

I walked across the road, opened a gate and walked down a farm track. I came to a railway access point. Climbing over that gate, I was confronted by a mass of stinging nettles. Then I realised that close to the track, the ground cover was just long grass. I made my way up there. I soon saw a stone wall which looked very familiar. I opened the book of paintings. It was definitely the right point. The platelayers’ hut was long gone, the M6 now cut up through the Lune Gorge, but the mountains were unchanged. The skyline was as in the painting. So were the stone walls. And of course the trains were different. Another Virgin Voyager DMU train sped south.

So, it seemed that a train of events had led me to find the precise location of this very painting, for the first time in my life. And the date I was led to this location was 13<sup>th</sup> July 2005, fifty-five years later, on the date of my 1985 inscription, in the late afternoon. Eight o’clock brought no message that was clear to me at the time. But five days later, I opened the magazine in Waverley Station to find a photograph of 46229 double-headed with a diesel, late in the afternoon, at that very location. The photographer referred to the ‘failing’ light and the luck of his fast film when this tremendous photo-opportunity appeared. The date was 30<sup>th</sup> November 1996, so it was probably around 5 pm.

The 229 connection seemed inescapable, especially given the connection of this locomotive with the 1939 New York World’s Fair. Was it again evidence of destiny, an outside Intelligence putting an idea into my head, twenty years to the day beforehand? Was it using this painting to emphasise that it knew the date and hour when the End would come?

The End began with Sumatra, but much has yet to transpire as the other angels sound and the other seals are opened, particularly when the Seventh Angel will finally sound and the Seventh Seal be opened?

Only yesterday, I was searching for an ISBN number to complete the references to Arthur C. Clarke’s *Hammer of God* in my *Diagrams of Truth*; I knew the ISBN contained the code sequence ‘229’. I tried the Arthur C. Clarke section of my library but there was a gap where the significant books had been. I had a dim recollection of looking at various of his books in Hut 3 earlier in the year. Perhaps they had been ‘filed’ with the Warkworth books I had found on 22<sup>nd</sup> September 2003. These had included a different edition of *Hammer of God*.

I searched the shelves of Hut 3 which are still awaiting proper sorting. They are still roughly shelved according to the boxes they came out of. I noticed a large Egypt book which seemed familiar. Was it the one I had found in Papakura only the other day? It was! It was bought for £19.99 in Camborne, Cornwall on 7<sup>th</sup> October 2003. Then I was reminded that the reason I had bought the recent Papakura copy was because of the page 229 connection to the tomb of Tutankhamun. So here I was, looking to confirm a 229 code, when I find instead another book with a specific 229 code reference in the Alpha and Omega Codes.

But Tutankhamun's tomb has another curious link to 229. In early 1988, we had first come to associate code 229 with the death of Lord Carnarvon so soon after the tomb was opened, and the Justice of God. It was only later in the year, in November 1988, that we first came to associate code 229 with the End of the World. Lord Carnarvon died on 5<sup>th</sup> April 1923. Mary first came to speak on 5<sup>th</sup> April 1986, and in time she had much to say about the Justice of God. So, the Egypt '229' link whilst I was looking for the *Hammer of God* 229 book was an implication that the Justice, in time, will include an asteroid impact. And what colour slide was it that I had just returned to the Tate Gallery just before I had found the *Hammer of God*? It was none other than *The Last Judgement* by John Martin.

I looked further along the shelves and found more books from England. *Locomotive Nameplates* caught my attention. I took it down and found inscribed in the front 'Egyptian House - Penzance...' Is the Egyptian House a reference to the Royal House, the Pharaoh, and in particular Akhenaten? Next to this book I saw *The Best of Eric Treacey*. I took that down, intending to look through it later over coffee. He was the 'railway Bishop', the Anglican priest who eventually became Bishop of Bradford. He was well known for his powerful photographs of railway scenes from the 1930s to the 1960s.

Then I searched the rest of the shelves, but it was in vain. I was about to give up, wondering what to do about this key reference, when my eye lit upon a book title hidden away between two piles of boxes. Jenny had put piles of boxes in Hut 3 in an attempt to restore some order to our living environment whilst I was in England. The title I had seen was *Evil Spirit out of the West*. It was a novel about Akhenaten. It would almost certainly be part of the pile I was looking for. I moved the boxes and sure enough, there was a pile of Arthur C. Clarke books, including the 'wrong' edition of *Hammer of God*.

I checked across the shelf at the books behind the front pile. Right on the far side was another edition of *Hammer of God*. This was the edition I was looking for and it proved, also, the actual original copy which I had found on 18<sup>th</sup> August 2000 when I was returning the John Martin slides to the Tate.

Suddenly I realised I should have photographed this sequence. I put the boxes back and attempted to recreate the original conditions. As I put back *Hammer of God*, I saw it was alongside *Chelsea Child*. I had wondered where that was only the other day. That was the book with a powerful link to the World's End on its back cover.

I put the books back and rearranged the boxes for the photos as best I could. Then I noticed the book on top of the pile I had removed. It was lying in the sunshine which streamed through the French window. It was an image derived from William Blake's *Ancient of Days*. We have used that image to convey the idea of the presence of God's hand in connection with the Lockerbie air disaster and the asteroid to come. Arthur C. Clarke calls this Kali (Hindu Goddess of Death) but we call it Sekhmet.

I took *Chelsea Child* and *Hammer of God* up to the house - mission accomplished! I had found the specific code reference I needed and it had been powerfully reinforced in the process, with very clear references to 229, 507 and World's End.

Back in Hut 3, I sat down for a little while and flicked open Treacey's book. It opened at *Wigan to Preston*, an area close to where I began my visits to the West Coast main line in 1960. I looked through the pictures. They evoked an era of my youth and

before; a time which seemed as far removed from the world in which we live as was the time of Cranmer.

As I turned the pages, I realised the book was heading north on the West Coast main line. I continued to turn the pages. Suddenly, there was the original of the picture I had painted. This must have been the original photograph I used. It showed I had not even thought about the original of the photograph I had used for my railway painting. The painting in the book I had discovered in Totnes showed an LMS Patriot on Shap bank at Greenholme in the evening light. Here was a reminder of the precision of my prophecy of the date, 13<sup>th</sup> July 1950, which I had had engraved on the painting around October 1985. It was the date I had finally reached the site, 20 years later to the day, in 2005.

The purpose of my visit to England had been to follow the links, the coded messages which I received. At this point as I wrote, I was reminded of the parallel with the British TV programme *Spy*. There the trainee spies are sent overseas to pick up the clues, link to link. But a big difference is in the attitude to lying and deceit. It is part of their stock-in-trade, as one programme showed. It is the opposite with the Alpha and Omega Codes. They are concerned with truth. I had often wondered why I had found a key book in the 'Espionage' section of a Lewes bookshop in 1992. That book had nothing to do with spying or espionage. Yet codes are a key part of such work, both their making and their breaking.

I had gone to England with the general idea I wanted to follow up the Prince of Wales connections that had recently emerged from *The Sentinel of Eternity* website, and I wanted to take some photographs of places from my past. But the date chosen for my visit to begin was set by a strange coincidence, involving a fax machine we purchased in October 2004. However, as to exactly what I would do when, I would do as I had done on any trip 'abroad' – follow the signs. It was sad that now, for me, Britain was a foreign country. I had no friends and no relatives with whom I could stay. But I was always in the right place at the right time. Bath and *Tangmere* is one element; Greenholme is another. There were many more.

A North Pennine village close to Greenholme that day by chance provided me with the cardboard boxes I needed to ship back books to New Zealand. They were to be part of a strange Atlantis connection. Only this week in *The Weekly Telegraph* was there a reference to New Orleans looking like a modern day Atlantis. I have not seen any other reference to this in any other newspaper, but I had used it myself in my writing. It was most appropriate, because the edition number of *The Daily Telegraph* had been a key element in my first Prophecy Codes success in January 1991. It also seemed appropriate that the *Telegraph* alone should use the correct 'code' word. The *Daily Telegraph* edition code numbers had again proved highly significant during my 2005 visit to England. And now, back in New Zealand, once again they are eerily appropriate.

The aim is to have this book finally published on 22<sup>nd</sup> September 2005. The *Weekly Telegraph* for that week 20-27<sup>th</sup> September will carry the edition number 739. Was it not N739PA that crashed at Lockerbie?

Is it all just chance? Or is it really intricate design? On balance, which is it?

After I finished writing the first draft of this chapter, I shouted to Jenny "Time you got up!" I told her about my vision of Battersea Power Station. Her reply was on a different tack, as is often the case:

“Does that mean the sea will batter London up to there?”

It is indeed all inter-connected with great precision. With an almost unbelievable intricacy, the different elements interweave. I am sometimes left wondering: “How can it be real?” But if it is not real, why does it keep repeating so precisely? Why are the same numbers, the same themes, continually brought to my attention?

Some would argue that I look for them. I could spend hours searching through books and bookshops. But I barely went into a bookshop in England. I think I went into three bookshops the whole time I was in England – Totnes, Bath and Arundel. I may have glanced in a dozen charity shops. In those I merely look at the books laid out with the cover facing. I didn’t bother to check the spines of the rest. And even with that thinning technique, I was led to a surprising number of books precisely relevant to my ‘Quest’.

So is it real – or is it all a ‘House of Illusion’?

16<sup>th</sup> September 2005



## 40. THE HONEST LAWYER

The purpose of the second half of the book is to justify the first, to show that the message Mary gives is true. You may feel that there is too much detail, especially in the last few chapters. They are to illustrate the precision of the foreknowledge of what is to come.

Why is it so complex? Why not just show the images and put them directly into the mind? Because it is not my way. It does not, in any case, indicate precision, the precision required. The words indicate very precisely the precision with which all is known.

Man's theories are just that – theories, which become but a pale image to the truth. The truth is so much deeper. I choose to give it this way. Men can take it or leave it. I care not which.

The elements are there, contained within. I gave the key elements precisely one month before – 24<sup>th</sup> July – 24<sup>th</sup> August. 24<sup>th</sup> July was flooding on the Browney and *The Honest Lawyer*. What a contradiction in terms! 24<sup>th</sup> August, Katrina was born and christened by them to bring the flooding to the chagrin of Brownie and the 'honest lawyer'. "Doing a heck of a job, Brownie!" Or should that have been 'hell of a job'?

Everything began with *The Seventh Sign*, because we had to go and visit yet another 'honest lawyer' who turned out to be as incompetent as the rest. So many signs – and not time to write it all up.

And remember the sequence also. After the flood and *The Honest Lawyer* came Nevil Cross, the traffic queue and the signs for the Dorset Disaster. Then Milburne Gate and the paper full of the news of how the brave British police had executed an innocent man in the interests of national security. Brave British police, doubtlessly brandishing guns. No one in Durham was unduly perturbed by any of it, as it was a long way away, except in the railway station. That was closer to the paranoia of an imminent terrorist attack.

Why *Cranmer*? What did that clue mean – set precisely between the pillars? It was held for a long time. The driver thought he had seen something on the overhead. The female guard said contemptuously to her colleague "The cop just wants an excuse to get into the driver's cab," as they waited and waited and waited for the 'right away'. Eventually it did go. I photographed its departure with an unnamed power car/DVT trailing.

Then I saw the number on the overhead power mast. – 2298. It was 6.55 pm.

Why *Cranmer* at Durham? It is like solving crossword puzzles in 3-D, basically. That is just what I see.

And the third dimension can be anywhere, any time. (Time and space.)

Should I have got it? Got about the flood and the hurricane? No – the individual details, the elements, only come out afterwards. There was no way I could have predicted this sort of detail. However, I worked back as to what were the significant codes later – the 'Spam Can'. For some reason, I always liked the 'Spam Cans', even though I had never seen any. I had a model one (Triang).

I keep wondering: "Have I missed something? Can I make it more convincing for people?" I rack my brains, but on balance, I think the answer is "No".

And it came to me the other day there was something important I hadn't got. I thought and thought around it. I tried to think back through events in England, but I couldn't think of anything. I thought of the Browney and *The Honest Lawyer*, but the only link I saw was to Blair and his constituency. And the role entirely fits Blair, but the flood element does not fit. It may well be a pointer of something to come and that may indeed be part of the Battersea link. But it wasn't linking to Katrina. I don't know.

I tried dozing off, trying to think of it as I dozed off on a couple occasions. Still nothing came to mind. You cannot force these things. Suddenly it comes, and suddenly it came this morning. It all fell into place at the appointed time. 9.45.57... 9.45.58

Strange! Yesterday was Judgement Day - at least in New Zealand. The people have spoken - rather equivocally - almost a hung parliament. Now the tail will wag the dog, the minor parties all demanding satisfaction for their followers - the joys of MMP! Today is 18<sup>th</sup> September and tomorrow is the date of the Dorset Disaster in the book. Symbolically, it is as though Judgement Day has begun, as it did on 26<sup>th</sup> December - the End Times. But the Dorset Disaster has yet to unfold, and that comes after the Browney floods.

Perhaps I make of it what I'm meant to at the time. It is merely an indication that the Designer of the jigsaw sees how all the pieces fit and He chooses to give only 6, 8, 10, a dozen totally separate pieces, any one of which could perhaps fit into 6, 8, 10, or a dozen jigsaws.

It would take an unbelievably powerful computer to calculate all the options, all the alternatives. My mind certainly cannot do it. But there is only one solution that fits all the bits in the same jigsaw, and only the Designer has the key to the jigsaw. You try and put together a jigsaw when you don't know what the picture is meant to be. It takes a much longer time than if you have the picture on the box. And at least with a jigsaw, you only have a finite number of pieces. With the Codes, you have an infinite number. You can fit any two or three bits together, well or badly. But does it really mean anything?

Suddenly it struck me. *The Honest Lawyer*, Browney and the flooding - so very clear. Such a very specific juxtaposition. The reason the Browney had struck my imagination was because one day I had turned it into the Greenie (another pun). We were trying to trace where a pipe went on the Browney sewage works. The works is situated just beside the East Coast main line. Once it would have been a good place for trainspotting, with the line elevated way above the site, when A4s and V2s were the order of the day. I had some fluorescein so I gave it to the foreman and said "Put some of this in." He emptied the entire bottle. As the pumps were on, it was rapidly carried away in the flow. We hastily adjourned to the outfall. In a very short space of time, the outfall turned a very bright shade of green, as did the river into which it flowed.

Realising that in time the River Greenie flowed into the River Wear and that it might well have an influence on the colour of the river in more populous areas, the river inspector warned his head office that there might well be public complaints. I drove down into Durham and photographed the Wear on the weir beneath Durham Cathedral. It did become a pale shade of green, but only if you knew what to look for. And that Sunday, I had photographed the Wear (weir/Wear) from approximately the same point.

So why did the ideas come unbidden into the mind? Is it just chance that these elements I experienced on 26<sup>th</sup> July now fit so neatly into the jigsaw puzzle that is Katrina, especially when put together with hurricane (*Tangmere*), flooding, Armageddon Bridge, Shrub Hill, worst flooding for 150 years, etc.?

Is it not evidence of the reality of an external Intelligence, an orchestrating mind? But the final proof will probably only come with Sekhmet – and by then it will be way too late for anyone to take any action.

Strange, talking of Sekhmet the other day when I found *The Hammer of God*, I realised I didn't know where my copies of *The Hermes Fall* were. This is a novel written by an Australian who describes an asteroid striking off the eastern seaboard of the United States. I had read the novel after discovering it in a pile on the book shelf. I had been tossing piles of books into boxes, books that seemed not particularly important. I tossed a copy of *The Hermes Fall* into a box, and a few minutes later came across another copy of it which looked completely different. I retrieved both copies from the 'not very significant books' box and chose one copy to read. I had found this particular copy with my first copy of *The Jewel of Seven Stars*, a mint copy, totally unread, but which was then 15 years old.

I read *The Hermes Fall* over the subsequent few days. The dates were strangely relevant to our work, and the impact point was without a doubt inspired – 22°9'W at 8.17 in the morning. And T=817 is an inspired coordinate in time, for 8.17 as months and days (17<sup>th</sup> August) is Day 229 of the year.

Having finished reading that novel, I looked at the other edition, an American edition. It seemed quite a lot thinner. I realised it was considerably shorter. Then I discovered various sections had been edited out so as not to offend American sensibilities. It was the first time I had found an obviously censored book.

It was probably about 5 o'clock that night when I discovered my last copies of *The Hermes Fall*. They were hidden under a pile of books on the desk in the study. I hadn't used that study since I had built Hut 3 and started to reorganise the books. I had started to move some books so I could climb on the desk to change a light bulb. The top books had been faded by the power of the Auckland sun. Totally hidden beneath was *The Hermes Fall* – and that is how Sekhmet will come – totally hidden by the light of Aten.

Is it just chance that I should find this book on Judgement Day, shortly before the New Zealand voting polls were due to close?

18<sup>th</sup> September 2005

## Part 6

When the Autumn Leaves  
turn to the Colour of Fire



## 41. JUDGEMENT DAY – New Zealand Elections

There was the curious incident of six beached whales in the Tamaki Estuary at around 10.15 am. But this only got as far as Teletext. The whales freed themselves later in the day. Just two minor little incidents linking to the theme of Judgement Day – the tornado linking to Hurricane Katrina and the whales a link back to Advent Sunday. The Tamaki Estuary is close to Howick Beach.

There is a theme of 'Going West' and the annual Auckland literary festival of the same name which is currently in progress. I had written to the festival organiser asking about the possibility of promoting our books, as the festival theme had so many elements which fitted with the central event of the festival. On Friday, 25<sup>th</sup> September, a steam locomotive which in previous years has been 1250 *Diana* with a 'Going West' headboard will pull a train west out of Auckland to Helensville. The train stops at various points en route for readings and book promotions – New Lynn Pottery, the chapel in Waikumete Cemetery, Helensville, Henderson Station.

The festival is supposedly concerned with promoting and celebrating New Zealand literary culture. I was told that my book was of the wrong 'genre'. The publicity said nothing about restrictions on 'genre'. So was the 'festival' train trip just another fine wine, fine food, fine experience? There was certainly no desire to disturb the noisy confidence of the well-heeled who patronize the \$160 trip, which is not cheap by New Zealand standards.

But 688 and 'going west' is very much the theme. On Judgement Day itself, I had gone to Dick Smith's in Papakura for a couple of connector plugs to enable me to work on audio tracks for the audio-visual CD which I plan to illustrate this book. As I reached the railway bridge junction opposite the maternity hospital where I had the powerful 688 connections on the night I left for England, a motorcycle sped past. At Dick Smith's I eventually found two display pockets with the two different kinds of adaptors, either of which would do what I wanted. Both were empty. I picked out a selection of other plugs/adaptors which was a more complex and expensive way to do it. I thought it was odd as usually the right thing I need is there – often the only one!

An assistant came up and asked if he could help. I pointed out the empty units and he went away, returning with the news that the computer said there were eight in stock. He searched through a box of stock awaiting shelving, to no avail, finally giving up with the hopeful conclusion "Maybe they have been put in the wrong place." Some while before, it had already come to me that what I needed was there. I continued to search. Suddenly I noticed one of the missing items. Perhaps he had been right. I noticed the cost of \$6.88 which seemed rather more expensive than the price on the empty trays – but no matter, it was significant.

As I wrote down the part number of the adaptors I was buying, I realised that the \$6.88 cost was only on one of the missing items. The rest were totally different. They were the correct residents of that bin, though. The adapter I needed had been placed in error in the \$6.88 bin.

The whole front page of the foreign news section is all given over to elections – in Germany and Afghanistan. Overleaf, in the small area of non-election coverage is an article about SAS comments concerning the trigger-happy Metropolitan police and their

summary execution of a 'terrorist suspect' – a murder conveniently whitewashed by both the Prime Minister, Blair, and the Mayor of London, Ken Livingstone.

And one of the other items is an update on Katrina. Only 40% of the city is not under water and the death toll stands at 816. Eight years ago, Congress voted \$500,000 for FEMA to produce an evacuation plan for the City of New Orleans. Instead they started the bridge over Lake Pontchartrain. Two years later came another \$500,000 for another evacuation plan. This time the money went into a study of alternatives to the bridge over Lake Pontchartrain. Eventually FEMA deemed 'Hurricane Pam' as an exercise to represent the effects of a hurricane on New Orleans. It was not finished when fiction was overtaken by fact, rather like *The Da Vinci Code* being overtaken by the Alpha and Omega Codes.

The state of the world should give great cause for concern for anyone who can think past their comfortable lives. Of course too much of the world is more concerned with survival today than with survival over the next few years.

You may ask: "Why us?" Why should so many elements weave around our lives, and particularly around my 'railway' past. Perhaps it is my destiny. Perhaps it is because, unlike most people, we listen. And why railways? There is a wealth of fascinating history in the British railway scene.

I spent Judgement Day 1979 in Bournemouth. It was the last day of a conference on sewage treatment. I spoke about some of my research results. The next day I traveled from Bournemouth to Waterloo on the 6.30 am express. The crowds flocked to Downing Street. Britain had a new Prime Minister – Margaret Thatcher. Labour was out. 3<sup>rd</sup> May 1979 was indeed a landmark day – it ushered in the reign of the goddess of market forces. I spent the day at St. Catherine's House pursuing my genealogical research.

Bournemouth features prominently on two other occasions in the Alpha and Omega Codes, one connection being with that very same train in December 1988. The other occasion relates to a visit I made with a friend to Bournemouth in February 1986. The main purpose of the visit was to see Edwin Long's painting of *The Two Holy Mothers* at the Russell Coates museum on Bournemouth's East Cliff. The painting juxtaposes Mary, Joseph and the flight into Egypt with a procession to the goddess Isis, with her infant son Horus.

My friend later found a magazine in a nearby shop in Lansdowne Road. It was a copy of *Prediction* magazine – the 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary edition. She pointed out an advertisement for 'Egyptian Papyrus Paintings'. I visited the gallery the following Monday and bought a matching pair of paintings – *Nefertari and Isis* and *Nefertari and Horus*. On the following Tuesday I met Jenny. She was trying to set up an exhibition at Wembley. So, via Egypt came the story of Mary and the true story of Christ. It could be considered another fulfillment of *Hosea* – "Out of Egypt shall I bring my son."

I concluded my English trip with a visit to Bournemouth. When I was in Dundee, Jenny had said to me on the phone one day "You have to go to Brighton." – One end of the country to the other! She had seen in the New Zealand papers photographs of huge Egyptian sand sculptures on Brighton Beach. "Maybe you can promote Ankhsoun's story; the last part came in Brighton at the end of June 1986." So I chose a route south via points of interest from my former life; Newcastle, Gateshead, Manchester, Oxford. The coincidences were often powerful – very powerful. The theme of destiny was strong.

But Brighton was not especially fruitful, and Jenny said she felt I should go back via Bournemouth. It was not the most direct route, but clearly the right one. I am reminded of some of the words that came to me on my first 'psychic tours' experience around Ravenscourt Park tube station in London in 1985: *"My way is not the quickest way – but it is the best way..."*

I understand the codes as no one else. Even Jenny cannot keep up; she has no affinity for numbers. Words and visions and feelings are more her forte. My visions tend to be of past events or locations in my life. Hers are sometimes of things she has never seen, such as the account which begins Mary's story.

The images are essential to even begin to convey the power of the evidence. So perhaps the '688' link from Judgement Day is another pointer to produce an AV to accompany this book. It is certainly not feasible from the cost viewpoint of illustrating this book to the extent required to really convey the power of the messages.

If you have ever had a meaningful coincidence which has impressed you, caused you to stop, think and wonder, you will begin to have an inkling what I am talking about. But in England, I had these experiences at least once a day, and on some days, several times.

We live in a visual world, a world in which literacy is declining, especially amongst the young who rarely seem to read unless they have to. It is fashionable, it seems, never to have read a book! In a better society, such a claim would merely be a display of ignorance. But on television, too often 'news' only happens if there are images to go with it. So perhaps I must endeavour to produce a CD to illustrate some of the later elements of this book. In the meantime, the more limited verbal descriptions must suffice.

Meaningful Coincidence is not chance; it is powerful evidence of Intelligent Design. But our arguments differ from those of the Creationists who are also able seamlessly to merge probable evidence for a Creator into the supposed reality of the divinity of Jesus, without a shred of either evidence or concern. Too often these arguments are based on a 'God of the Gaps'. By contrast, ours is evidence of coherent, contemporaneous interaction by some external Source of Intelligence with elements in our world of space-time. Sometimes these elements may be the minds of men and women, sometimes the elements of nature. For a variety of reasons which relate to the psychic messages, through Mary's story, through Ankhsohn's story and through the words of the many spirits who have conveyed information to us over the last two decades, it would seem that this Source of Intelligence is the Being man has called God, albeit sometimes by the alternative names of Ra, Elohim or Allah. Man has worshipped many gods over the millennia. All are in error to a greater or lesser degree. Perhaps these belief systems are less certain. For reasons known to the Source of Intelligence, these are the names that emerge from the codes.

Perhaps you may regard the connections discussed in these chapters as contrived or tenuous. That may be in part because you cannot appreciate the coherence of what I describe. Or perhaps I do not convey it very well.

The various key elements of Hurricane Katrina are to be found in the codes as elaborated in the last few chapters. It is possible to put together a coherent picture. Just because most modern scientists, in their biased ignorance, might cry 'nonsense', is it any reason not to read the evidence and weigh it up in your own mind in the light of



your own personal experiences? These may be broader than those of most of the so-called scientists.

I will close this chapter with a few final meaningful coincidences. Jenny was most concerned that if I were to have an accident in England, ambulance personnel would not be aware of the medication used to control my tumour. She insisted I join Medicalert and get a bracelet. When it arrived a few days before I left for England, the membership number engraved on it was 14450y and the Medicalert contact phone number 04-2722999. So the juxtaposition was clear – 507 with 229. (Also 144,000 as in the Book of Revelation) My visit was in connection with the End Times codes, and so it proved to be.

On the way to the airport for my return flight to Auckland via Singapore, I stopped for petrol as the tank was low. The auto-mechanism clicked off, but the tank was only half full. The cost? \$35.57.

It is the same message which Mary gives; a reiteration in meaningful coincidence of her words on 27<sup>th</sup> December 2004, when we gradually came to understand the meaning of the Sumatra tidal wave. Part of the purpose of my English trip, it would seem, was to give evidence of the meaning of Hurricane Katrina and its role in the End Times sequences.

Is it just chance that I write this in Book 3239 on 19<sup>th</sup> September 2005? Today is the date of the fictional *Dorset Disaster*, one of the key ‘fire’ elements in what is to come. Remember – “to each according to his ways”. 239 Pu – Plutonium 239 – is one of the fruits of nuclear fusion.

At least you can see water and its effects. You can hear the wind. Man has no sensitivity to radiation. It was a power he should never have unlocked, a real Pandora’s Box. Is it in the wind? By the time you find out, it can already be too late. If you can feel its effects, it already is too late.

And how much trust can you place in any authorities to tell you the truth? Will you be one of the ones ‘sacrificed for the greater good’ or, even worse, sacrificed for the ‘good of the great’?

19<sup>th</sup> September 2005

## A Final Postscript

Glancing back through the protected images on the current camera role, a summary of key photographs of the England trip, I saw the 'Browney' and the flooding photographs. On the day of my visit, the car parked nearest to the river is F677MPT. '677' was the unique code for this particular visit to England. As a chemist, MPT has always for me meant 'Melting Point'. So, we return to 2 *Peter* 3:10 – "The elements will melt with fervent heat." Is that not what happens with a nuclear reactor 'meltdown'? Do not the reactor fuel rod elements melt with fervent heat? And did not my 'major malfunction' relate to electrical power?

I looked at my watch. It was 12.39.22 pm. – Dorset Disaster Day. "Good God!" I thought. "And the car is a Volvo 740." That is a key code for the American nuclear disaster to come. WASH740 is one of the reports which attempted to estimate the consequences of a nuclear disaster in America. A more detailed, later assessment was suspended. By Act of Congress, the financial liability for such an accident is limited – but its real consequences are not.

Elements are contained within the codes, hence these warnings. But as with Katrina and the Twin Towers, the essential identifying elements are lacking and will only come to light afterwards.

These warnings are given so that when this event occurs, it can be seen for what it is, another key element in the End Time sequences. Terrorists will of course be blamed, as with Lockerbie, but they will be no more guilty than they were then.

## 42. A 2295 ENDNOTE

I apologise if my attention to seemingly trivial events in this last section has bored or irritated some readers. I recount events merely because they serve to illustrate coherent, concurrent interaction so clearly and so precisely at the times I end up doing things or being in a particular place. Today is 22<sup>nd</sup> September 2005. It is the first 229 'day' of year 229. This morning I finished the main edit of this chapter. We have clearly failed in our attempt to publish this book today. Too many things have happened in the past three weeks. This morning again, as if to emphasise the reality of the interaction, the following occurred.

I finished editing "Tangmere". Ideas seem to come, inspiration, improved phrasing. Then I went to make tea and a slice of toast for the second half of my breakfast. Almost immediately, my eye had been drawn to the 'cooker clock' – 5.56 – a prophecy code. It seemed again to confirm that *Tangmere* was indeed a prophecy.

I looked around for the draft corrected copy of "Tangmere" to photograph it by but I couldn't find it. I saw the yet-to-be-edited copies of "Westmorland" and "The Honest Lawyer". I walked around the house, thinking: "Where on earth have I put "Tangmere"?" It was behind me, on a stool in the kitchen. The cooker clock now read 5.58. I took a flash photograph. I next saw the clock at 6.00. I took another shot. It was the last on the roll. Then I saw 508/508. 507 – World's End – already begun – 508. The time of the image was 11.11.31 a.m. 11.11<sup>37</sup> is "Lest we Forget" – God, Judge of all the earth. I picked up the edited version of this chapter with all my myriad handwritten alterations to take down to Jenny, who was hard at work typing the first draft of the final chapter "Judgement Day".

I caught sight of the power meter – 30620.3 was just changing to 30620.4. That was incredible. 6204 is the 'Impossible Princess'. It related to an incident in March 1960 when I had seen a particular locomotive at Manchester Victoria which everyone said, and I had previously thought, was impossible. Months later, I was proved right in the 'Trainspotter's Bible' – but it was a little column nobody noticed. It just referred to tests of these engines on this line.

It seemed to me I was being reminded again that I was right to believe my own eyes then, whatever the experts said – and right now also. The end of the roll seemed appropriate. That's the stage mankind has reached – the end of the reel. I tried to delete some earlier images but it was taking too long. I picked up the other camera and used that. The image duly came up 811/811. It was a reference to the star that poisons the waters – *Wormwood*. Is it again a reference to nuclear disaster to come?

By the time I had deleted a few on my SLR camera, it was too late. 509 was at 30620.5 kWh. And the power meter number was a way of cross-linking the two railway experiences – The Impossible Princess<sup>38</sup> 6204 and *Tangmere*. The original number of 46204 was 6204. All LMS locomotives were renumbered with an additional 4. All

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<sup>37</sup> The code refers in cross-reference to Armistice Day – hence "Lest we forget" and Kipling's poem *Recessional*, No. 229 in the Public School Hymn Book.

<sup>38</sup> There is much more to this *Impossible Princess* experience. It links into both Diana's story and Ankhsoun's. See *The Diana Enigma* and *Ankhsoun, Daughter of Ra*.

Southern Railway locomotives were renumbered in the 30,000 series. However, given the chaotic nature of Southern Railway numbering, it was not just a question of adding 30,000. But all SR locos eventually began with the number 3. So 306204 was a link between the two railway experiences. And today is 22<sup>nd</sup> September. 229 is the number the Alpha and Omega Codes have revealed for the End of the World. Now Rita is heading for Texas, another powerful hurricane. So far, it has been the worst year for hurricanes in the USA since 1851, the year John Martin painted *The Great Day of His Wrath*, his vision of the End of the World.

I had no reason to doubt the evidence of my own eyes in March 1960, despite what the rest of the world said. I have no more reason today to doubt the evidence of my own eyes or my own ears, be it through physical or psychic messages which are given to me.

As I finished writing that, it occurred to me that the power meter must be coming up to 30622.0. I remembered I wanted to photograph the power meter with my watch still on 12.29... It would soon be at 30622.9, linking back to the Coronation in Westmorland. I was only just in time as the photograph shows – 12.29.58 on my watch. The power meter was reading 30621.95. It must have been not more than a couple of minutes later when Jenny came up from her computer and said, “It’s nearly 6229 and Word has just crashed.”<sup>39</sup>

“What should I do?” she asked. “It will only open ten more times.” I had not yet activated it. The latest Microsoft improvement to maximize profits was irritating so I had left it. I did not trust internet activation. When I had tried to download their free anti-Adware software, their system had talked to my computer and concluded that my software was not genuine. This was not correct. I had personally bought Windows 2000 from authorized distributors, as I have every piece of software we have. ‘Control-Alt-Delete’ brought up three open Word files – with ‘Not responding’ next to them. I clicked ‘Close Application’ and was duly returned to the desk top. I opened Word again. I decided I had better go through the tiresome process of manual activation.

I selected the telephone activation ‘not recommended’, dialled the Auckland number given, and went through the machine voice menu. On request, I keyed in the nine six-digit numbers that Word had thrown up. I was reminded very much of the enigma machines and their output of meaningless, apparently random numbers.

As I reached series 5, I noted it began 842..... That was a key sequence, very much connected with oil.

The auto voice assured me ‘we are retrieving your details’. Then the return code began. At this point, Jenny came down and stood over my shoulder as I hit the ‘2’ key to repeat the code. Wondering what she wanted, I intended to hit the ‘1’ key for the next code but my finger caught the ‘cancel call’ button. Irritated, I snapped “What do you want?”

“It is coming up to 622.9. It is 622.6. I have put the kettle and the bath on and it’s going a lot faster now.”

I suppose I was irritated because it was aborting my second attempt to activate it. Around the 6<sup>th</sup> number sequence on the first attempt, the phone line had just gone

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<sup>39</sup> At this point the next morning as I was writing the account of these events, the following words came into my mind: “After breakfast finish the Koran element – then proofread Judgement Day and Westmorland in that order.” 8.09.24

dead. It was the sequence that had begun 842... I was aware of not hearing the bleeps during that keying sequence. It is just a wall phone by the internet computer, so I went up to the house to use a proper phone for my third attempt. I photographed the power meter '*en passant*' – 30622.6. This third attempt got under way. I keyed in the nine six-digit 'send' codes. The auto-voice again started its return sequences. They were different – clearly a 'random' sequence of some kind which the programme would understand. I wrote down the first return sequence.

Jenny shouted "It is 6227 now!"

"Take the camera and photograph it," I said. I confirmed sequence 1 and asked for sequence 2. I heard Jenny complaining about not being tall enough to photograph the power meter. What was that first digit – 84222...? I selected 2 for repeat.

"You come and write the codes," I shouted. "I'll do the photos." I hit what I thought was speaker phone. The long-suffering auto-voice replied "You have returned an incorrect key."

"Oh, no," I groaned. "Not another start from the beginning." It was what always happens with NZ Telecom Yabba cards which I used to phone Jenny from England. You type in a great long screed of numbers – the NZ access number, then the Yabba card number... "You have entered an incorrect key. Thank you for using Telecom..." Then it reverts to dialling tone.

But no – Microsoft's auto-voice was more forgiving and treated the incorrect key as a 'key2' and repeated the code. This time I hit Speakerphone. I had written down the code 874222.

Jenny took over and I went to photograph the power meter. 30622.8 – the Code for *Revelation* and *Duchess of Rutland*. I came back to see her writing down the next code. I photographed her doing it. It struck me how strange it was that here we were on 22<sup>nd</sup> September taking down a code activation sequence with the power meter coming up to 622.9. The image of 46229 on Shap bank at Greenholme, with its aegis smoke cloud, came into my mind. I alternated between photographing Jenny, the codes, the power meter and the 'angel' picture beside her. She had got that out because it reminded her of a painting in the *Hurricane* book we had got a few days before Christmas in a Papakura trader, 'Second Time Round'. It now linked 'Angels' or spirits into the End Time codes so clearly.

She carried on writing down the rest of the five six-figure return codes. "Congratulations! Your activation is complete... The power meter still read 30622.9. But it was 30622.98, approaching 30623.0.

I walked back into the dining room through the other kitchen door, seeing the cooker with its clock reading 747. I photographed that. "Blast," I said. "It was a 742 in the middle of all that."

"You can work out when from the photo times," Jenny commented. "Look at this. One of the codes is 507!" I looked at the list. It was indeed – the second on the list ...507. The first on the list she had written was 742222. It was the one I had two failed attempts to get as she had struggled to photograph the power meter.

She had photographed 30622.7, which was the streamlined red Duchess on which I had based one of my AV sequences in 1982. I had copied 35 mm slides from an old 16 mm cine film I had been led to. It was a very rare sequence taken on the August bank holiday before war broke out in 1939. The first sequence had been a blue streamliner on the 1.36 pm *Coronation Scot* departure for Glasgow. I set this departure to the *Coronation*

*Scot* theme tune, later used as the theme tune in the Dick Francis Mysteries radio programmes. The second sequence on the 16 mm roll was the 2 pm Midday *Scot* departure for Glasgow. I had set that to manufactured sounds of a Euston Station departure. I had shown these AVs only once in public, when I had shown *Cathedrals of Steam*.

I looked at the code sequences. 674222 was followed by 715070. And 5071 was the Kodak slide duplicating film type 5071 which I had used for my slide copies. It was a difficult film to obtain as it was not available in 35 mm cassettes, only on long rolls of 50 metres or so which I had had to wind onto cassettes myself by hand in the dark. They were so much harder and slower to do in the pre-digital age! But it had its advantages, too, in many ways.

I selected the 747 cooker clock image and flicked to camera time. I subtracted 5 minutes and went back through the photographs in this camera mode to reach the correct time. It was exactly when Jenny had taken over the code writing and I had gone to photograph the power meter. That was quite astonishing. She was writing Code 674222 when the cooker clock read 742 and the power meter read 6228. Then she wrote Code 715070 and the 'auto-generation' of these sequential codes, 742, 507 with the cooker at 742 and the power meter on 228, going to 229, was happening on 22<sup>nd</sup> September 2005 – 22.9.5. That was the trip milometer reading on my car in Bath at the moment I saw *Tangmere* awaiting departure on its *VSOE* turn.

For all the photos I try to take, I still miss vital ones. But it seemed an incredible sequence of 'coincidences'. It was surely just more confirmation we were right.

Later that afternoon, I went to finish off my *Publisher* course at the Free B shop in the Selwyn Arcade in Papakura, beside the Old & As New bookshop, opposite the Take Note shop. Parking the car in the Countdown car park, I crossed the road to see, parked directly in front of me, BAE557 and, at right angles, .....740. Was it another sign that I had the 'Right Angle'? The course facilitator asked me to sit near the front as I was the only person attending that session. They could close down the other machines nearer the back. I had tended to sit as far to the back as possible.

I soon finished *Publisher*, and asked for the *Excel* book to see if there was anything in that I didn't know. I flicked quickly through the first half of the book. I typed in some sales costs for an exercise and tried to save the file. An error message came up: "Windows cannot access that sector of the drive". I had never had that message, ever, on any computer. Was it a dud disk I had just bought in Take Note? I had forgotten to bring my own disk from home. I had seen another course member sitting beside me on the occasion of my last visit leave his computer and return a few minutes later with a disk. Some shop must sell them nearby, I concluded, thinking it was probably Take Note. That supposition was correct.

I tried to format the disk instead. Eventually came a different error message – "Windows cannot complete the formatting". I sought the assistance of the facilitator, asking to borrow their floppy disk. She gave it to me, asking what the error message was. "That's strange! That's exactly what Debbie got on hers this morning. I wonder if it's anything to do with the system. I was all mirrored last night." After that, she tried the machine next to mine which successfully formatted the Take Note disk.

Then I talked about Coincidence. They had wondered why I always had a camera with me. Their material was all copyright, they explained. I merely photograph meaningful coincidence and my problem in the past has been other people stealing our

work – book concepts, titles, papyrus painting photographs, hieroglyphic artwork, pamphlets – over the years.

I explained a little about *Tangmere* and Take Note, the Hurricane and 507. They both seemed quite surprised. Then a friend came in and they went to chat to her. Shortly afterwards, I decided to stop. I was not likely to use Excel much more than I had already done, as my waste water work had almost disappeared. The facilitator asked me to sign the attendance sheet – mine was the only name!

“Just sign over the number. It doesn’t matter. Do you want to make another appointment?”

“Not at the moment,” I said.

“Well, never mind. You have got plenty of time and plenty of hours left. Oh, you’ve got until 22<sup>nd</sup> September and you’ve got no hours left. Eh?” she said, looking again at the form. “That’s today. That’s rubbish. It’s a computer error. Well, it’s not really. We changed the whole system yesterday. You were enrolled before yesterday so that’s why the system has given that. You have got six weeks altogether.”

I said, “No – the system is precisely correct. It fits the codes I was telling you about, precisely.” The ‘Voice’ had already said to me: “*Finish today. No need to come back.*” The ‘computer’ output confirmed the ‘Voice’. But ‘hours remaining 0.00’ is the culmination of the ‘Countdown’ to Armageddon when T=229. The date alongside 0.00 is 22<sup>nd</sup> September 2005 – 229.5!

Then I called into Take Note to buy this week’s *Weekly Telegraph*. It only arrives in the shops on a Thursday. This one was especially significant – Edition Number 739. Remember the Lockerbie estate car engine code? N739PA crashed at Lockerbie. It was the start of the Precise Codes. It was a reminder of that on 22.9.5. Then I glanced at the railway magazines. I saw one with a photograph of a ‘Super D’. They were another of my favourite classes, ancient 0-2-0 machines from the London and North Western Railway. Whilst the Coronation Pacifics had flashed past with their 12-15 coach trains on the fast lines, the old ‘Super Ds’ had trundled to pick up goods on the slow lines.

Then I saw another new magazine – *Steam Railway*. I took it down. The cover did not seem familiar. “Tornado – as you’ve never seen it!” proclaimed the front page headline. I flicked open the magazine. It opened at 46229 on Greenholme. It was the same magazine I had found in Edinburgh Waverley on 18<sup>th</sup> July. It had finally arrived by sea freight in New Zealand. I had found it on 22<sup>nd</sup> September – 22.9.05 – in Take Note.

I drove home and found Jenny in her vegetable garden. The torrential rain of the past few days had eased and she needed to get the rest of the spring seedlings in. I recounted the events of the class and that bookshop. I glanced at my watch. It was 17.41, so I went to photograph 17.42 against the Take Note bag of books and magazines. Then I put on the TV news. Hurricane Rita, the sequel to Katrina, was promising to be a bigger sister. She had been upgraded to Category 5, the fiercest category.

Never before in US history had there been two such powerful hurricanes in one season! It was the exact 105<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the worst ever natural disaster in US history. 8,000 people had been killed in 1900 when an anonymous hurricane had struck Galveston. And chapter 105 in *The Da Vinci Code* explains that the End Times is a ‘tale of paranoid minds’. It seemed a fitting confirmation of Code 229 on 22.9.5.

After breakfast I remembered that there was one last section to finish in one of the other Chapters. I had been part way through looking at the Koranic stories of Christ.

That still was not complete. I had first picked up the Koran on 10<sup>th</sup> September and thought how strange it was that it should be so close to 9-11. I have not looked at the Koran for some years. The edition I picked up was a parallel-text English/Arabic edition with comprehensive footnotes. It translated the Arabic names as Jesus and Mary, although I seemed to recollect seeing them as Issa and Mariam. I went to look for an alternative translation. I knew I had a Penguin edition somewhere.

As it turned out, I found it fairly easily. Walking into Hut 3, I looked at my watch; it was 12.27 pm. 227 is the Covenant Code which links strongly to Mary. By the time I had got my camera, it was 12.28. 228 is the code for *Revelation*. This implied to me that Mohammed had indeed been inspired when he gave the warnings which he did of right and wrong, God's judgement and heaven and hell.

I read through the Introduction. Then I noticed a strange coincidence. The date of the death of Mohammed was given as 8<sup>th</sup> June 632 AD. 8<sup>th</sup> June 1986 was the date when Ankhsoun first came to tell the true story of her father, Akhenaten, and his religious revolution, his attempt to 'correct the scriptures' in his time. "How many years had passed," I wondered, "between those two events?" The answer was 1354 years.

"Does that number have any significant factors?" I wondered. Remember 388 and 2.2.9.7? I divided 1354 by 2 and got 677, i.e. 2.677. That was quite astonishing. 677 was the code for my English trip – derived from my fare with Singapore Airlines – \$2677. It seemed, once again, evidence of a link – inspiration and the code numbers. The strange thing was that, on my way down to Hut 3 to write this section, I had noticed the power meter at 30677.0. It must have been about 12.10 pm.

So once again, the juxtaposition of numbers confirmed for me the connection between Mohammed's original inspiration and the stories of Mary Magdalen and Ankhsoun-pa-Aten. The Source of Intelligence that had sent Mary to tell the true story of Christ had caused me to be in England at precisely the intended time to see the prophetic code elements (1557.47) of Katrina, as well as the London bombings. And it was the same Source of Intelligence that, nearly two months later, had set Katrina on her way as justice for what the people of that land had done to the people of the Crescent. 15.59.30 23/9/05

Perhaps the manifold errors of which Cranmer spoke, in the Introduction to the first *Book of Common Prayer* of Edward VI, are the reason that finally caused God to send the spirits of first Mary Magdalen and then Ankhsoun-pa-Aten to speak through Jenny to finally set the record straight in the End Times.

Is this why I captured the photograph so precisely of that electric locomotive at Durham Station on 24<sup>th</sup> July? Its name, *Archbishop Thomas Cranmer*, was framed by the station pillars as the locomotive passed rapidly through the station, finally coming to a halt almost at the end of the platform. Is it just chance that after that train left, my attention was drawn to a support for the 'overhead' – the electric 'knitting'? 2298 was the number. Was it an indication to link to overhead, symbolically – On High – God? Was it because the errors are now just too great? And there is no desire to rectify them. So the time of 2297 has finally come. 4.06.45

This was actually the first time we got the 2297 code too. And Jenny came to tell me at almost the time I was issued with the card, around 4 pm. As ever, the significant coincidences go on and on – ever relevant, ever precise. They will never all be recorded. There are just too many. The theme does not change, only the means of its expression.



The Alpha and Omega Codes are real. They are the means by which God chooses at this time to reveal His existence. The last chapters of this book have been written over the last few weeks in an attempt to illustrate how the codes work, their prophetic nature, and how they relate to important events in the world today.

Neither the Sumatra tidal wave nor Katrina was just 'bad luck'. There is a message behind both catastrophes.

Remember that, as you see subsequent catastrophes unfold. Mary was right! So are we! 4.44.41

"Good God!" I thought. "The coordinates of disaster!" Then a few minutes later came into my mind the words with which a member of the Worcester College 'God Squad' used to chide me when I had exclaimed in that manner almost forty years ago. "He is, you know!" To that I would add a rider: "But He is also a just God!" 4.49.01  
23/9/05

## 43. ARMAGEDDON

Again a curious railway link emerged when I followed up an idea that came into my mind on the night of 24<sup>th</sup> September 2005. I was in the middle of correcting *Westmorland* when I seemed to recollect that around the time of his death, an ex-LMS loco, 45428, had been named *Bishop Eric Treacy* in his honour. As I made my way to Hut 3, I glanced at my watch. The time was just coming up to 7.42 pm. The locomotive names book had no reference to this Black 5. Instead it gave an 86/2 Class electric locomotive 86250, with this name, but wrongly attributed it as 1966 when the loco at that time was certainly number E30XX, un-named in electric blue, for the London-Manchester/Liverpool services. These locos were not named until the late 1970s, when electrification of the West Coast Main Line from Crewe over Shap to Glasgow was completed.

What I wondered was the name of 86229. There was no numerical cross-reference, but the book was arranged alphabetically. I slowly scanned down the numbers on pages, half at random... Lots of 86/2s – but the closest I got was 8a6223. I gave up. It would take too long to go through the book methodically. It was 8.25 pm. Then I remembered the film *Armageddon* was being shown on TV3 around 8.30 pm. I looked in and told Jenny in the computer room on my way up to the house.

It was not until the next morning that I made another connection – the electric 86250 had a steam forerunner on this same line, Coronation 6250, later 46250 *City of Lichfield*.

But there is another connection between Lichfield and an Anglican bishop that came to mind as I wrote this. The first Bishop of New Zealand was George Selwyn, who subsequently returned to England as Bishop of Lichfield. And my study/chapel is a very unusual building. It is built in the form of an old 1860s Anglican Selwyn Chapel. That just happened to be the form of construction of the old garage we demolished in May 1996. We re-erected it in slightly modified form on our property, but the construction style is still unmistakable. We removed the 1927 building from a site on Pah Road, near Greenwood's Corner in Epsom. Greenwood was my mother's maiden name. Again, as I write this I have an image of the Queen's car going past along Pah Road. We had gone to see her departure from Auckland at that very point at the conclusion of her New Zealand tour. It happened to be a convenient point to see her en route to Auckland airport. We were running a bit late and just decided to stop there to get some photos.

It was a year or two later that we realised that the next block of houses down the road had a residential rest home on the corner with a very significant name. Again, we only discovered this because Jenny caught sight of a car with a 557 registration number parked just down from the site where our 'Selwyn Chapel' had come from. As I took the photographs, my eye must have been drawn to the rest home with its name *Ventana*. I recognised it only because not long before, *The China Syndrome* had been shown on New Zealand Television. In that film, Ventana was the nuclear plant which came close to disaster. The film was released in cinemas on 16<sup>th</sup> March 1979 and lampooned by the nuclear industry. Twelve days later, on 28<sup>th</sup> March 1979, the Three Mile Island nuclear plant in Pennsylvania had a much worse accident than had the Ventana plant in the film.

So, was this juxtaposition yet another pointer that it will indeed be that the Queen's final departure will trigger an event concurrent with *The Dorset Disaster*? It will mark the sounding of another Angel, the opening of another Seal.

Imagine the scenes which will ensue when *The Dorset Disaster* comes to pass. For the last few days, our television screens have been filled with images of clogged freeways. What an ironic contradiction – like their epithet for their land – Land of the Free!

It is strange irony of timing that caused the film *Armageddon* to be broadcast last night. Only yesterday morning over her breakfast, Jenny was reading in the *NZ Herald* of the blocked freeways as a million people fled in the paranoia created by fear of the wrath of Rita – or should that be the possible Wrath of God?

Suddenly she shouted to me: "It's just like in that film about the asteroid. What was it called?"

"*Deep Impact*," I shouted back from where I was editing manuscripts. Last night I realised that *Armageddon* had had none of the mass evacuation scenes. That film was too concerned with unlikely computer-generated graphics of those hardy, all-American tough guys, the oil well drillers, boring away into an asteroid with fireworks going off in all directions.

Yet despite that, there were strange connections in the film. Almost at the start there is a fight between the two 'love interest' elements – father and boyfriend of the 'heroine'. Zoom out to full shot and it can be seen that the fight is taking place in front of tank number 229A. Later on as the ruthless Pentagon prepare to sacrifice the brave boys by 'prematurely detonating the nuke', there is a shot cut to the timer clicking on the just-activated nuclear bomb – 5:58... it is so clear. It is the number in the Alpha and Omega Codes for nuclear disaster. Of course, in *Armageddon*, the USAF Commander goes against his duty and training to disconnect the bomb.

Of course, it's Hollywood, and the good guys win out. Incidentally, the first salvos from the asteroid belt hit New York. In a curious link to what is to come, the top is knocked off one of the World Trade Centre Towers at the same time as the Chrysler Building comes down, with its top like a Sword of Damocles. But in all of this, there is little of the dust which accompanied the real demolition of a New York sky scraper.

*Armageddon* reminded me of the film *Titanic*'s lack of realism of the real 1912. In the film, the rich turned up at Southampton in their sparkling ex-showroom cars. The atmosphere was more like the South Island of New Zealand around Milford Sound for its crystal clarity. 1912 Southampton was a murky place, with the output of thousands of coal fires polluting the air. The real black and white photographs show the reality of Edwardian Britain, still the industrial powerhouse of the world. Nor did the rich arrive at the *Titanic* in their cars. Cars then were not noted for their reliability or their protection from the elements. April in England is usually cold and windy. Southampton is 100 miles from London. The rich were not as stupid as the film implies, even if they were as pampered and greedy. They travelled 'First Class' on a Southern Railway special train from Waterloo. But that would have taxed the limited skills of the computer 'reality makers' too far. After all, the money had to be spent on the 'love interest' and the unrealistic fighting scenes in water at 4°C. I mention *Titanic* because of course the inspired 1898 novel *Futility* had more than a passing resemblance to what was to come in 1912. *The Dorset Disaster* is a novel in the same vein of inspiration.

But in *Armageddon*, Hollywood could not resist a final dig at its arch-enemy, the French. The awful French dare to insist on a levy – funny word, that – on foreign films. This is to support the French film industry against the assault on French culture and against the all-pervasive perversion of truth, history and reality which is Hollywood. In *Armageddon*, the first large fragment of the incoming asteroid train hits Paris. A dramatic computer-generated wave of destruction spreads outward from ground zero, leaving a battered and broken Arc de Triomphe standing amidst the rubble.

But the real asteroid will not have its target coordinates set by Hollywood or NASA. Perhaps the unexpurgated version of *The Heavens Fall* is closer to the truth of what is to come. There are most definitely some elements of inspiration in it.

Jenny watched the film for a while. “I’m going to have a bath when the next adverts come on,” she said after an hour or so. She went to run the bath and did various other things in the kitchen. She came back and watched for a bit longer. “It’s a long time between adverts,” she commented. She went back into the kitchen. Suddenly she shouted “Look! It’s 5.05 on the cooker.” I carried on watching the film. “It’s 5.06 now” she said. I wanted to photograph the title *Armageddon* dissolving into fire as the advertising break came up. Just at that very moment the advertising break titles came up, Jenny shouted “It’s changing to 507 now!” The heroes had just landed on the asteroid – well, *Independence* had, anyway. Funny how *Freedom* crash-landed. Rather like the war in Iraq, everything didn’t go according to plan with ‘Freedom’.

Strange how the other book I got that day in the Salvation Army Store in Papakura with *Justice City* and *Gone Bush* was Sidney Sheldon’s *The Best Laid Plans*. There were two copies – as if to emphasise that title. I had bought one because of course it was finding a copy of Sidney Sheldon’s *Doomsday* on the beach in Hawaii that inspired the writing career of Dan Brown, and hence *Angels & Demons* and *The Da Vinci Code*.

I watched the film through to the bitter end, although I had seen it a couple of times before when it had been on TV. I remembered the video coming out just as I had begun my series of lectures at the University of Auckland in March 1999 on *The Significance of Coincidence*. And of course *Armageddon* was part of a unique husband-and-wife team contribution to the salvation of mankind. Bruce Willis saved the world by sacrificing himself in a nuclear blast – a techno-version of ‘dying for the sins of all mankind’. The remote control had failed, the fiancée drew the short straw, but the all-American hero trumps this and gets to make the ultimate sacrifice himself. At one point, even the all-American tough guy is shown asking God for a bit of help!

Demi Moore, of course, made the same supreme sacrifice for all mankind in a rather less high-tech manner in *The Seventh Sign*. She gives hope... The ‘Guf’ is full again. No more will babies be born without souls... that is of course if the fertility experts can work out how to create them. Is it not a cause for wondering that Bruce and Demi’s first child, Rumer Willis, was born on 16<sup>th</sup> August 1988? It was the 229<sup>th</sup> day of the year. And is not Willis fighting his potential son-in-law in front of oil tank 229A – 229-1?

And in the next advertising break, after a very short six-minute film sequence, there was a curious Vodaphone mobile phone advertisement. Smack in the middle of it was a full-screen shot of Shrub himself. It seemed appropriate. He lives in a world of fiction into which, occasionally, a little bit of reality is thrown in.

They fled in fear or terror in real life – not at all in *Armageddon*. But then the wise leaders knew what was in the best interests of the people. What a pity that, too, is pure fiction.

Remember the patch for the Shuttle mission 'For all mankind'. I only saw the link to his sacrifice as I wrote this chapter.

As Jenny commented, "How come they manage to get all these tear-jerking communications? Father on the asteroid and daughter in the Houston control room?" In Hollywood, the communications always work – a bit of a contrast to the radio ones used by the firemen in New York on 911, and police and National Guard in Louisiana with Katrina. In both disasters, the cell phones quickly proved to be useless, quickly failing through gross overload. But as another great hero said, "It's a small step for man..."

And in a brilliant irony of timing, at that very moment the tear-jerking exchange was taking place in *Armageddon* between the hero on the asteroid and his daughter in Houston Control, the real city of Houston, including the sacred nerve centre of space control, now evacuated in readiness, awaited the imminent arrival of a real natural disaster, Hurricane Rita. 11.05.57

At this point in writing, I stopped for coffee and toast. Jenny made it for me and then the Voice said, "Tell her to come in."

She called from the kitchen: "It's 5.59!" This was on the cooker clock which has a rogue time on it.

"Put up the flash and take it from an angle," I instructed.

"5.59... 6.00 – I got three shots..." Jenny said and then came in, cleared my glasses off the chair and sat quietly to see what came through for me. The time was 11.11.07. and I dictated until 11.18.22.<sup>40</sup>

Jenny wrote it down, and at the end she queried a comment in *Armageddon* where the experts were asked "Why didn't you see it earlier?" The answer was reminiscent of the question of the levées. The film omitted to say that the levies went to the wrong people, of course – the military and the rich – but it is implied.

But the answer in *Armageddon* has a familiar ring "You only gave us a budget of \$..... It only covers a fraction of the sky. It's a big sky." But God intends Sekhmet to 'come out of the sun', for does not the daughter come out of her father? And Sekhmet, daughter of Ra, is the destroyer of the enemies of Ra, according to the mythology of the ancient Egyptians. But what would they know? They didn't have computers or cell phones – or even plastic!

Suddenly an image comes into my mind from *Armageddon*. It is one of the iconic yellow New York taxis in the now deserted city. On it is a sign "The End is Nigh". Then this image is replaced by the similar shot from near the end of the 1958 film *On the Beach*. It is a scene of another board outside the State Library in Melbourne<sup>41</sup> – "There is still time!" But the city is empty. All that blows is the wind, carrying death – radiation. We had first visited Melbourne two days after the Bush/Gore election on 9-11-00. This was now our second visit to Melbourne, in 2002.

That night in the State Library, which we were allowed to join as temporary members for free, I was reading old local newspaper articles about the Melbourne world Première of *On the Beach*. Jenny came in, quite excited. "Look what I've found!" It was a copy of an old engraving – 12<sup>th</sup> May, 185X – John Martin's *Last Judgement*. At

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<sup>40</sup> The words that came are given at the end of this chapter.

<sup>41</sup> The scene of some of our experiences in our Melbourne research.

that moment, the clouds parted and a wide shaft of sunlight illuminated the reading room of the State Library.

It was only when we got back I decided to rent the video *On the Beach*. I rang lots of video shops. I was offered *The Beach* with the *Titanic* star Leonardo DiCaprio. The big chains were not interested in ancient films. Only the locally-owned Civic Video in Papakura had a copy. We watched it on Easter Monday, 2002. It was a strange link to our arrival in Conway, North Wales, in 1986 on Easter Monday that heralded Mary's coming in those lonely hills.

The sandwich board, with its ultimately erroneous message, is accompanied by the haunting, slow rendition of *Waltzing Matilda*. The recurrence of the themes and the codes at these relevant times is quite uncanny, as were so many other elements of our Melbourne experiences. Again, railways were prominent. It really is 'Trains of Events'. Before I wrote this section it came to me to call Jenny so she could write down the words that were coming into my mind.

*Do not be too disappointed in what they say about it being downgraded to a Category 1. Have they all fled in vain? A bit of fear will do them all good. They need to have their arrogance destroyed, their certainty in their own rectitude. 11.12.09*

(I had noticed a TV2 programme being shown in the early hours of this morning, 4 hours after *Armageddon* finished – *Do you believe in the Paranormal?* I had circled it when I had noticed it yesterday evening. But although I set the G-Codes to record *BBC World Service* at 3 o'clock, I forgot to record *Do you believe in the Paranormal?* I concluded it didn't matter. Without a doubt the programme would tell me nothing I did not already know, but it might have thrown up some interesting connections. But as I think about that now, the following words come to me:

*It doesn't matter whether you believe in the paranormal or not. Elements of what is described as the paranormal do exist and are indeed true. Much of it is a deceit and is not what it purports to be at all. But in the end, it matters not one iota what you believe. Whether you believe in fairies, Santa Claus, honest lawyers or virgin births, in the end I will judge you. Note the use of the first person singular! I will judge you by your actions. Whatever the books say or do not say, I will judge you by your actions. She [Mary] speaks my words. She knows the truth. In time, the world will come to see that everything contained within this book is true. Breathe a sigh of relief with Rita, if it makes you feel better. There will be another and another. But in the end, I will send Sekhmet out of the sun. So, think what you will do in those last days when you know that the End is Nigh!*

*These are the words the book has to end with. Call the last chapter Armageddon.*

Is it just chance that, when Jenny looked at my watch before she began to write, the time was 11.11.07? 11.11 is the code for 'Lest we forget' – Judge of the Nations, as Kipling called Him. But the nations have all forgotten – everyone to his own way. So, the times of *The Seventh Sign* are upon us. 12.11.30

13 March 2007 1:22:23 pm

## 44. A HARROWING EARTHQUAKE

And so it carries on. The proof of Mary's words, and thus the correctness of my basic hypothesis of meaningful coincidences being evidence of the Hand of God, continues to pour in.

I woke suddenly this morning and looked at my watch. I could just make out the time in the half light. It was 7.42.29. There were no shots left on the camera. I had taken dozens and dozens last Saturday, trying to show the lashing of the wind in the trees. I knew that today the newspaper would have the Pakistan earthquake as its main story. A human interest close-up of a child loomed large; "Quake toll hits 30,000" was the headline. An image of a collapsed 12-storey building was deemed less important. But the earthquake fitted strongly with the theme of the weekend, "Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire".

I deleted some older shots on the card and photographed the front page. Then I photographed some earlier 'Katrina' front pages, "Will the levées hold?", "Apocalypse Now" and "Our Tsunami". I had dug these out the night before to use as an illustration to Mary's last words.

I photographed the time on the Olympus AZ-1, the little camera with its strong Alpha and Omega connection. After that, I picked up the foreign news section. Here was a large photograph conveying much better the scale of the devastation in Kashmir. A modern apartment block lay in ruins alongside its untouched neighbours. The headline screamed: "Nature lays waste to hopes and lives". "Mother Nature, again," I thought. It is such an easy cop-out for the modern world.

I took a couple more photographs. In the first, the advertisement which occupied 30% of the page was too prominent. So I took a second photo. Then I noticed the number of photographs in the current folder - 458 of 458. It was such clear confirmation that whatever journalists called it, it was quite definitely the Hand of God and another indicator of the End Time sequences. 458 is 2.229, the time on Jenny's computer when she had confirmed the date of Easter Day as 5<sup>th</sup> April, 33 AD.

I photographed the screen of the D70 with the AZ-1 camera, photographing the second screen with the time for that image. The file number allocated to the 458/458 image was DSC 6242. The time was 8.08. The earthquake had happened on 8<sup>th</sup> October at about 8.50 am. It was another strange link to trainspotting, to the Harrow rail crash and 'maximum credible accident'. One of the locomotives involved was the ex-LMS Pacific 6242. The Alpha and Omega Code numbers keep repeating. Once again, disaster is the theme and once again, a very precise link to railways crops up!

I began to read the foreign news section. The second item described the experience of a 17-year-old student in school. He was studying chemistry... just like me! Then I scanned across the other items, my eye alighting on the only large headline: "God's Wrath".

I glanced down the list to find the source of the quote. It was the last one, at the base of the column. "I guess it is a symbol of God's wrath on this Ramadan. Maybe we are not worthy of his blessings." - Shymla Khan from the Pakistani city of Lahore.

It was the most accurate comment in the paper. What an odd coincidence it should be made by someone from Lahore. For there we have another homophone - La whore

- Mary had once been a prostitute and her story has been translated into one other language and that is French.

The D70 indicated one last shot on the roll, so I took a close-up of the GOD'S WRATH column. It was image 459 of 459. Of course, 459 is twice 229.5. The events of 22.9.5 had provided more striking confirmation of my theories concerning prophecy and Hurricane Katrina and the railway connections.

I took out the card from the D70 to download it later, but put it back to check something. The D70 came up with an error message I had never known before. The top screen, which shows (E) with no card, changed to (CHR) with the card inserted. The card had shown still (1) left when I had taken it out after 459/459. CHR immediately reminded me of Christ. It is an error message; it should show '1'. Rather intriguingly the AZ-1 showed 3! It seemed to be linking back to Mary and her true story of CHRIst and her warnings of the coming End Times.

If it is all chance, why do the same codes recur and recur?

What a pity there are so few in the world like Shymla Khan who can see the clear symbols of God's wrath. Shymla Khan is speaking on behalf of the entire world. For those words echo the words of Mary Magdalen. Mankind is indeed not worthy of Gods' blessings.

Later, Jenny remarked, "You have got the earthquake and the wind. Now you just need the fire." Will it be a nuclear fire? Today, 10<sup>th</sup> October, is the anniversary of the discovery of Britain's worst ever nuclear accident - 10<sup>th</sup> October 1957. The fire in the pile had burned for a couple of days before being discovered. That was at Windscale. But they changed the name to Sellafield, to get rid of the unfortunate connotations. Unfortunately, it did not change the nature of the hazard.

As I edited "The Trumpet Shall Sound", I suddenly realised that a branch on the Angel Trumpet tree in our garden had crashed down on the same day as the India/Pakistan earthquake. A check of time zones showed that the Angel Trumpet tree and the neighbours' 20-metre Rewarewa tree had fallen just four hours before the earthquake; and in this was code 55796. It seemed to fit well with this Pakistan earthquake being one of the End Times indicators. It is the worst ever to hit Pakistan, according to President Musharraf.

It is probably not without significance that Muzaffarabad, Pakistan's Kashmiri capital, was the worst hit. At least 11,000 are dead out of a city of 600,000. As the front line is only a short distance away, the city is normally teeming with troops. But in the rubble, few soldiers are to be seen. The ones that are, stand by and watch the survivors desperately trying to free the trapped with their bare hands.

The damage straddles the border with India, for 50 years one of the most bitterly contested borders in the world. Now both sides have nuclear weapons to bolster their territorial ambitions. Perhaps the earthquake is a case of God saying "*A plague on both your houses*"?

The earthquake also fitted with the progression of the trainspotters' codes. The Sumatra earthquake triggered the tidal wave with 300,000 dead in its wake as it traversed the Bay of Bengal. The LMS Jubilee *Bengal* carried the number 5577. This earthquake, with 30,000 dead, struck Kashmir. The LMS Jubilee *Kashmir* was number 5588. As Jenny said, "Back to your bloody trains again!"

But the question remains: Who will get the fire?



3.13 pm, 10<sup>th</sup> October 2005

## Postscript

But wait; there's more, as they say on the awful American infomercials. That Saturday morning, before I had picked up the *New Zealand Herald*, I had read our power meter. It was between 31558.3 and 31558.4. 558 indicates death and the Muslim world. The original 558 link came with the Feast of Eid el Adha on 2<sup>nd</sup> July 1990. Now it is the start of Ramadan.<sup>42</sup> A code repeat again brings death to the Muslim world for a major religious feast, or rather, fast.

But the trainspotters' code is quite precise, for 5583 is past. I see, approaching, another train. The outline is so familiar. It is an ex-LMS Jubilee with its train of red coaches of mixed vintage. Now it is almost upon me. Beneath the fairly clean Brunswick green of the boiler, I see the curve of the nameplate above the leading driving wheels. The late evening sun picks out the polished brass of the raised letters on the painted black background. The cab numbers are clean, 45584. The driver in his neat blue overalls peers ahead. His eyes look down the length of the boiler, searching for the signals. But, with home and distant off, it is full ahead on the down main.

Then, with a thunderous roar, she is past, her distinctive, three-cylinder beat receding into the distance. The rapid clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-click of the carriage wheels on the rail joints indicates her speed as her train follows.

I photographed our power meter at 8.57 am in New Zealand as it approached 31558.4. Some seven hours later at 8.50 am local time in the province of North West Frontier, Balakot, a town of 30,000 people was reduced to rubble. A few minutes after taking this photograph, I began to read of Bush's divine mission<sup>43</sup> in Saturday's morning paper.

It was a 'Harrowing' earthquake on the anniversary of the Harrow train crash. Two locomotives were destroyed in the horrific accident. One was the lead engine of the down express. It was another Jubilee, 45637, *Windward Islands*.

Perhaps the following anecdote is also suggestive of a destiny. It must have been one day in 1961 when I first noticed this gap, this missing number in the list of Jubilees in my 1959 Ian Allan *abc*. I was standing on a south Manchester railway station. I was with a group of other train spotters, waiting for the Saturday afternoon 'semi'. It was the only train of the week that ever brought a Stanier Pacific into Manchester. That station was the first stop for local trains leaving Manchester London Road, as it then was, en route for Crewe. The titled express trains, such as *The Comet*, just thundered through.

The name of the station was Longsight. God certainly has long sight. He sees far through the mists of time. He has chosen to give hints of what the future holds in many ways to many men through the ages. The way He seems to have chosen now is that of the Alpha and Omega Codes.

9.36.46, 11<sup>th</sup> October 2005

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<sup>42</sup> With the first glimpse of the new moon on 4<sup>th</sup> October.

<sup>43</sup> I glanced at my watch as I walked over to pick up today's *NZ Herald* to read over breakfast. My watch indicated 8.18.28. On that morning in 1952, the station clock stopped at Harrow at 8.18½. I photographed my watch against the foreign news page. The top half is entirely devoted to the disaster of Balakot. The headline is "Lost in Graveyards of Rubble". Wednesday, 12<sup>th</sup> October, 2005 - 11.25.57... 11.25.58... 11.25.59... 11.26.00 am.

The Lockerbie disaster marked the real beginning of our deciphering the Alpha and Omega Codes. It began on a railway station on the Waverley route. We made only one sale on the first day of our exhibition of Egyptian papyrus paintings at the old Melrose railway station on 21<sup>st</sup> December 1988. It was at 12.21 pm. The item was an *Eye of Ra*; it was 12.21.88 in US dating. Lockerbie, a major US disaster in which Britain played a supporting role, was less than seven hours away.

3.28.52, 12<sup>th</sup> October 2005

John Smith died on 12<sup>th</sup> May, 1994. That day BBC Radio 4 began the Book of Revelation in its morning service slot. The readers had worked their way through the Bible from Genesis to Revelation over the better part of a year. It was the second time the BBC had broadcast the whole series. The first series of readings ended in August, 1992. I used to listen to the short service and the reading on the sewage works at RAF Chicksands. As I write this I am reminded of my experience of the 'Chicksands ghost'<sup>44</sup> one day on the airbase. That was triggered by a sermon given on the morning service. After finishing the Bible, BBC Radio 4 then embarked on *Pilgrim's Progress*. It seemed most timely. One lunchtime, I was walking over a bridge in nearby Bedford, when I caught sight of a sign set in the bridge parapet.

NEAR THIS SPOT STOOD BEDFORD GAOL  
WHERE JOHN BUNYAN WROTE  
PART 1 OF PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

On the airbase a few weeks later, I was given the signs 'Lockerbie comes to America.' When Lockerbie did indeed come to America nine years later to the day, when the towers came down, the acceleration began in earnest.

Now, the second time round, in May 1994, they were finally at the beginning of the Bible's last book. A few days later, various pointers told me to go to the Greek island of Patmos, where St John had his visions of The End.<sup>45</sup> We left England a couple of days later.

On 12<sup>th</sup> May 1989, the video version of *The Seventh Sign* was released in Britain. It is a fictional tale of the end times based on the Book of Joel and the Book of Revelation. John Smith's death left the way open for Blair to take over the Labour Party and betray everything that its founders, men like Keir Hardie, had stood for. It is all supporting

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<sup>44</sup> We first connected our computer up to the internet on 21<sup>st</sup> December 1998, ten years to the day since Pan Am 103 came down over Lockerbie. I took the opportunity to look at *The Daily Telegraph*. One of the things I miss in New Zealand is having quality daily newspapers. You don't realise how spoilt you are in England with *The Independent*, *The Guardian*, *The Daily Telegraph* and *The Times* to choose from. They have different political slants but all carry factual and comprehensive articles. That particular day, when we flicked through the news stories on the *Electronic Telegraph* for the first time, by strange coincidence, there was an article about the Chicksands ghost. The USAF base had since been closed down and the British MoD had taken over. New technology had rendered the 'elephant cage' redundant. Now, reports of the 'Chicksands ghost' were causing some local consternation. This time they were linking Chicksands and its role in the wartime Enigma Codes to the D-Day codes of the *Daily Telegraph* crosswords. In 1998, part of that was in the past for us, but part of it was still in the future. We still had much to understand about the codes. The reader is referred to Volume 2 of *Enigmas of Easter, The Alpha and Omega Codes*.

<sup>45</sup> See *Revelation 1:9*: "I was on the isle of Patmos".

evidence that the End is known with great precision, even to the bit part actors in the key roles on the footplate.

Look around you now at all the evil men around the world using the 'War on Terror' to achieve their ulterior motives. But although these aims and objectives may be hidden from the eyes of most men, they are not hidden from the eyes of God. He knows precisely when, how and where it will all end.

If you have eyes to see, you should be able to see the 'why' for yourself.

Mary has told the truth.

15<sup>th</sup> October 2005, 10.00.03 pm

## Part 7

### Destiny by Design

## 45. BURY QUEST

Standing outside the Bury Grammar School Development office, I felt in a way that my Quest had indeed come full circle. One of the main reasons I felt I should come to England in June 2005 had been the outside possibility that I may be required for an interview in connection with my application for the position of Perrott-Warrick Scholar, the Fellowship founded by the Perrott-Warrick fund at Cambridge. Mind, for that to happen, the Trustees would have had to discover the meaning of the word 'trust'. As it turned out, my rejection letter from Bernard Carr at Queen Mary College, London was dated 18<sup>th</sup> July, the day I arrived in Edinburgh, the other university which now plays host to the misappropriation of the only other fund left specifically for psychical research – The Koestler Foundation. The rejection letter did not arrive in New Zealand until 4<sup>th</sup> August.

There were three other elements in my Odyssey back to the country that had once been 'home'. These two were railways and significant places from my past. Both these elements came together here on that evening, 25<sup>th</sup> July, in Bury.

Bury Grammar School had occupied an important place in my life between 1958 and 1965. I had progressed the two loves of my life – chemistry in school and railways, largely out of school. Here, ironically, the two strands met on the trackbed of the Bury-Bolton railway line, now occupied by the Development Office. From Bury Grammar, I had got a scholarship to Worcester College, Oxford.

That had now come full circle with my letter to Colleen Day, and her first ever visit to Auckland on 29<sup>th</sup> April 2005, leading to my discovery of the Perrott-Warrick Fellowship.

The Development Office was definitely the next 'clue' in the Quest, Ra's Treasure Hunt. Proof of that came when I took the next photograph – of the school from the position of the ghost of the railway line. As soon as I looked back at the image on the D70, my eye was drawn to the image number on the folder – 557 of 557!

"Good God in heaven!" I thought. Here, of all places. Talk about Alpha to Omega. Here was where my education had begun. And the photograph harking back across time had carried within it the seeds of my second career – psychical research, culminating in my Quest, the real reason I was in England at that moment. 557 was the Lockerbie Prophecy Code number, the first real evidence for a detailed knowledge of the future.

I got out my little Olympus camera, purchased in Birmingham Bullring shopping centre on 23<sup>rd</sup> June, specifically to record such coincidences. I had looked for the cheapest camera I could find which would satisfy the main requirement – to photograph the screen of the D70, i.e. fill the frame for an area 60 mm wide. The cheap cameras had no real close-up. I did not want to waste money on another high-end digital camera as I had two already. The second was with Jenny in New Zealand to meet her needs whilst I was away.

Then I found a camera that seemed to have been named specifically with my Quest in mind. It was the Olympus AZ-1. Was not Mt. Olympus the home of the gods? Zeus was the King of the Gods. I remember once climbing one of the peaks in the North Yorkshire Dales one Oxford vac. I'd been invited by a friend to a cottage rented by his

wealthy family, near Banbridge in Wensleydale. We were climbing Ingleborough when the cloud started to come down. It became all rather grey. Suddenly the clouds cleared in one direction and, for a few minutes, in the distance below was Ingleton gloriously illuminated in full sun. Then the clouds swept back.

I was immediately reminded of a film I had seen some years before. I can't now remember the name – but I remembered the effect. Jupiter/Zeus and Hera were observing mortals below in a kind of crystal ball that 'zoomed in'. I always thought of that experience afterward as like the view from Mt. Olympus.

As for A-Z, Alpha to Zeus, or the English equivalent of the Greek Alpha to Omega, the beginning and the end.

The camera seemed most appropriate, particularly as it was a special offer – £30 off. The sales girl took it out of the locked display case and demonstrated it. It seemed quite neat, but for one thing, it would not do close-ups down to 60 mm. I tried a few photos with the camera. Suddenly I noticed a sales code on the centre display – 557. It seemed to be indicating I should buy the AZ-1. But what was the point? The sales assistant had set it on close-up and it was not close enough.

The idea came to me to ask for the camera instruction manual. I perused it. The camera offered an 'auto-scene' and individual selectable scenes. Option 10 was the one the shop assistant had selected to demonstrate the camera's close-up capabilities. But there was a better option which precisely fitted my needs. Option 11 was super close-up! It allowed the frame to be filled by an object no more than 60 mm wide. It was precisely what I needed.

So the signs had shown me the truth. The sales girl had not known as much about the camera as had the 'Source of Intelligence'. The only reservation I had had was the lack of any facility to override exposure – even with a rudimentary  $\pm 1$  stop setting. But in time, an idea came to allow me to 'beat' the auto-system when I needed to.

The Olympus AZ camera had seemed most appropriately named. They had only one in stock – that one – and I never saw another in the various Jessop's branches I looked in as I stopped to burn back-up CDs in my 6-week odyssey.

So I went back to the car parked on Bridge Road and photographed the 557 of 557 screen on the D70. The AZ-1 showed 229 (taken or left?)! What an astonishing coincidence of numbers! The two most important of all the codes in my research – 557 and 229 – just up the road from the physics lab at Bury Grammar School.

I had always said my work is parapsysics; it relates to real science, not to parapsychology – the offshoot of a pseudo-science! It was only later when I came to drive away that I realised the car trip mileage had been 229.7 when I first arrived at Bury Grammar School! It really was pretty staggering. I went back and finished my photos from the viewpoint of the ex-railway line/development office.

Then I walked up along a railed path which ran parallel to the ghostly trackbed. I reached an overbridge and came upon what looked like half time-warp, half railway scrapyard. There were coaches in various stages of decay/paintwork. Some were in the awful British Rail blue/grey; others in the infinitely preferable British Railways maroon. There was even a curious interloper. The nearest train was an ex-Southern Region electrical multiple unit, a long way from any source of electrical power it could use. Even in BR days, it would have been in trouble with its 660V power requirement. In 1953, the L&Y had chosen 1200V for its third rail power supply, with side contact rails, less prone to ice, the wrong kind of snow' or 'leaves on the line' than the top

contact system later adopted by the Southern Railway. So, even though the interloper was sitting on tracks that had once been electrified, even they had been at the wrong voltage.

But, it was a curious link to my childhood. My parents had bought me a Triang train set, the poor child's height of ambition. My friend at Bury Grammar School, whose father was a bank manager, had the rich child's vision – the Hornby Dublo train set, with its scale length Duchess made of metal and its solid, nicely painted metal coaches. I had to make do with the stubby, very much non-scale length Princess Elizabeth and two short red plastic coaches, whose roofs in time had an unfortunate tendency to 'banana'.

But I was quite grateful even for that. In time I aspired to a second train. For some obscure reason, instead of buying the 0-6-0 tank which most did, I went for the Southern Region EMU 2-car set. Perhaps, in part, it had a romance of far parts of England; in part I liked the light on the front beside the motor man's cab. With the room light off, all you could see in the darkness was the little light weaving its way around the tracks.

Now the full scale model 12" to a foot had been brought to Bury. It was rather as though my model world had been reincarnated! In the distance, looking towards Bolton Street Station, were the remains of a red Mickey Mouse (Ivatt 2-6-0) and a lot of lights where Bolton Street Station used to be.

I drove back to the front entrance to the old building of Bury Grammar School. Then, crossing what is now a dual carriageway race track, I looked for the bridge down onto Bolton Street Station. It was still preserved – a total time warp. The mercury lights illuminated the whole station. There were lots of coaches in a siding and on the 'main line'. But the old electric bay – No. 4 platform – was no more. The 4.20 home had always gone from that platform.

I wandered a little further up Tenterden Street to the home of the former Classics Master and Mayor of Bury – Alderman Shaw. He must have been 70+ when I went up to his house to work in his cellar, finishing off my live steam engine. I had chosen to forsake sport on a Wednesday afternoon in the 6<sup>th</sup> form and do metalwork. I built a steam engine. It was slow going. Mr Shaw retired around the time I did A-levels, with my steam engine less than complete. So I finished it in his cellar. He gave me the choice of building a 3/8" bore, 3/8" stroke engine or a 1/2" bore, 1/2" stroke. I chose the latter. Perhaps no one else ever had.

When it was finished, it turned out that he had boilers available to power the 3/8" machines. Although you could build up a sufficient head of steam at the start and the engine would go like fury when you opened the valve, steam pressure would quickly fall off and it would chug along at a sedate pace! The little methyated spirit burner could not keep pace with the hungry cylinder! It was only a double-acting, oscillating cylinder machine, but that was better than the Mamod commercial ones. They were single-acting and could not self-start, whereas my double-acting one could. An oscillating cylinder doesn't need valve gear, so it was a far cry from the Walschaerts valve gear of real railway steam engines.

Now 6 Tenterden Street was a New Age, alternative health centre. Yes, Bury had certainly changed a lot in 40 years – but so has the rest of Britain – and none of it for the better.

How ironic that, having forsaken sport at such an early age, I should end up in a country which idolises sport. Rugby is New Zealand's national religion – literally.

Having been pulled in by a policeman with a flashing blue light – “Oh no! – What now?”, he asked if I was lost. I was going too slowly. I came back to the Seven Stars pub on the motorway. It was a strong link to my Durham experiences a few nights before, as well as to Bram Stoker's novel *The Jewel of Seven Stars* and of course to Ankhsoun-pa-Aten, the princess I had helped ‘restore to life’.

I drove to the end of the motorway at Ramsbottom, a link back to Amun<sup>46</sup>, and continued a little further north, finding a layby in the relatively peaceful hills on the edge of the Pennines. The next morning, I continued a little further north to Rawtenstall, the northern terminus of the East Lancashire Railway, whose southern end is Bury Bolton Street Station. The tourist office had timetables, so I went down to photograph the first steam train in. Instead, I found a gang of men in orange vests. It was a Tuesday. There were no trains that day. Once again, it seemed a reiteration of the message that I saw what was intended. I had not seen a single steam locomotive pulling a train in the whole time I had been in England, apart from *Tangmere* in Bath. The nearest I got was at Buckfastleigh, when I missed the arrival of the GW tank engine on its train and photographed it only as it ran round into the depot. Again, the other links there were reminiscent of Melrose Station and Lockerbie, pointing to another forthcoming disaster. That was on 5<sup>th</sup> July, 50705. 507 is the code for the end of the world. But was it more?

Now, once again, there was no steam train. I suppose it served to emphasise how significant had been my experience of *Tangmere* at Bath. That was no preserved tank engine on a few coaches. That was a Pacific on a mainline express – and I had been led to it with around one minute to spare! The codes surrounding that had also been 507 and, in addition, 229.

Instead, I used the toilet facilities. The maroon and white GENTLEMEN sign was in evidence and the door was ajar. Later I chatted to one of the volunteers who came to help out on the railway. It filled in his days of retirement. It was exactly like with the chap I had spoken to at length at Tyseley on my first day in England. I supposed, in a way, I was being shown what I would perhaps have been doing if I had stayed in my safe career in the water industry and, in due course, taken early retirement.

They were involved with some pavement laying work, as it was a non-railway operating day. Would I have been any happier doing that, or any other aspect of railway preservation? I knew the answer to that – No! For I had joked once to my friend Dave when he had gone off to help on the North Yorkshire Moors Railway, “It's railway modelling 12” to a foot scale.” Dublo scale is 4 mm to 1 foot, 1 in 76. But whether 1 in 1 or 1 in 76, the trains are not the real world now. They are synthetically clean, always ex-works, and pull clean coaches in a society that is likewise clean on the outside. It is in stark contrast to the very different one which existed when the trains were real, when they conveyed real people to real jobs, holidays at the seaside, or in the Scottish Highlands. The engines were dirty and the coaches grimy, life for most people was probably harder, but society had a soul.

The trains are a very tenuous link with a world that is otherwise totally lost, bits preserved in museums far and wide, set in the landscape of the museum which is Great Britain.

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<sup>46</sup> The ram was the symbol for Amun, ‘the hidden one’.



15/01/2006 1:03:54 p.m.

## 46. BACK IN TIME – BOLTON STREET STATION

Feeling quite overwhelmed by the incredible M388 BJC juxtapositions, I walked across Bolton Street to the ex-LMS railway station with its revamped 1950s frontage. As I pushed open the doors into the foyer, it was most definitely like stepping back 40 years. I had last set foot in the station in 1966, on my sole visit back to the school after I had left its precincts to go up to Oxford.

The station seemed almost unchanged, apart from the fact that the ticket office was closed off and the two ticket collectors at the barrier for joining and alighting passengers, respectively, were missing.

And there were posters around. Usually in this direction, it had been a dash, trying to catch the 4.20 pm train to Manchester Victoria. It tended to be a more leisurely amble for the 4.40 pm.

I walked through the barrier and onto the footbridge. Looking down to the north, the view was severely limited by the Bolton Street brick overbridge, 50 yards away. To the south, the canopies over the station platforms stretched away exactly as they had forty years, fifty years, and doubtless sixty years before. The lines below lead the eye to the distant signal box near the Knowsley Street spur, just as they ever had.

Over the bridge were the steps to platforms 1 and 2, but they were different. There were some British Railways posters, but also LMS ones. One particularly caught my attention. It was a picture of the *Coronation Scot* on Shap Fell! It linked very strongly the Stanier locomotives with my 'Date with Destiny' at Scotsman's Bridge, Greenholme almost a fortnight before. And one week before, at Edinburgh Waverley Station, I had found a photograph in a magazine of the preserved Stanier Coronation on Shap – the one coded for the End of the World – 46229.

The date of that photograph was 30<sup>th</sup> November 1996, the anniversary of the Crystal Palace Fire in 1936. Highly significant in the Alpha and Omega Codes, that even occurred only days before news of the Abdication crisis broke on the unsuspecting British public. Again, the linking of trains, and these locomotives in particular, to the theme of Royal Succession and royal destiny seemed inescapable.

Whereas 40 years ago these steps gave access to the platforms, now they no longer did. They were blocked off by roller doors. To gain access to the platform, I had to retrace my steps through the station in the direction I took when arriving for school every morning, every single school day for seven years. And even approaching the barrier in this direction, it all seemed so distantly familiar.

Access to the platforms was now via a side road and the car park. There was a station restaurant now, something the old station could never boast. Bury Bolton Street never even had a refreshment room. It was only a commuter station. There were no express trains. The only 'through train' was the infrequent service from Manchester Victoria to Rawtenstall (or Baycup), pulled by a Stanier 2-6-4 tank engine.

Yes, Platform 3 was very different, and the other way platform 4, as a result, was almost non-existent.

I got into conversation with another railway enthusiast. He, too, was there 'en passant', on his way to join a new touring play. The only railway activity was a diesel

shunter desultorily moving a few coaches around. The driver stopped to tell us there were no railway services that day, a fact I had already discovered at Ramsbottom.

I mentioned to my railway friend that I understood that *Princess Elizabeth* was in the railway workshops, but that seemed to elicit little interest.

I took various photographs around the station. The large enamel BURY - BOLTON STREET sign, with its maroon background and white letters, was so familiar, despite the passage of the years.

Suddenly, I felt, it was time to go. I had a lot to do that day. I had to get off to Manchester as I wanted to photograph the old house, Bowker Vale Station and Manchester Victoria. I had not seen any way to get to the railway sheds, so I decided just to press on to Manchester.

28/01/2006 12:46:02 a.m.

## 47. BURY THE IMPOSSIBLE PRINCESS

I had seen the sun on the back deck and thought, "Well, the light is on the Madeleine book press." We have worked for 11 years to get the books out. But we are a long way off still. More and more books...

So, after my visit to the resurrected Bury Bolton Street railway station, I got back into the car and headed back towards the A56. But the idea suddenly came to me that the next road on the right might take me down to the railway workshops of the East Lancashire Railway. That idea proved correct. 'Ian Riley Engineering', read the sign outside.

I walked up to the doorway and into the depot. It was very much a return to the past where I would walk into the back at Trafford Park sheds and hope for the best. They never bothered much there. It wasn't like Gorton where you would be thrown out within about 50 paces or a minute, whichever came first.

I saw two men near a 9F and went to ask permission to take some photographs. I explained I was particularly interested in seeing the Princess. They were quite sympathetic, but explained that the depot was split into two halves, and that the Princess was in the other half, the part Ian Riley rents from the Railway, so they regretted they couldn't give me permission.

"Oh well, in for a penny..." I thought. Perhaps I could find a sympathetic soul in the 'right' half of the premises. Instead, I found that part of the building more like the Marie Celeste, not one soul. Immediately I saw the Princess and walked down and took various photos. It was a couple of months over 25 years since I had last seen this locomotive, at Rainhill, in May 1980. Now without the great driving wheels, she looked startlingly different.

I photographed the front of the locomotive. The front of the casing had been removed and the inside cylinders were in plain view. One was dismantled. I later discovered that this was one of the reasons for all the work. The inside motion had been damaged. Perhaps that says something too – with regard to emotion.

I took a variety of front, side and tender shots, and then walked slowly out of the workshop. Various men in blue overalls had suddenly appeared, walking towards me. A few walked past. Then one charmer came up to me with a welcoming greeting: "Who the f... are you?"

I explained I had come to see the Princess. I was over from New Zealand for a few weeks and, as I was in the area, I had come to see the locomotive.

"I don't give a f... where you are from. This is private property." I explained I had been trying to find someone to ask permission, but there was no one around.

"What the f... do you expect at dinner time?"

It was so revealing to meet such a pleasant man! I hadn't expected anything at 'dinner time'. In fact, I hadn't realised it was 'dinner time' at all. But the Source of Intelligence had realised and caused me to get there at precisely the right time. Doubtless He knew how pleasant were some of the fitters. He also intended me to make the links on that day. I was supposed to see and to photograph the Princess. Had I come at any other time of the day, that would most definitely have been 'Impossible'.

So here was a powerful link to Bury, where I had my 'Impossible Princess' experience with 46204, *Princess Louise*, in Manchester Victoria in 1961, when I was in UIVR at Bury Grammar School. [March 1960 or March 1961?]

UIVR – I remember. There was the wedding of Princess Margaret. Perham, the art teacher, was quite sarcastic about me. For some reason he called me "Anthony Armstrong Cocksey..." I can't even remember why he made the joke! So it was a strange reiteration of the powerful link to the past.

I walked around the other half of the depot. It was very like a loco shed of my youth. It was not the old Bury loco steam depot, 26D. It may have been the old electric multiple unit carriage sheds. Or it may have been a 'new' building altogether. But there were lines of locomotives – one, 42765, a familiar number with a familiar shed plate, 26D.

There were other ex-LMS locos such as 47XXX tank and a Black 5. The locos mainly to be found in the shed were absent – 8Fs and War Department 2-8-0s. Bury was very much a freight shed. And there was a real alien, 30926, a Schools Class 4-4-0 from the Southern Railway, *Repton*. It was, I suppose, another link to emphasise public schools. Bury Grammar School was an independent, direct grant school, but as the headmaster attended the Headmasters' Conference each year, it was considered to be a minor public school.

I wandered around, taking photographs. No one else bothered me. No one was friendly. No one was hostile or rude. No one really cared, I suppose. Then I caught sight of a set of large driving wheels just in front of the 'right' half of the depot outside. They were the driving wheels for the Princess, just returned from the Severn Valley Railway.

So, the Princess would be put back together.

## Endnote

Quite a long time after returning to New Zealand, I stumbled on one quite incredible coincidence dating from 26<sup>th</sup> July 2005. It was on December 15<sup>th</sup>, 2005 exactly one month from my collecting my shipment of books, the day I felt that my English Quest had finally ended. I was one looking back through some protected images on one of the cards. My eye was drawn to the image number of one of the photographs in 'Bury Shed'. It was 2677. It seemed that 677 or 2677 had been the code number for the trip. The fare had been \$2677 and the code 677 had emerged in various ways. But this was the full code 2677. It was the head-on shot of 6201, *Princess Elizabeth*, showing the inside cylinders.

Is it really just chance? It was only on the very day I left for England I had printed off what was then the current draft edition of the *Diana Enigma* book. It ended with the section "Nemesis". I had allocated the next ISBN number from the list given to me by the National Library of New Zealand when I had requested a re-notification of the Lux Aeterna publishing list of ten ISBNs on Maundy Thursday 2004. The next number in the sequence of ISBNs was 0-9583606-7-7. I knew then that one of the main reasons for the visit to England was to pursue my research into the Princes of Wales connections for this Diana book.

29/01/2006 1:09:12 p.m.

## 48. SIGNS AND WONDERS

16/1/06 Book 3326 10.17 am

Perhaps all we need to make the links that matter is our minds. Yes, computers could find millions of connections, billions, but would any really matter, a vanishingly small proportion? Our being given 557 in the real world just before Christmas 1988 brought powerful evidence for the existence of God.

God created the Web of Destiny. He chooses to give signs through meaningful coincidence and information, the truth, through the spirits of the dead. You need only the mind God gave. Computers and the internet are the creations of man for his use, or more often, as ever with man, misuse.

The pointers come from our books and also from my trains. Twelve days ago came a very curious example of symbolism and cross-correspondences. It may be too complex for most people – like the cross-correspondences of Frederick Meyers. But it is all there is. The real world is neither simple nor nice.

I had a vision for the cover of my railway book *Predestination abc or A-Z? A Trainspotter's Guide to Eternity*. It had to have the signal on the right hand edge. When I thought it, I had thought of it as a Home signal, but my writing up elements of the Quest a few months ago, particularly around Bath, caused me to see it now as a junction signal – when I left the 'main line'.

Then ideas came for the rest of the cover – some train pictures, model railway photos. One element in particular came to mind – a model of a red streamlined Coronation Pacific, 6244 *King George VI*. I knew roughly where the model railway boxes had been put when we came from England. But other boxes had been added since. I climbed up the piles and moved various cartons. Instead of model railway boxes, the first box I encountered was labelled 'Egypt', then another 'Egypt'. At least I had found some of the many boxes of books. They would probably include the set of Egypt Exploration Society Reports on the Tombs of Tell el-Amarna.

Then there was yet another box marked 'Egypt'. I moved that, to find 'Paranormal' "How very strange," I thought. I was looking for model railway stuff and instead found Egypt, Amarna and the paranormal. For that was how my career in psychical research began – through Norman and model railways, and Norman turned out to be a spiritualist medium, at the time my marriage fell apart. And my investigation of the paranormal had led me to Jenny and the stories of Mary Magdalen and Ankhsoun.

I moved the boxes as much as I could, and reached behind to a large box which had been opened. It was the model railway stuff. I opened one small box in the large box – Stephenson's rocket was at the top and a blue Pullman dining car Kitmaster kit. I tried to lift the large box out – but it was far too heavy, especially in the restricted space with nowhere to get a proper grip.

The packers had combined four of my boxes into one big box made from combining two of their large book boxes. It was a large box indeed. But was this not one of the reasons why our shipment to New Zealand had finally constituted 39 packages? Back to Lockerbie! And Box 739 was a box of books – all on the subject 'The *Titanic*'. Lockerbie was indeed a 'Titanic' disaster for the modern era.

I was able to reach the individual model railway boxes and lift them out of the large box one by one. Then, finally, I was able to lift out the large, now empty box.

I found the required engine and some suitable coaches and the idea came that sunny day to set up the photographs of the model trains with the signal behind. [I thought of the blue Coronation and coaches and set up a photo – then do a colour change on Photopaint for the New York World’s Fair.] Other elements I had thought of for the picture I had easily found before I had decided to find the missing Stanier Pacific. There was an unopened pack of signs. A ‘LEITH ROAD’ sign which Jenny had rescued from a Council workman in Epsom. I remembered I had tried to recover an Alma Street sign from a skip in Auckland City one evening during 1998/9, but it had been deeply embedded amongst other rubbish. Building work was being carried out on a new apartment block. Now there is no street name at all there.

But there was the Bowker Vale British Railways maroon station lozenge sign dating back to shortly after the time of my birth.

The ideas for the book cover for *Predestination* abc or A-Z had certainly thrown up a powerful reminder of meaningful coincidence and the ideas of intelligent design. Was it really just by chance that, whilst looking for model railway stuff, I had found Egypt and the paranormal? It was exactly what had happened to me in my personal life in the years 1984-1986.

To add weight to the conclusion of design, when I came to look back at the camera images after downloading the film, I found that the sequence of finding the various boxes – Egypt 1, Egypt 2, Egypt 3, Paranormal, Railways, etc. – had been allocated the file numbers 5070-5079 by the Nikon D70 camera. And it was at 507A King’s Road, World’s End, Chelsea that my research into the paranormal had begun in earnest with strong Egyptian links. It is why 507 is a key code for the End Times, the times which are now upon us.

The experiences that morning were indeed an echo of the title of the book, powerful evidence for *Predestination*.

## 49. THE IRISH MAIL – OMEGA LINK

I had gone down to the Chapel to look through the railway books on 4<sup>th</sup> January 2006. I had this vision of Crewe Works and *Princess Louise* – the ‘Impossible Princess’ from Manchester Victoria had breathed her last. It was the last photograph in the book I had rescued from the rubbish bin at Gateshead Central Library sometime around 1979. It shows a former fitter, now turned executioner, the sparks flying as the torch cuts into the steel. The smokebox number is perfectly clear – 46204.

I had searched for the book once before. Whether I had seen it since we arrived in New Zealand or whether it was still in an unopened box from 10 years ago, I did not know. I took off the books at the front of the shelf, one of them being an old Johnson’s photographic yearbook. It was quite a treasure trove. Another of my old trainspotter books had given the details of all our lifts as we had hitch-hiked around England in 1965, catching the last days of steam in the Welsh borders, South Wales and the South of England. But I had been disappointed by the lack of a single date. How was it that I had been so specific about times and yet no dates? Nor had the negative album any dates – just locomotives, identities and location. Now the photographic year book proved the missing link. It listed dates, locomotives and locations. How strange. I had looked for this information in vain in the past.

I had noticed a strange commonality about much of my 2005 Quest around Britain. In 1965, I had gone from Manchester, through Chester, to Worcester, Gloucester, Bath, Salisbury, Bournemouth, West London. In 2005, I had started in Birmingham and gone on to Worcester, Gloucester, Bath, and ended up going from Bournemouth to Salisbury to Bath and back to Birmingham.

Both trips had a strong railway theme. The Worcester/Gloucester/Bath elements of 2005 arose from the ‘Prince of Wales’ connections. In 1965, this had merely been ‘en route’. But was it all a kind of Code repeat? I drew a map of the two trips.

That night it came to me to check the timing of the *Irish Mail*. I had written the chapter from memory – of something that had meant something to me 50 years ago. I had written about seeing the eastbound *Irish Mail* around 2.30 am. The vision was quite definitely eastbound, not westbound.

I got out an old 1954 British Railways Board London Midland Region timetable, the only British Railways timetable I have. I found the *Irish Mail* fairly easily in the first big table – Euston Table 50. That was the Down train. It took me a little while to find the Up Express. Was it at the beginning or the end of the day? Then I found it.

There was no time given for Rhyl, as it was an express, not stopping between Holyhead and Chester. But from the times of the stopping trains, I could estimate the passing time for the Up Mail just south of Rhyl. The calculations gave 2.25 am – not bad! And it was the Up express I had seen, not the Down train, for the west-bound express had passed the campervan at 1.15 am. And the Down line was further away from the caravan.

I told Jenny the results of my research. It passed Rhyl at 2.25 am, Chester at 2.54 am, Crewe at 3.20 am, Rugby at 4.55 am, before finally getting to Euston at 6.30 am.

“That’s funny,” replied Jenny. “I wonder if I arrived in England on the *Irish Mail*? I was pregnant with Nicki, so it must have been 1970. I arrived in Holyhead on the ferry



from Dún Laoghaire and got the train to London. I know we got into London very early in the morning, around 6 or 7 am on Easter Sunday. There were no tubes running for ages so we walked across London.” She remembered she had got a handful of beautiful bright yellow shells on the beach at Dún Laoghaire. They were kept in a cider jar of water in Epsom for years, and they were now in the fish tank on Nicki’s canal boat in Birmingham. That was another strange link back to my summer Quest in 2005 in England.

I had got out another timetable – a British Rail one from January 1988 which was the only time I had travelled the full West Coast Main Line from Carlisle to London Euston. We had gone, on 29<sup>th</sup> December, to try to interest *The Independent* in our Lockerbie experience. It had been to no avail. At Euston, waiting for the train to depart, I had taken my son to show him the engine, a brand new Class 90. The driver had invited us into the cab to have a look. It was strange to have a driver’s eye view of a Euston departure.

That timetable did not list an *Irish Mail* – at least not the way the 1954 timetable had, with the titled trains written along the train paths – the *Emerald Isle*, the *Comet*, the *Mancunian*, *The Red Rose*, the *Royal Scot*, the *Caledonian*, the *Mid-Day Scot*, *The Manxman*, the *Lakes Express*. There was so much more variety then. Now it is the 9.50 to Windermere, 10.10 to Glasgow, 8.50 to Manchester. The driver turns the handle and the train rapidly accelerates.

On the down *Lancaster* or the down *Royal Scot*, the fireman had to have the fire in good condition for the hard climb up Camden Bank. It was a real team – it was a job which required commitment and could give a sense of achievement.

Then my eye was drawn to the ‘A’ at the bottom of the page. ‘A – Irish Mail’. So, it did still exist then. I found it – Table 65 now. The arrival time of the ferry at Holyhead was unchanged in 34 years, as was the departure of the *Irish Mail*. The headboards were long gone. I do not know whether the window stickers carried anything more than London (Euston). Maybe it was just the ghost of the *Irish Mail* – (I feel close to tears so often as I write this.) – an express still existing only as a footnote in a timetable.

It was a little bit faster. It now left Holyhead at 1.15 am, five minutes later, reaching Chester eight minutes earlier. It would have passed Rhyl reaching Chester at 2.46 am, Crewe at 3.24 am, four minutes earlier. It gained a little more time, and its arrival time at Euston was now being scheduled at 6.04 am, or 7.05 on Sunday. In 1954, it had been timed at 7.20 am.

How strange that Jenny should have gone on the *Irish Mail* for a short break just before Nicki was born, to look into her Irish heritage. Her great-grandfather had been Mayor of Waterford and had erected the clock tower there. She had checked out various sources and graveyards for other Mackesys. There was only one very old relative remaining. It was Easter Sunday 1970 when she returned, again on the *Irish Mail*.<sup>47</sup>

I had written about my memories of the *Irish Mail* coming back to me in a caravan in the shadow of Penmaenmaur Mountain in April 1986. We had arrived at Conway on Easter Monday, 31<sup>st</sup> March 1986. I experienced the spirit of Mary Magdalen speaking through Jenny and was trying to come to terms with this incredible experience.

Now I see the strange quirk of fate – or was it the precision of the Hand of God? The *Irish Mail* had roared past that very spot 16 years before, in the early hours of Easter

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<sup>47</sup> I had just finished my final year of my Chemistry degree at Oxford.

Sunday. It arrived at Euston around the time Mary was going alone to the tomb on that first Easter Day.

As Jenny said the other day – it's always 17! We have a private joke about 17. And 17 is so often in the dates – 17<sup>th</sup> January, 17<sup>th</sup> February, 17<sup>th</sup> June, 17<sup>th</sup> July, 17<sup>th</sup> August, 17<sup>th</sup> October, 17<sup>th</sup> November – all key dates in the Alpha and Omega Codes. And there are 17 figures in the Last Judgement scene on the Pediment of the Church of the Madeleine in Paris, the scene of our powerful 17<sup>th</sup> November 1991 experience.

In London, Jenny lived in a flat near Ravenscourt Park. She caught the tube from Ravenscourt Park station to Piccadilly, the nearest station to her job in New Bond Street. Was it really just chance that my first ever psychic 'Quest' was to be centred on that very same London Underground railway station in June 1985?

And these strong destiny elements only fell into place in the last few days. I was trying to follow up the links between my 1965 adventure and my 2005 Quest.

I wrote the *Irish Mail* chapter months ago. Jenny typed it up. Its relevance to her did not register with her then. It was only when I came to check the timetable to authenticate my 40-year-old vision that my comment on the 6 am Euston arrival of the *Irish Mail* triggered Jenny's mind to make the link.

And that night, as I slept after pondering the visit of the spirit of Magdala, only a hundred yards away, at about 2.10 am, the *Irish Mail* roared past the caravan just as it had a quarter of a century earlier.

17/01/2006 4:05:49 p.m.

## 50. CORONATIONS

As usual, we were late, on the back road to the doctor over at Howick. We had taken our usual route down Porchester Road, rather appropriate in the circumstances.<sup>48</sup> It was almost 6 pm as we headed for our 6 pm appointment, but we were still around 15 minutes away. The traffic coming towards us was unusually heavy, even for rush hour. Suddenly I saw a 'Coronation' truck coming towards us.

I called them Coronations because the livery is dark blue, and the truck front has silver stripes emerging from a central point on the bumper. For all the world, it is a reincarnation of the 1937 *Coronation Scot* livery applied to the very first of William Stanier's Duchess Pacifics. The first was given the name *Coronation*; subsequent locomotives being *Queen Elizabeth* (of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother fame), *Queen Mary*, *Princess Alice*, *Princess Alexandra*, followed by *Duchess of Gloucester*, and then through the ranks of the British aristocracy, with nine more Duchesses. The first five locomotives were blue and silver; the second five red and gold; and the third five engines with no streamline casing at all.

It had been on my way back from a trip to Wallace Corporation at Waitoa that I had first seen a Coronation as I had rounded a bend on State Highway 2 around Maramarua, the low sun in the west had picked out the front of the truck some distance behind me. I had glanced back and been quite taken aback. "Good God," I thought. "It's a Coronation!!"

Perhaps appropriately, there was a railway connection. It was the road vehicle fleet owned by New Zealand Railways, now in its post-1993 privatisation incarnation as Tranzrail.

The road arm of Tranzrail was Tranzlink. The livery, I later discovered, was supposedly based on a Maori design. The side view of the livery quickly lost the stripes in large Maori curves. The truck behind me that day, 4<sup>th</sup> March, was of the Japanese/European design which carries the livery well, with their flat fronts. It was some while later that I saw the American Mack version which loses the design entirely, with its enormous, aggressive square bonnet with the cab windows set right back. The design is lost entirely, being rendered as a few stripes on the side of the engine cover.

The 4<sup>th</sup> March was an appropriate date. It was the fifth anniversary of my beginning my course of lectures *The Significance of Coincidence* at the University of Auckland. I let the truck overtake so that I could get some details of its origins, but did not register Tranzlink. There was no Place of Origin on the back, no operator.

The next night I was late leaving Waikato By-Products. As I took the last sharp bend on Harrisville Road, my headlights picked out in the darkness the fluorescent white stripes of another 'Coronation' front end. It was parked in the layby. I stopped and went straight back to photograph it, then went to talk to the driver. He told me it was a brand new livery gradually being applied to the Tranzlink fleet. At the time, the trucks were all in a rather unimposing plain white with a little Tranzlink blue logo.

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<sup>48</sup> Lord Porchester – title of the eldest son of the Earl of Carnarvon – a link to Tutankhamen and the Justice of God.

This was one of the first trucks to be given the new livery. Though I saw these two trucks in rapid succession, I never saw another for months. The rate of fleet conversion was low. Perhaps only new vehicles were appearing in this livery, and there was no livery conversion.

However, articulated trucks are not common on this particular road. Even though we travel down it on average once a week, we had neither of us ever seen an artic. This particular night perhaps there had been an accident on the motorway, or perhaps the motorway south was blocked for some other reason, but the traffic was incredibly heavy, such as we had never seen.

And suddenly there was this Coronation truck heading towards us. "Good God!" I said to Jenny. "It's at Wedding Place," and took a photograph of the Coronation approaching, still some way off. She confused me with her comment "No, it's Philip Road." The Coronation sailed past. I hadn't got the close-up shot I intended - 'loco only' to identify which one it was. I'd yet to see truck 229. The other day, we had come across 223 near Pacific Lithium. Ironically, that had been just before we saw a Ghost Transport Services truck.

So I pointed the camera into the wing mirror and fired off a shot of the Coronation rig disappearing. I hoped there was some indication of where it was, but I had no idea.

We got to the doctor's a quarter of an hour later.

On the way home, we called for fish and chips at a fresh fish shop near the doctor's. It's the nearest thing to real, fresh English fish and chips we have ever found in New Zealand. There was a long queue, as ever on a Friday night. I sat down outside in the sun, and casually commented to an older lady on her own: "Friday night's always bad here."

"Is it?" she said. "It's the first time we've tried it."

"You won't be disappointed," I said, then "You're from England?" recognising her accent.

"Yes, Liverpool - 26 years ago." She had never been back. I said I'd been three times to Liverpool - 1966, 1996 and once to collect my car which had been stolen from London, presumably by some Liverpool University students, in 1992. The police had found it abandoned and damaged in the university grounds. We had been attending a Small Publishers' Fair in London.

At this moment, her husband came out with the steaming packet of fish and chips. The woman laughed, pointing to me, and said "He's from Manchester." "Enjoy your fish and chips," I said. "I'm sure you will."

Whilst I waited I started to delete some images from the camera. Suddenly I got a strange error message on some earlier ones that had been OK before. There seemed to be some major malfunction with it.

A little while later, a man came out from the shop and stood near Jenny. "What number are they up to?" she asked.

"Four thousand and something," he joked, looking at his ticket. I sat down to wait and see how near we were to the head of the cooking queue. It was 7.38 pm. By 7.44, it was 93. We were 94. The man from outside had now come in and came over to me.

"What number are you?" he asked.

"94," I replied.

"I'm 95?"

"Where are you from?" said I, detecting an accent again.

"Liverpool," he replied. "Been here 26 years."

"Have you been back?"

"I go back every few years. It's great what they've done to Liverpool."

I said I couldn't share his enthusiasm for what modernisation and immigration had done to Manchester. I asked him what he did.

"I'm a printer," he replied.

The fish and chips were getting cold, so we went our separate ways after a brief discussion on offsets.

I told Jenny. "Isn't that odd? Two people from Liverpool, and both been here for 26 years and today is the anniversary of John Martin's death. And Liverpool links to John Martin in both my 1966 visit and my 1996 one."

I fell off the jetty at Douglas in the Isle of Man in July 1966 on the Sunday evening, the first day of our stay. It had been the worst crossing from Liverpool any of the sailors could remember. It was so rough the ship couldn't put out its stabilisers. It was an awful night, with little rest for anyone. We docked in Douglas to a grey morning, and spent some of the day recovering in bed.

The evening was lovely and sunny, the sea blue down at the port. I had just composed a nice shot of a seagull on the red ensign of a boat. I stepped sideways to improve the background view and found myself in midair. I came to rest on some steps in the water. My first camera had suffered a major malfunction!! It was many years later that I saw the significance of Douglas, Isle of Man. John Martin had died there on 17<sup>th</sup> February 1854. And we had left from Liverpool.

In 1996, my John Martin experience revolved around the finding of some Edward VIII Coronation mugs in St. George's Hall, a most important venue. That was an anticipated Coronation that never was.

The 1992 Liverpool experience was in the middle of my attempts to photograph the Night Mail through Northampton. My car was damaged, and I ended up having to take a train on the West Coast Main Line, the route of the 'Postal' to Liverpool. When the police had phoned me, I'd said "I'll get someone to give me a lift."

The policeman had said "I wouldn't, if I were you. If you are in the AA, get the train and get the AA to bring the car back. It may well not be driveable." It was good advice. And it led to my 'Harrow' fireman experience.

So, Liverpool was an incredibly significant link to John Martin and the Princes of Wales. 2-26 was the Code for Ra. 17<sup>th</sup> February was when John Martin himself was called to the Judgement he had painted in such an inspired manner.

Even the camera malfunction was appropriate. I didn't use the D70 anymore that night. I reverted to the 5700. There was a strong link to Shap Bank on the way home. The low sun picked out the car side-on, giving a long shadow. It was exactly like the shadow I had painted on my painting of the Patriot on Shap Bank - on the Date with Destiny.

11.17.12 pm      18/2/06 GMT

This was the most significant of all my Coronation truck encounters, bar the first.

19/02/2006 11:02:45 p.m.



## Part 8

### The End of the Line





## 51. THE OLD TERMINUS

I turned up one evening for a film show at the Stevenson Locomotive Society in Newcastle. It was probably sometime in 1980. First came some modern colour film by Alan Garaway of the narrow-gauge Festiniog Railway in North Wales.

But then came what, for me, was a fascinating if altogether too brief glimpse of a lost world. It was a film that Alan's father had taken one day, around 1938, at Bletchley Station. Unfortunately, it was a dull day; the film was grainy and the locomotives not exactly clean, but it was colour film of first a Fowler parallel boiler *Royal Scot* on a northbound express, followed by a blue, streamlined *Coronation Scot*.

The final sequence in this remarkable film was of the experimental LMS diesel railcar departing on the cross-country service which linked Oxford to Cambridge. It was the LMS answer to the German 'Flying Hamburger'. Its cream and red livery stood out clearly.

I was interested in 35 mm colour transparencies at the time, and wondered about doing some still frame copies of these unique images, so after the film show, I spoke to Alan Garaway and asked about the possibility of borrowing a copy of the film. He agreed to send me a copy, which duly arrived a month or so later.

I spent nights ensconced with my 'Heath Robinson' set-up. I tried to do single-frame copy sequences on my Super 8 cine camera. The results were disappointing. But, I achieved more successful results with my attempts to obtain 35 mm copies. At the time, I did quite a bit of slide duplication on Kodak 5071 slide duplicating film for my AVs. The only problem was how to enlarge a 16 mm frame to a 35 mm frame measuring 36mm x 24mm in a single operation. Suddenly I got the idea how to do it. It was a very neat solution. I reversed a 35 mm lens. I did not realise at the time how inspired the solution was until Ron White of *Colour Rail*, some eight years later, wrote to ask me how I'd managed to get the magnification in a single pass. A copy of a copy always leads to deterioration in contrast. His long-serving professional slide copier had told him it wasn't possible, but he remembered I had told him that I had done it.

With the film from Alan Garaway came a note that he had come across an old gentleman in Grantham, Fred Traxler, who had some colour film taken at Euston in 1939. I contacted Fred and broke one of my London visits at Grantham to meet him. I remember thinking at the time how odd to have to get off the train at Grantham, once the home of the grocer's daughter who, at the time, was ruling Britain with 'an iron hand'.

Joe Traxler was quite hospitable, chatting about his film making. He had illustrated it also, in part, with stills from an old 1930s railway magazine series, some copies of which I was to find at a Red Cross book fair in Auckland around 1999. He lent me a copy of the film. I couldn't run 16 mm film as I had no projector, but I managed to borrow one. I was astounded at the quality of those images from forty years before. It was August Bank Holiday Monday in 1939 at Euston Station. Obviously the young Joe Traxler was as fascinated with the *Coronation Pacifics* as I was.

The film began with the 1.30 pm departure of 6223, *Princess Alice*, a blue streamliner on the *Coronation Scot*. The blue and silver was very distinctive, although the

permanence of the blue dye in the film was sadly a little lacking. As the loco departed beneath the overbridge, I recalled the painted cover of a railway book I had seen with that locomotive at that spot. Only a year or so before, I had made a colour slide of the painting. It was almost like *déjà vu*. I was seeing it now in motion and in Technicolour. The loco was the main subject of interest and colour film was very expensive, so Joe did not follow the departure of the whole train.

Next the film cut to the platform he was standing on. In the shadows was the great bulbous nose of a red streamlined Coronation. Presumably Joe had already heard the whistle of the locomotive, for it slowly began to emerge from the cavernous gloom of the real Euston, the old station that existed before British Rail ripped out its heart in the name of modernisation.

The colours were as vibrant as yesterday. The deep red was clearly permanent on the old Kodak film; the gold stripes a stunning contrast.

As the locomotive came past and away, its identity was revealed – 6227 *Duchess of Devonshire*. When the film ended, I sat there stunned by the power of these images from so long ago. I saw it as something of a miracle. It was only because I had been to the SLS meeting that I had found these rare images.

I took some 35 mm copies and sent them to Ron White at *Colour Rail*. He was fascinated. Although not of 35 mm quality, they were unique. There were no other colour photographs of streamlined Coronations in existence that he knew of. So, he included three shots in his list: the red 'Coronation' impersonator at the New York World's Fair which I had got from James Burke of the *Connections* programme; the red streamliner leaving on the *Midday Scot*; and the LMS railcar.

I also took a full 35 mm sequence of both *Coronation Scot* and *Midday Scot* departures which eventually became AVs. The blue departure was set to the theme tune *The Coronation Scot*, more familiar to radio listeners as the *Dick Francis Theme*. The red streamliner departure I tried to make into a contemporary 1930s London station departure. 8.56

Not until 2000 with the bringing into the Destiny Codes of the war-time Enigma theme did I appreciate the significance of that early film of Bletchley Station, for Bletchley Park was the nerve centre of the whole decoding operation for the German war-time Enigma Codes. One of its feeder stations was Chicksands, the site of my experience on the weekend of 9-11-92 that was to prophesy the Twin Towers attack nine years later.

Bletchley was the crossroads for the Oxford and Cambridge line with the route of the *Night Mail* and the *Coronation Scot*. Looking at an overall simplified Web of Destiny, the significance of the Oxford and Cambridge link becomes clear.

Now in September 2005 an appeal has been launched to restore to its pre-war condition the locomotive that travelled to New York. 46229 is now part of the National Railway Collection, but it was only saved from the cutter's torch by Billy Butlin's generosity and his idea to have some large pieces of modern industrial archaeology at his campsites.

It will be restored to its red livery and presumably its true identity. It pretended to be 6220 *Coronation* for the benefit of the Americans, even having a huge American regulation headlight fitted to its front, which did nothing for its aesthetic appeal.

But it was only a pretence of a Coronation at the 1939 New York World's Fair and its hauling of the special Royal Train with King George VI and Queen Elizabeth in May 1939. Hidden beneath was the true identity – 6229.

I made those audio-visuals in 1982. In 1984, I found myself propelled into my second career of psychical research. Now the elements come back together, the Coronation theme being particularly prominent in New Zealand from March 2004, with the advent of the 'Coronation' liveries on trucks with the NZ Railways road haulage company, Tranzlink. It is like the final pieces of a jigsaw being put into place.

Perhaps there is indeed a destiny which we all should seek. There is a 'best way' for each of us which God alone knows. That day in June 1985 at Ravenscourt Park, He told me: *'Mine is not the quickest way, but it is the best way. There are no maps of the future.'* The last twenty years have shown that we have followed a map, but not one known to us. It has only become obvious as a map when we draw out the Webs of Destiny as shown in our book *The Alpha and Omega Codes*. A few railway-specific ones are included in this book, but there are far more included in *The Alpha and Omega Codes*. The webs are so intricate, such clear evidence of Intelligent Design. Coincidence is indeed the Hand of God, when He doesn't wish to sign His name.

The messages contained in the meaningful coincidences are manifold, but the overriding one is that ultimately we each will be called to account for everything we do. So, do you want to pick your goal and go for it, whatever the price to you, your society or your country? Or do you want to try to find what is best for you?

Ask yourself what is the real purpose of what you do.

Your soul has about the same chance if you 'set your goal' and 'go for it'. Look to the tiny elements of guidance in meaningful coincidences around you, if there are any. Ask yourself always "Is this right?" not "Will it benefit me now?" For the decision you think you are taking may be a long way from the one you really are making.

There is a destiny. And if you find it, it may save your soul.

9.36.25 am 20/2/06

## Part 9

### Back in Time



## 52. LONGSIGHT

I was meant to go to Oxford. At least I have been true to the motto of the university, the opening words of Psalm 27 – *Dominus illuminatio mea*. And God has chosen to illuminate me, because I tried, I listened to the Voice. It has been very hard, but on the whole very worthwhile.

What would I have done with my life otherwise? I would probably be £1 million better off financially, and playing with model railways, 12" to a foot scale, on some preserved railway somewhere in an attempt to give purpose to my life, to link to a better time in England when principles mattered and people were far more decent, much less greedy.

But models, whether 12" to a foot or 4 mm to a foot, are just that. I loved the steam trains, but even by 1984, I could see there was no point in what I tried to do in painting or in model railways.

And so I came this way, the whole way punctuated by railways. Only yesterday, I came upon another piece in the Jigsaw. I felt I had to go to the bookshop in Papakura which stocks British railway magazines. I opened *Steam World*. It fell open at *Manchester Firemen* – with a photograph of a Patriot at full tilt through Longsight Station. You could read the name – "Longsight for Belle Vue" – the funfair... It was one of my childhood haunts.

I flicked the page and there was photograph of 46204 *Princess Louise*. The writer explained that it was the first Stanier Pacific he ever saw. That very engine was at the heart of my most memorable trainspotting experience. It was 'The Impossible Princess'... But that 1960 experience was to herald my later experience, a quarter of a century later, when I was to encounter the spirits of not one, but two, arguably three impossible princesses.

They are impossible because, as every scientist like Dawkins will tell you, communication with the dead is impossible. It goes against the laws of science. When you are dead, you are dead – Finish!

But the spirit of Ankhsoun-pa-Aten, in 1986, was the first Impossible Princess and Diana, in 1997, was the second.

The Catholics have the Virgin Mary as Mother of God and Queen of Heaven. This makes her son a prince.

After buying the magazine, I glanced at a jigsaw display and saw a railway one near the bottom. I remembered I had taken a photograph of four railway jigsaws – but before I came to write *The Four Jigsaws*. So I dismantled the display and took out the bottom train jigsaw. I turned it over and there was the picture of the four jigsaws I had photographed back in September 2006.

I didn't buy it, as none of the paintings was of any great interest to me. The jigsaw was a 'Great Western Branch Line Scenes c. 1935'. The other jigsaws on the back were comparisons in the series. There was an SR 4-6-0 Court and a Castle on a GW express by a canal, quite atmospheric but my heart is with the LMS, not the Great Western. The other one was a BR standard scene from the late 1950s, nothing to evoke any memories with me.

I glanced at the front painting again, and my eye was drawn to the buffer beam. The number of the loco was 557X? It was either 5572 or 5573. When I looked carefully at the other paintings, I saw that the SR 4-6-0 was number 508. So here was a very strong railway link to *The Four Jigsaws*, which are 557, 558, 507 and 508. So we had the first and the last, Alpha and Omega, very much another reminder of the truth of the *Alpha and Omega Codes*.

The final confirmation was the price – the Final Accounting, \$22.99, a reminder of that the *Alpha and Omega Codes* preach – the End Times are here, and the Justice of God waits for all.

Before Christmas, I bought two bookends in that shop, an A and a Z, the Alpha and Omega. So, was that all chance? I had felt for a few days there was something in that magazine. I almost went on the Friday, but having bought a pile of magazines at another bookshop, I was told by the Voice not to go in with that bag as it would cause offence. One of those magazines was the latest issue in the *Egyptian Gods* series – the Crocodile God, Sobek. I had been immediately reminded of our experience in the Temple of Edfu. It was a twin temple to Horus and Sobek. And it was there that the words of a hymn had come –

*The lamp was burning dim  
Before the sacred ark...*

And that linked, as well as back to Ankhsoun and ancient Egypt, to Edinburgh and to Mary Magdalen, Rosslyn Chapel and *The Da Vinci Code*.

I just didn't know that at the time. But Something did, the Great Demonstrator did. That had been all part of our 'Code 558' trip to Egypt in June 1990.

So, I didn't go into the second bookshop. Instead, I crossed the road to talk to the new assistant in the health shop, another Englishman, who had once been on a course at Stanstead Hall to learn about trance mediumship. And so, after lunch on Saturday afternoon, when Jenny reminded me we needed a couple of things from the supermarket, I got the image of the railway magazine bookshop and decided to go and peruse the railway magazines.

Is it chance I should open one at the Longsight picture? And what is Longsight, but another word for Prophecy, the Eye of Ra that sees through the mists that men call time?

I found the magazine on 13<sup>th</sup> January 2007. It was the exact 15<sup>th</sup> anniversary of 13<sup>th</sup> January 1991, when I began the notebook in which I wrote my first ever Coincidence Code prophecy, predicting the date of the start of the first Gulf War. But that turned out also to be a Code Repeat, involving a car chassis number – that of my then car, the ancient, battered Maestro which I had thought of replacing at the time of the Lockerbie 557 estate car.

So, the emphasis on Longsight, destiny in the trains, destiny in the Jigsaws, could not have come on a more significant day.

God does indeed move in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform.

## 53. ONE BELL CALLS ATTENTION

I sat down after tea with a cup of tea on Sunday, 18<sup>th</sup> January. I picked up the railway magazine that had such incredible links to my trainspotting youth, *The Manchester Fireman* and the 'Impossible Princess'. I leafed through it and started to read another article about railway pub signs. It reminded me of one Saturday with my mother during the 1980 *Liverpool and Manchester 150* celebrations. Some signs have good railway painting reproductions, others don't. Some seem to portray locos far from home, eg. Great Western locos in Scotland. Then I noticed one pub sign that was very like the jigsaw which I had bought with that magazine, the GS loco 557X on a little branch line train at a wayside station.

On the back of that jigsaw had been the four railway jigsaws 557 to 508. I said to Jenny, "Isn't that remarkably similar to the painting? Look." She agreed. It seemed a 'zoomed in' version, with the old charabanc missing.

Then I noticed another pub sign with exactly the same subject. This one was a full wide-angle, complete with charabanc. What is more, the loco was numbered 5578. The rendering of the train was a little less faithful, but the common origin could be in no doubt. This sign adorned a pub in Leicestershire.

How strange that I should buy this very magazine on the day I bought the '4-Jigsaws' jigsaw! In fact, I had first noticed that jigsaw in the bookshop sometime in October, but had not registered the significance. For it was before I began to write about "The Four Jigsaws" in Volume 1 of *Fragments of an Outer Mind*. Yet the theme of the Four Jigsaws had first surfaced in England on 22<sup>nd</sup> March 2006, the day of my *Daily Star* phone interview and Birmingham photo shoot. It had all been part of the interconnection of the Ghost of Princess Diana and the puzzle of Ankhsoun and Tutankhamun.

Suddenly I saw the title of the article on the railway pub signs. It was "Call Attention" - one bell from the signalman down the line, a warning of an impending train.

It was a reminder of the signalman at Papakura on 25<sup>th</sup> November, 2006 with the warning of official deception. But now I saw it in the wider context. We were still trying to get our first glimpse of Comet McNaught. Was that the meaning of Comet McNaught? One bell - to Call Attention?

"Yes" would seem to be the answer to that question.

10.27.24 5/2/7